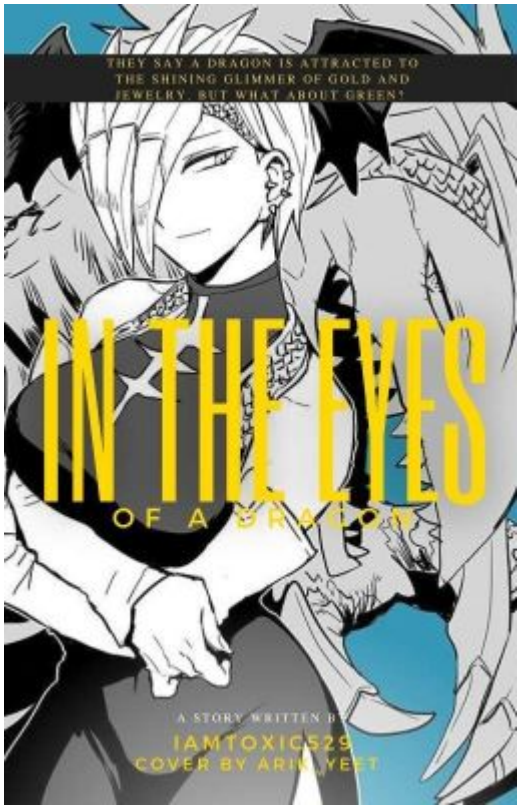
THEY SAY A DRAGON IS ATTRACTED TO
THE SHINING GLIMMER OF GOLD AND
JEWELRY. BUT WHAT ABOUT GREEN?
IN THE EYES
OF A
A STORY WRITTEN B
IAMTOXIC529
COVER BY ARIA_YEET

Notice

In order to fit within the parameters of Wattpad's guidelines certain aspects of certain characters have been changed such as age and status. It is understood as the creator of this story that story lines and abilities of the characters would not normally fit within the frame of the certain time period. Please understand that is strictly to fit within the guidelines of the platform. The following work has been edited and revised so that any character engaging in explicit activities are of the age of 18 or older.

This story was created years ago in a time period where the main character was in the first year of Japanese high school. Please note that instances may seem wonky due to the editing and revisions done to fit the guidelines. There are going to be moments where one may think 'He should be able to do that by now'. Again, this was written years before the recent changes to Wattpad's guidelines. Apologies for any odd segments you may encounter along the way.

Prologue: Target Set

(Several Months Ago)

"Ryukyu?" Mt. Lady asked politely. "Whoa. What are you doing here?"

The Dragoon Hero, Ryukyu. Aside from a name that isn't Miruko this hero has been an icon for all heroines and heroines-in-training. Her actions spoke ten thousand words with the power of a humble woman, headstrong will and a cool demeanor that didn't melt underneath the smoldering pressure of a dangerous situation. Where others would crumble, she would hold against the crippling weight. Where others would drown, Ryukyu would turn the tide of a tsunami onslaught. She didn't let fear get the best of her because if she did then good is it in being a hero if you're afraid to take the leap into the unknown? A trait she's picked up from doing several sporadic patrols alongside Miruko.

Currently at 26 years old and ranking in the #13 spot in the hero billboard she's the second highest ranking female in all of Japan. Although there were times where she feels like she doesn't deserve to be in the thirteenth spot, the people still see her as someone worthy of being higher up in the rankings. Potentially even being higher than Miruko herself though nobody ever said that in the face of the Rabbit Hero lest they wanted their own soul to be kicked into oblivion. But while people were admirable of Ryukyu, some were also afraid of her. Mainly due to the cold exterior she displayed to the public because of her seemingly always neutral face. She wasn't cold hearted or mean, she was actually very friendly and warm to anybody who socialized with her.

Ryukyu turned her ally and gave a gentle curl of her lips. "Ah Mt. Lady. It's a pleasure to see you here. As for me being here there were several agencies patrolling my regular area so I thought it'd be a commodity to attend this Sports Festival. Never been to one in the

past before. And you?"

"Pulling a lame security job for them. Really boring. Nothing happening at all aside from a bird taking a poop on somebody's car."

Ryukyu chuckled. "Yes because a winged animal is much more interesting than the safety of those inside."

"You know what I mean."

"I do. I've had my fair share of security in the past as well."

"H-Hi Ryukyu." A couple of citizens passed by the hero, awkwardly waving at her.

Ryukyu waved back with a gentle motion. "Are you by yourself Mt. Lady?"

"Nope. Kamui Woods and Death Arms are here with me as well. Though I think those two have gone inside the stadium to do their rounds. I haven't seen them in the last half hour."

"That's optimal. Cover more ground in that manner. Besides, you have much potential for a hero your age. No doubt you can take care of the outside by yourself."

"Ah-heh." Mt. Lady twirled a finger through her hair in nervousness. "Th-Thanks. That actually, means a-a lot. Especially from someone like you."

"Nonsense. I am only stating the facts that stand before me. You are capable enough on your own. Plus, I'm not that great either. I still have a ways to go in my career. One can not climb the ladder of success if their hands are in their pockets."

"Ryukyuuuuuuuu!" A familiar voice caught her attention on the left side as she gladly rotated to the source. An ICHM (Intercontinental Hado Missile) came soaring towards her, the third year airborne thanks to her Wave Motion acting like a propulsion system on her hands. Hado deactivated her Quirk and landing on her feet in a slight rebound in front of her mentor. "Owie.....HI RYUKYU!"

"Hello Hado. It's lovely to see you here. Are you also participating in the Sports Festival?"

"Oh no! I'm actually just a part of the audience. Today is for the first years to show off what they're made of! The second and third years are tomorrow and the next day's."

"I see. Well I'll be sure to attend the day of the third year's. I expect to see great feats performed by you-"

BOOOM

A heavy rumble made the ground beneath them shake with ease, the crowd inside resonating in a series of cheers. "What the?! Are we being attacked?!" Mt. Lady said.

"Whoaaa!" Hado awed. She pointed off in a direction near the stadium to a massive cloud of pink dust fuming upwards. "Check that out!"

"What in the world?"

"ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!?!" The voice of Present Mic exploded through the PA system. *"I can not believe we just witnessed something CRAAAAAAAZYYYY!"*

"What exactly happened?" Ryukyu questioned.

"I guess something pretty cool happened in the mine field section of the obstacle course." Hado replied. "Awh man! And I missed it too."

"Show me that replay son!"

A massive screen built into the side of the stadium flickered on for anybody on the outside to bear witness. Hado, Ryukyu and Mt. Lady all turned their gaze to watch the replayed event of what exactly happened. It showed the backside of a young man wearing the P.E uniform of U.A digging into the soft ground with a metallic limb of a robot. He seemed to be collecting mounds of what looked like giant green discs into one place, the numbers nearing around 10 or more. Once enough had been collected he took a step back, slammed the limb against the pile of land mines and exploded forward, the screen

covered in a blanket of pink.

"Huh." Mt. Lady scoffed. "That's pretty convenient."

"Convenient? That's remarkable!" Ryukyu replied. "Who would've thought to use the own dangers in front of them as a method to advance further into the race. Very well done by that participant."

"Ooh wait a minute wait a minute." Hado muttered to herself with her fingers over her forehead. "Think think think what was his name again....um.....OH RIGHT! Izuku Mibloriya! No wait. Miboredmiya. No that's not it either. Um..."

"WOW! Ladies and Gentlemen you're first place winner of this year's obstacle course for the first years, Izuku Midoriya of Class 1-A!"

"Midoriya! That's his name! I knew it all along."

"Izuku Midoriya. Interesting. Do you by chance know what his Quirk is Hado?"

"Sadly I don't. But from what I've heard apparently it's super, duper, DUPER strong! He took out a 0-Pointer robot in the entrance exam by himself, and I'll be the one to say that those robots are very tough. It takes a lot of power to take one of those down."

"Hmm." Ryukyu tapped a finger against her chin like a percussionist. She pondered over the thought of just how capable he can be in the world of heroes, and just how much he can bring to the table. Somebody with tremendous power also had to be somebody who must learn how utilize that power for the betterment of this world. Similar to All Might now.

"Whatcha thinking about?" Mt. Lady asked.

"Eh, it's just the beginnings of a thought but maybe, just maybe, I think he could do well at my agency."

"Wow really?!" Hado gleefully said.

"Again, it's just a thought. But it doesn't hurt to have more trainees underneath my wing. I like a challenge. By the way, Hado."

"Yes?"

"What's next after the obstacle course?"

"Well everybody gets a short break first, then after that it's the cavalry race."

"How long is the break?"

"About an hour or so."

"Excellent." Ryukyu confidently smiled, the gears of her mind moving with fluidity. "I think I'd like to pay a quick visit to this Midoriya. See what a potential trainee holds for me in the future."

"Okie-dokie artichoke!" Hado spun a single cycle with her direction set for the stadium. "Bye Mt. Lady!"

"Later." Mt. Lady happily smiled at the student before turning to the heroine. "Gonna take him in for the internship?"

"Maybe. It depends on where his heart is. I'm not going to take an egotistical powerhouse underneath my tutorship. I have better methods to spend my time."

"I bet you do. Being the #13 hero isn't an easy job I bet."

"Nothing is ever easy. If it were, then there wouldn't be such a thing as heroes and villains." Ryukyu glanced at Mt. Lady with a peace sign in her fingers. "Until we meet again."

"Uh, y-yeah." Mt. Lady gave a peace sign in return. "I'll see ya around." She watched Ryukyu stroll away towards the stadium following behind her trainee. When out of earshot range she mentally freaked out with a fan girl persona. *"Oh my gosh! My idol just gave me a peace sign!*

WHEN HAS RYUKYU EVER GIVEN ANYBODY ELSE A PEACE SIGN?!?!?!"

...

"Hmm-Hm-hm-Hmm." Hado joyously skipped along the hallways as she hummed in her throat to a song. Ryukyu followed silently behind, preparing a few questions to ask of the young student she's going to meet very shortly.
"*Karma, Karma, Karma, Karma*
Karma Chameleon
You come and go,
You come and go."

Ryukyu raised her left eyebrow to her disciple. "That song is *very* old. Where did you even hear that tune?"

"The radio."

"Of course. It's always the radio." Ryukyu observed her surroundings, taking note of the intricate design that made up the tunnel system of the stadium. "I must say I never expected the stadium to be this intricately built. Temp medical rooms, waiting rooms, meeting area for private conversation? Funding definitely isn't on the short side."

"Yup! And it gets better too. Apparently there's rumors going around that a dorm system is going to be placed on our own campus."

"Oh my. Any particular reason why?"

"Nobody knows." Hado shrugged. "Again they're just rumors but they might come true later on. That's going to be super fun if it is true!"

"Correct, but at the same time it presents a new sense of danger." Ryukyu plastered on a serious face. "With the students all living in the same quarters, it's going to much easier for the villains to target their attacks if they do. There would be no need to worry about missing if all of the targets are confined into one location. I do not question Principal Nezu's reasoning if the dorms are in fact built, but I will question on how he'll proceed with the security system of the institute. Hound Dog alone will not be enough."

"Don't worry! We're heroes! We'll give em the ol' smackdown-a-roo on them there villains! WA-POW!"

Ryukyu chuckled at Hado's bubble nature. "Confidence is a double-

edged sword Hado. Be wary in which direction you swing the blade."

"Here we are!" Hado hopped up repeatedly in front a single closed door with her hands outstretched to the entry way. A sign attached to the wall over the door read as '1-A' in white with a black outline over the letter and number. From inside can be heard the barely audible and muffled voices of various students having a conversation about who knows what. "This is his waiting room."

"Well then. Wouldn't want to keep him waiting any longer now do we?"

"Alright. Let's do this." Hado put on a game face as she spit on both of her hands. She rubbed them together, pulled them behind and thrust them at the door with the palms facing out. "OPEN, SESAME!"

"..."

"..."

"...Hado."

"...yes?"

"Please tell me you did not attempt to open the door in the same manner as a pink starfish."

"...maybe."

CLICK

The door's latch clicked open, with the door itself slightly swinging outwards. All noise inside seemed to come to an immediate halt at the sound of creaking wood. *"What the... who opened the door?"*

Hado slightly gasped as she used her upper teeth to bite her bottom lip, trying not to squeal out in excitement. Ryukyu very much questioned whether or not this event actually happened right before her own eyes. But much more heroic matters were at hand. Clearing her throat she straightened herself up as much as she could before reaching for the handle, and pulling it open. Revealed inside was an entire class of first years who all awed and woo'ed at the sight of her.

Two of them, both being male, gave each other a thumbs up with slight trails of droll falling down the corner of their lips.

"Good afternoon." Ryukyu started. "I am the Dragoon Hero, Ryukyu. It is my pleasure to be here before you all as an acquaintance and pro hero. If I may ask, is there a student here by the name of Izuku Midoriya?"

Nobody answered or gestured to another which slightly made her downtrodden, worried that they might be afraid of her and the cold exterior she normally displayed. Though she wouldn't need an answer to figure who is who, because sitting at one of the tables was a young man who's face took an immediate turn of a color palette and falling into the deep end of a red tone. She turned to see it was the same set of green hair that the camera displayed of the replay from the obstacle course. "Ah. I assume you are Midoriya?"

"Y-Yes?" He said shakily.

She furrowed her eyebrows and thought to herself. *'His demeanor is very nervous and shaky. There's no display of an attitude that says he can be comfortable in a public setting. Maybe this is a mistake.'*

She smiled on the outside and raised a hand to the students. "Wonderful. I just wanted to know if it was in fact you, the same person that destroyed a 0-Pointer enemy in his entrance exam. That's all. Good luck to everyone for the rest of the festival."

Ryukyu waved at the students before turning heel and making for the door. Once outside she pushed the door shut, revealing Hado with her mouth practically hitting the floor. "That's it?!"

"Hmm." Ryukyu hummed. "If he was smart enough to utilize a pile of mines to advance further into the race, then no doubt he's a quick thinker. But his attitude and emotional display on the outside is far too sub-nominal. Too nervous and too inferior. Hmm."

"Soooo, what now?"

"I still think Midoriya could potentially be a great hero in the near future, but as of right now I believe it's too early to take him in my

agency. I'll continue to monitor him and any events in which he takes part in, but for now I think it's best to let him grow. Let him hone his nervousness into confidence. Until then, my target is set.

We will meet again Midoriya. I assure you we will."

Chapter 1: A Test

(Present Time)

"POWERRRRR!"

"*ooooh-hoo-hoo*." Midoriya groaned with face onto the solid floor and body scrunched into the fetal position. His core area felt as if it was on the verge of exploding in a burst of searing pain, but he wasn't the only one feeling this same sensation. Practically all of 1-A with the exception of two students were all laid out on the floor after suffering an embarrassing loss at the hands of Mirio Togata, LeMillion being his hero alias. Not even lasting past five minutes the entire roster of 1-A were decimated with single vital hits to their abdomen areas.

"*Bleghhh*!" He heard the sound of Ojiro throwing up behind him, making himself retch and covering his mouth not wanting to the same as his classmate. This entire ordeal was to provide a clear showing of what Work-Studies can entail for those who participate in them, but it just felt like they were all bullied with the permission of Mr. Aizawa. This wasn't a demonstration of how far he can go. It was a demonstration of how far he has left to go. If he can't even throw down with a single opponent, albeit the peak of U.A's hero class, then he may as well forget jumping into a ring full of villains and tussling with them.

Throughout the entire duration Midoriya has noticed something. It was just barely noticeable in the very corner of his peripheral vision, but thanks to her vibrant color palette it wasn't too difficult to pass over. He noticed that Hado had her eyes on him the whole way through. There were a few times where he had his back turned to her so it was possible that in those moments here vision drifted elsewhere to a different point of interest. But whenever she was in his field of view, he would always see the royal blue irises looking back at him. Watching. Observing. Inspecting.

Thinking about her now made him turn to her as she stood on the very edge of the arena alongside her other classmate, Amajiki. Their eyes met which caused Hado to smile and gently wave at him. She did so the entire time their eyes were locked which made him feel awkward and uneasy. He wanted to smile back and return the gesture, but at the same time he was still dealing with the after effects of a Togata-beat down and it pained him just to even squirm in the slightest. Instead he merely wobbled a crooked smile, making Hado giggle at the sight.

"Awh yeah!" Togata cheered. "Chalk another one up for the Grim Reaper of Justice! Wait that's not my line."

...

The door leading into the 1-A dorm building opened up with a horde of groggy students shambling inside like zombies. Kirishima and Sero were among the first ones to enter, the former face planting himself over the side of the couch and onto the soft cushioning of furniture.

"Mmmmmm." Kirishima groaned, his voice muffled thanks to the couch. *"So tiredddd."*

Sero slung the straps of his backpack off and tossed the bag beside the reclining chair. He took a seat and immediately slumped down into potato mode. "*Huhhhhhhh*. If that's how Work Studies are going to be, I think I'll pass."

"Di-....did he have to punch us really hard?" Ashido whined with both of her arms across her stomach.

"I think it was done so in the manner to simulate that villains won't hold anything against us out on the field." Yaoyorozu said sluggishly. "But at the same time, please do not speak of food around me."

"Whoa check this out!" Kaminari exclaimed with a slip of paper he retrieved from the mail on the kitchen counter. "They sent us a coupon for a discount on a large pepperoni pizza! WITH BUFFALO SAUCE!"

"MMMGH!" Yaoyorozu's cheeks puffed out with an unwelcome

substance inside as she covered her mouth with a hand. She bolted for the women's restroom, nearly knocking the door off it's hinges followed by the sounds of somebody retching and heaving up the contents of their stomach.

"Oops."

"Hey, Deku?" Uraraka asked queasily. "Any...ow, any idea on where you want to do your Work Studies?"

"Off the top of my head, not really." Midoriya replied. "A lot of factors tie into choosing which hero to fall under. First they have to be willing to even consider taking us on. It's not going to be like our internships where the heroes come to us. Secondly it's going to be somewhat difficult to balance school work with the work out on the field. I think that just because we actually choose to do Work Studies doesn't mean Mr. Aizawa will ease up with the material he gives us. Lastly, I don't even know who to choose from."

"Well, why not just choose the same hero you were an intern with earlier in the year? What his name? Grand Tornado?"

"Gran Torino. Hmm. Maybe that's not such a bad idea-"

BZZZZT

"Hmm?" Midoriya retrieved his phone from the left side pocket of his pants, wondering as to who may be contacting him. He scrunched his face to see an unknown number on his screen with no contact picture. "Excuse me, Uraraka. I'll see what this phone call is about."

"Sure no problem. See you around Deku." The two students waved each other off with himself heading in the direction of the dorm elevator.

The phone continued to vibrate in his hand as he tapped the answer button on the screen. "Hello?"

"Yes is this, Izuku Midoriya?" A young female's voice asked on the other end.

"Um, yes? Who is this?"

"My name is Ms. Hoshiko of the Ryukyu Hero Office. I'm her secretary."

He took a sharp inhale of breath to his lungs. Ryukyu. The same hero that questioned him months ago during the Sports Festival on whether or not he defeated a massive training bot during the exam. But he never got to ask for her reasoning due to her leaving immediately after. The entire room exploded in a series of questions, comments and wonders on what that ordeal was about. It's not every day the #13 hero at that time just walks in and walks right out so leisurely. Two of the boys even questioned the other on how big the tag had to be on her bra size.

Midoriya swallowed the lump in his throat before continuing. "R-Ryukyu? As in, the Dragoon Hero herself Ryukyu?"

"Yes that is correct, but before we continue I do have one question for you. Well actually it's two questions but they're both simple. The first is do you plan on participating in Work Studies?"

"Sort of. I don't really know which Hero to study under though. I have a lot of options I need to consider."

"Splendid. And the second is are you available today?"

"Today? Like, how soon today?"

"Today as in right now today. On the roof today.

This moment today."

Confused to her words Midoriya held the device in front of his face with a look of weird emotions. She was very quick with her sentences and they held the right amount of sincerity behind him to let him know she was serious. But what exactly did him being on the roof have anything to do with initiating Work Studies? That answer would be hidden until he followed her orders.

Not even bothering for the much slower elevator he made for the staircase located beside the elevator. His core still hurt from earlier thanks to Togata so hopefully whatever is going to happen next didn't take too long or be stressful. He'd like to perform some stretches in his room later on to make the pain go away. But even still. Ryukyu.

The secretary herself called him, and in seemingly perfect timing as well. Just when he was thinking about Work Studies he just so happened to receive a phone call about the same subject. It was so perfect, yet at the same time coincidental. Almost, *too* coincidental to the point where it's not.

Luckily the trip up the stair case didn't take long as he found himself at the top within several short minutes. He pushed the door outwards and was met with the cool breeze of an afternoon Japan. The winds brushed against his exposed neck and weaving in between each individual strand of his hair. "Um, Ms. Hoshiko? I'm on the roof now but, there's nobody up here."

"Excellent. Continue staying on the roof for now. Until we meet in person Midoriya. Oh and by the way? Try not to die."

BEEP

"H-Hello?" He called out to the phone, but no answer. The line had disconnected on her end. Confused as to what's going on he looked around to find any sort of a presence around him, with nothing there. Even more confused was her words at the very end. "Don't die?"

He had no clue as to what that could possibly mean.

That was, until, he finally noticed a large shadow closing in on his position from behind and above. The shadow was titanic compared to him with wings flapping in heavy movements. It eclipsed his entire body as he turned around only to be met with giant claws spread out to snatch him.

...

"Hmmm." Kaminari hummed to himself as he stared at the kitchen counter with a hand over his chin. A light smack made his head slightly bob forward, the culprit being none other than his favorite person to be constantly teased by.

"Now what are you thinking about idiot?" Jiro asked.

"Trying to think, between the pepperoni pizza with wings, OR, the cheeseburger with fries and onion rings."

"Both of those sound really greasy and gross. Is that why you're so stupid majority of the time? Because your thoughts can't seem to find their footing in all of that grease they're swimming in?"

"Leave me alone I'm hungry."

"AHHHHHHH!"

Jiro perked her head up with ear jacks pointing upwards. "The hell was that?"

"It sounded like somebody was screaming."

"HELP ME!" The duo turned to the windows to see a massive dragon arching down to ground with a human in their grasp. That human turned out to be Midoriya as he flailed in between the claws in an attempt to free himself but to no avail. His voice grew distant as the dragon carried him away into the void. *"AHHHHH! HELP Meeeeeee....."*

"..."

"Soooo, we're just going to ignore the fact that we both saw Midoriya get scooped up by a huge dragon and probably going to get slaughtered?" Jiro asked.

"Should we say something to Mr. Aizawa?" Kaminari replied.

Jiro opened her mouth to say something, but a growl in her stomach made her thought process cease and focus on something to satiate her hunger. She thought about how the dragon flapped it's wings in a slow momentum, the force sending gusts of air onto the ground. Wings. "You know, I think pizza with wings sounds better."

"Me too."

/

"AHHH! Oh crap!" Midoriya panicked in the dragon's grasp but at the

same time careful as to not potentially slip out and fall to his death. After all, he was soaring in the sky higher than skyscrapers themselves with no cushioning to save his life.

"**I'm a bit surprised Midoriya.**" The dragon said deeply. "**Normally by now somebody would've thought to escape my grasp if not the moment I entrapped them. But you haven't. It seems you still need to hone your quick thinking skills.**"

"Well that's not exactly easy when you're flying at a height that can kill you Ms. Ryukyu!"

"**At least you know who I am. That's exceptional. And please just call me Ryukyu. Formalities are not needed.**"

"A giant dragon kidnapping me after a phone call made by the secretary of the Ryukyu Hero Office?! That isn't obvious at all!"

"**I didn't kidnap you. I'm merely testing you to see if I'm making the right choice to enlist you at my agency. I don't randomly allow students to intern with me. Relax. Calm yourself. You practically reek of fear. Enjoy the company of us three.**"

"Th-Three?" Midoriya looked at his sides to spot anybody but found nothing short of an empty space. He looked beneath him and nearly jumped out of his skin when his eyes were met with dual royal blue irises smiling back at him. "What the-"

"Hiya!"

"Hado-senpai?!"

"That's right!" She replied with a vibe of positivity and happiness. "Though right now it's Nejire-Chan!"

She zoomed by him with her Wave Motion flowing from her palms and bottoms of her feet, performing a circular loop in the air similar to roller coasters. "Wheee!"

"**See?**" Ryukyu said. "**Ease your tensions. Like she is.**"

"Except, Hado-senpai-"

"Nejire-Chan."

"-UH, Nejire-Chan, has a Quirk that allows her to fly. I-I don't."

"Very true. But another difference is that unlike her, you are able to release a very powerful shockwave from the limb of your choosing. Take a look at my wings." He followed her request, his eyes in sync with the gargantuan wings of a dragon. **"In order for me to stay airborne, I must move my wings against gravity to maintain my elevation. The wings push against the ground and uses the force as it's own shockwave to keep me up. The higher the altitude, the more strenuous the force."**

"Yes I know. Similar to that of Hawks."

"In a manner of speaking yes, though since Hawks' wings are much smaller than mine he must move them far quicker than I would ever need to. So let's not use him as an example. But returning back to the idea of shockwaves. Think of my wings as your limbs. I push out a shockwave, keeps me airborne. Simple, yes?"

"It, sounds simple. But then again I don't have your Quirk so I wouldn't really know for certain if it really is."

"Correct as well. Though I think it's better if you, experienced it for yourself."

"Huh?" Midoriya gave her a questioning look as she returned a beastly soft smile. His once somewhat calm nature turned again into a state of panic when he noticed the distance between he and her face growing larger by the second, increasing exponentially. It didn't take long for the fact that she had let go of his body to enter his mind as he now fell towards the Earth at the gravitational pull's speed. "HUH?!"

"Shockwaves Midoriya." Ryukyu said as she remained in a solitary location in the sky while watching the student fall. **"Remember the shockwaves."**

"AHHHHHHHH!"

Hado encircled her mentor before taking a seat atop of her elongated neck. "How long before you want me to go after him?"

"***Hopefully,* you wouldn't need to go after him at all. From what I've read of his portfolio Principal Nezu has given me, Midoriya is a top notch student in academics. I'm hoping he can use that brain of his to apply it now."**

"And if he doesn't?"

"**If he doesn't, well.**" Ryukyu heavily sighed. "**There goes my no claims as a hero.**"

"AHHHHH! Oh man oh man!" Midoriya tossed and turned in the air, his entire body swiveling in each way possible. His insides did not feel on the positive side of the spectrum today, especially considering his abdomen insides were gut punched without restraint. The fluids of his head rocked against his skull and his consciousness wasn't doing so well either. If he continued to spin like this for any minute or so longer, surely he would black out and more than likely bring about the end of his life.

I'm merely testing you to see if I'm making the right choice to enlist you at my agency.

I want to become the world's strongest hero, like you All Might!

The words of Ryukyu echoed in his mind, along with his desire to become society's next pillar of stabilization. For so long he had been given nothing all because of a simple word that labeled him as no better than a spore of dirt on somebody's boot. Quirkless. That's all he was majority of his life. Quirkless. To majority of the people around him it meant nothing, but to those who were actually born with a gift it meant everything. It meant not being able to fit inside the jigsaw puzzle of their civilization. It meant not being able to be a hero one would see flying around defending their city from the darkest of shadows and pettiest of thieves.

It meant he wasn't good enough.

"No!" Tired of not being good enough, Midoriya threw his arms and legs out at his side in a star formation. The resistance made his body stabilize enough for him to flip around and fall with his face looking downwards. He still had his limbs out stretched to lessen his speed, hoping to figure out how to stop his descent without actually doing any harm. On top of that he needed to do so quickly, because judging by how close the buildings were approaching him from below it wouldn't take long for his body to make acquaintance with a hard and not so friendly surface.

"*Shockwaves...shockwaves. Think shockwaves*." He said to himself. A skyscraper with a helicopter pad currently unoccupied came into clear view, and judging by his trajectory he would crash into one of the many windows that lined the outside. "Okay okay, if I do this correctly with the perfect timing, I'll be able to redirect myself from crashing into the building and landing on the helicopter pad with ease."

He bent his right arm at the pivoting point, a river system of energy surging in his limb. "7%. 7% should be enough to do the trick. It has to!"

Closer and closer, quicker and quicker the building came at him practically in the danger zone. He eventually fell far enough that helicopter pad was now above him with himself now looking into the reflective windows. In the glass behind him he could see a blue object moving at near sonic speed towards him with a dragon in chase behind the object moving at a much quicker speed.

"I'll show them I'm good enough! Detroit....SMASHHH!"

FWOOOOSH

He punched the empty air beneath him, his body whip lashing immediately and changing direction on a whim. Now instead of falling he shot upwards in an arching motion, his height reaching just several meters above the helicopter pad. With speed and perfect elevation he landed onto the empty pad sliding his red shoes across the concrete. Normally it would've been a time to celebrate his victory with a joyous heart and confident smile, but with his body

now adjusting to the ground underneath it his legs gave out similar to hot noodles. His heart pounding away in both adrenaline and fear.

A massive whoosh sent a wave of air into his face nearly knocking him onto his back from the kneeling position. He watched as Ryukyu flew into the air above with Hado landing on the pad just a few feet in front of him, strolling over to her junior. "You okay?"

"MMGH!" Midoriya puffed his cheeks to hold back the impromptu contents of his stomach, before steeling his nerves to push it back down and not look embarrassing in front of a girl. "N-No."

"That's good." She replied. Air pushed her hair in all directions in response to Ryukyu landing on the pad with a heavy thud. The heroine reverted back into her normal state with a cover of smoke due to her transformation, walking from within the grey cloud like an angel coming from the heavens.

Ryukyu paced over to the boy, bending down and placing a hand on his shoulder. "Are you injured in any manner?"

"No." He replied glumly. "I'm not."

"Good, because I'm here to tell you the results of your test. You-"

"-failed." Midoriya interrupted. "I know. I know I failed."

Ryukyu was taken aback slightly. "And why is that?"

"You said it yourself. Anybody else would've thought to escape from your grip the moment you grab them, but not me. I panicked like an amateur and let fear get the best of me. On top of that I almost let myself black out when I started to fall, not even thinking for a second on how to fix the situation until near the end. If it was anybody else then it would've been so much smoother for them."

Midoriya looked into her eyes with down trodden orbs of emerald wavering underneath the protective layer. "I think it's best if you find somebody that is able to think quicker for the moment, unlike me. It's obvious that I still don't have what it takes to be on the field as of now. There's a classmate of mine named Yaoyorozu. Momo, Yaoyorozu? She's much smarter than me and-and even though she

doesn't show it much, she's much more capable than people will ever give her credit for. So much so that she entered U.A through recommendations, unlike me. I'm sorry, but it's clear I don't belong here."

Ryukyu stared at the boy with a neutral gaze. It wasn't excited, nor angry, nor surprised. It was the clear definition of a stoic gaze. What she could be wondering he had no idea, but he certainly didn't want to know considering he had failed her test by every way possible. No doubt she's going to want interns who can think on the spot at the drop of a dime, push aside the doubts of their mind at the command of a single thought. He wasn't either of those. Not even close in the slightest in his opinion.

"You know." Ryukyu started. "Interrupting those that are speaking is a rather rude habit. Please try to break that habit if possible in the future. Because if you interrupt somebody, you won't be able to hear what they have to say."

Her lips curled into a gentle smile. "I was going to say that you passed Midoriya. With flying colors."

A blank gaze washed over his own face with his pupils shrinking into disbelief. "...huh?"

"I gave you one objective and one objective alone. Remember the shockwaves. That's it. That's all you had to do in order to qualify. And what did you do? You remembered the shockwaves and utilized it to act as a propulsion system for you body to land in a safe spot. Albeit any more delay and I would be back at my agency writing a letter on how somebody's son died because they fell face first into a wall of glass falling at -9.8 meters per second squared. But luckily I'm not doing that right now. Instead I'm doing something that's been waiting ever since your own Sports Festival."

Ryukyu stood up on her feet with Hado behind her right shoulder smiling down at him. The heroine crossed her arms with a proud feeling. "Of course this decision falls onto your shoulders as I have no control over which agency for you to select from. But it is my honor to cordially invite you in joining me as a sidekick, at the Ryukyu Hero Office."

Chapter 2: Details

"If we're talking about luck, then I guess we may as well start now." Ryukyu said. The trio of heroes rode an elevator to the level in which her office is located. "Because you just so happened to land on the rooftop of *my* agency. Saves us time from walking. Not that exercise is a negative aspect of course, given our professions."

"Your agency owns a helicopter pad?" Midoriya asked. "Why?"

"Ryukyu's training is very dangerous, as you can tell." Hado added. "You're not the only trainee she's yoinked from the ground and thrown from a very high elevation point. The helicopter is used as a safety net, quite literally. It uses a special weapon thingy mabob joogy woogy that shoots out this net at incoming newbies to catch them!"

"Oh. I-I see. So why wasn't it there this time?"

"It was scheduled for maintenance repair due to the capture net having a slight malfunction in the ejection mechanism. But even without the helicopter present it wouldn't have been needed. Hado was hot on your tail to make the catch, and if she didn't then I would've." Ryukyu said. "Though today I hadn't intentionally aimed for my agency building, just releasing you at a high level of altitude for you to land on a building at random."

"Can you guess why?" Hado prodded.

"U-Uh, to put the fear of Death in me?"

"Exactly!"

Ryukyu chuckled as she placed a hand onto the first year's shoulder. "Quite, but not quite. Heroes are always faced with the threat of a fatal blow whenever confronting a villain on the streets. Even if the

villain is a small time thug for petty theft or a minor robbery, they are still dangerous without a doubt. A flick of the knife or a sleight of hand trigger pull of their firearm and you're done for good from this world. You must always be ready to have that feeling inside you that whenever you put on the costume of a hero, that day might just be your last. Never forget that our lives are only temporary. Never eternal."

PING

"I know I've stated before that it's in your preference to choose my agency or another's, but I'd like to show you around in case you do consider mine." Ryukyu gestured for Midoriya to exit the elevator. "Not that fancy commodities or wealthy appliances make a hero's value in society of course. I don't buy my way to the top of the leaderboard."

Midoriya stepped out of the lift with Hado behind him. To his right is a large window pane giving an excellent view of the busy city district from several stories too much in the air for his liking. It was a beautiful day with the sun an afternoon mixture of pink and orange. In the middle of the room is semi circle desk made of brown oak wood with a female behind the desk clicking away at a keyboard with a headset in her right ear. She was a young female with luscious blonde hair tied back into a bun with a rose petal sticking through it. Ghostly white pupils hid behind the protective layer of her eyes, focusing entirely on the screen itself.

The lady diverted her attention from the screen to the heroes, a smile etching onto her face. "Why hello. You must be Midoriya."

"Um, hello. Are you the lady that called me earlier?"

"I am in fact that lady. Ms. Hoshiko, pleased to make your acquaintance Midoriya. I look forward to working with you should you accept the invitation."

"Thank you. It's an honor to meet you too."

"Oh! By the way Ryukyu. Sir Nighteye called just a few minutes ago, said he needs to speak with you about something important not

regarding the case you've been speaking with him about."

"Thank you. I'll be sure to notify him later after we're done. If you'll follow me Midoriya." Ryukyu took her stride in front of the boy who followed her in tail. She led the student through a door leading into a separate room as Hado stayed behind with the secretary.

Once the door closed behind the duo, Hoshiko leaned over the desk and spoke at a whisper. "*He's a lot cuter in person!"*

"You think so?" Hado replied as she propped an elbow onto the desk. "I think he's a bit plain looking when it comes to features, while also having this kind of geeky vibe to him? But he's supposedly one of the strongest first years in his class so can't judge a book by his cover."

"Has uh, Ryukyu told him about *why* exactly he's been keeping an eye on him?"

"Because she wants to form him into a good hero that can fill in the hole that we have right now because of All Might's retirement?"

"Oh. Oh she hasn't told you." Hoshiko placed a hand in front of her mouth. "Oh my."

"What? WHAT?"

"Hado. Can you recount to me what you know about dragons in mythology?"

"Hmm. Let me see." The student looked up to the ceiling with a finger against her chin. "They're famous for hoarding shiny objects like gold and jewelry. Which is why her office is basically loaded with fancy TV's and paintings. They're very territorial. That one is very obvious, especially when Endeavor came around here that one time and she nearly nipped his head off."

"And what else? There's one more thing about dragons that many people seem to forget."

Hado thought long and hard about the last aspect related to dragons. She certainly got the first two most stereotypical facts about the draconian race. But when the last fact finally came to the train

station of her mind, so did the color red coming to her cheeks. "OH MY GOSH!"

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"HE'S BARELY 18!!!!"

"What was that about?" Midoriya asked, curious as to why Hado screamed behind the door he came through.

"I have not the slightest idea. Please. Make yourself comfortable." Ryukyu said.

Her personal office was much more intricate in terms of monetary value, as related to her dragoness behavior. A shelf was lined with various lavish objects ranging from a shining golden goblet to a glass wine cup that looked as it if were carved from diamond itself. A flatscreen TV was implanted into the wall on their left showing a live coverage of the local news station with the volume completely mute. Several busts were placed sporadically about the room as they displayed extravagant pieces and necklaces of jewelry that Midoriya can only dream of buying.

What really caught his eye the most is the mural of a dragon that stretched across the entirety of the wall on his right. The design of the dragon was so masterfully done, winding up and down into several loops of it's body. The curvature of it's spikes, the shading of the separate green scales, with the horns a natural oak color had to be done by only the finest painters. Razor sharp teeth stuck out in seemingly endless rows similar to a shark but with much more myth and danger.

"That's so beautiful." Midoriya commented.

"I agree. The painters that I hired to make the mural did a masterfully skilled job to create the design. Though I hope you don't think of me as a sort of 'gold-digger,' I guess is the word I will use for this situation. I only use the wealthy items you see as a display, nothing more. Money is of no concern for me in the world outside of this room. I'd much rather enjoy a humble picnic in the park than to eat out in a fancy restaurant."

"Oh I didn't think of you as that way anyways Ryukyu. I-I think you're one of the most humble heroes out there."

"Why thank you Midoriya. I hope I can retain that image in your eyes." Ryukyu made her way to a wooden desk at the back of the room with a window pane behind the desk for another view of the city. She rounded the desk onto the other side as she gave a slight hand gesture to a chair. "Please."

"Thank you." Midoriya graciously took his seat in the chair, sinking into the soft material beneath him. It was comfortable as well as the black padded armrests that held up his forearms.

Ryukyu took her own spot in a custom office chair, red in color like her outfit with black tipped wings sprouting out from the head rest. She reached into a drawer and pulled out a neat stack of papers attached to each other by a blue paper clip and placed the stack onto the desk. "Now then. Let's get to the more intriguing parts.

I've read your files that have been sent from U.A. Excellent grades, above average physical capabilities, and you have relative experience with villains so far in the school year. The Hosu Incident, the USJ as well as the training camp incident with one of your classmates being abducted by the League. None of these are events that somebody your age should ever go through. However, I'd like to get your own viewpoint on each event. Do not be afraid to use the more intimate details and be as honest as you would like to be."

"Um, sure. Okay."

"It's okay to shy away from this if you would like. I understand that during those times it can be frightful and even traumatizing, so if it any given point you feel the need to stop please do not hesitate. I will not see you any less as a potential candidate for my agency." She clasped her hands together underneath her chin, resting her head onto the makeshift podium. "We'll start with the USJ for today. Nothing more. What happened, in your eyes?"

Midoriya thought back to the horrifying conditions in which he and his classmates were put through when the villains decided to spontaneously attack out of the blue. "It was, scary. In all honesty.

Villains just came through a portal in the middle, a lot of them. Some were young while others were old. Some male some female. The amount for me at the time was a bit too much. I felt like having a heart attack just by being so scared."

"And you have every right to feel that way. Bravery is built from the ashes of fear. Do not let the fire burn out. Continue."

He swallowed a suffocating knot in his throat before continuing. "Me, alongside Asui and Mineta were separated from the rest of the group, taken to a giant body of water aboard a yacht. There were villains in the water all of them with amphibious Quirks obviously. I never thought about it back then too much because I just wanted to protect my classmates but now, now that I think about it like this. They each had a face that said they wanted to kill us. Legitimately, take our lives away. We're just high schoolers and yet, yet they appeared as if they didn't even care about that. They just wanted to see us dead."

"You're afraid. Scared for your own lives. What else do you feel in that situation? How does your body feel?"

"It, it felt like I wanted to throw up just by being so nervous. My eyes just kept dancing around to see if I can find anything or anyone to help us. But we were alone on that ship. Just the three of us with nowhere to go except towards the villains." Midoriya flipped his hands upwards. "My hands. They kept shaking, sweating from the combination of being nervous and the material of the gloves I had on that day. My heart felt like it was going to explode and my legs felt like jelly."

"Good. That's enough for today." Ryukyu held the smallest of smiles on her face. "Experience with villains can be quite scarring, especially in the right scenarios for them. Talking about those scenarios can be therapeutic in ways you might not expect. Don't be afraid to revisit these scenarios with your instructors at U.A. Although few people know this, Midnight is an excellent counselor when it comes to events such as these. I know that from experience myself."

He gave a puzzled look to the hero. "You do?"

"I do. A few years back, I was involved in an operation that very

nearly took my life but it took somebody else's that was close to me. A friend and ally that's been there for me for the longest. It felt like I couldn't relieve myself of the grief that weighed into my shoulders, pushing me down onto the concrete towards the core of this planet. But then along came Midnight and her serenading ways to comfort those who have been through the walks of Hell. It didn't take long for me to hold my head up again with confidence, ready to take on the world again. I recommend speaking with her about a private therapy session. I'm sure as her student she would gratefully accept."

"Huh." Midoriya never thought about his female instructor as a sort of counselor for those traumatized by an event in their life. He would've thought either Principal Nezu or maybe even All Might to fill that role. But not Midnight. "I think I will consider that. If the need to do so comes up."

"Excellent decision. They may train you to be heroes but never forget they can also be your close friends. You'd be surprised how many students forget that. But enough with more feeble matter. Let's talk about you and your opinion on Work Studies. This is something you want to partake in yes?"

"That's right."

"And do you off the top of your head know any choices that stick out to you? Those from your Sports Festival perhaps?"

"Well, I only had one offer from the Sports Festival but had his license temporarily revoked because of my actions. He won't be able to teach for another 2 months or so."

"That is unfortunate. What about those from your school itself? Eraserhead is a formidable instructor to study under, as well as Snipe."

"No. None of them really stick out to me that much. NOT THAT they're bad at teaching in anyway I just, want something a bit tougher considering my Quirk."

Ryukyu chuckled. "I can understand that portion. Then if you'll allow me, let me give a run down of what my agency consists of. We

mainly specialize in domestic abuse and rescue operations as well as the normal day to day patrols in city streets. Different agencies have different skills to pick up on of course. The Pussycats offer search and rescue in natural terrain. FatGum's agency, the one where Tamaki Amajiki attends to, specialize in the more covert tasks such as undercover and often times work with the police in narcotics and illegal armaments."

She lay her clasped hands onto the desk top, twiddling her thumbs amidst each other. "Though in terms of strength, I do not mean to boast but none of them can compare to me. Thanks to the draconian aspect of my Quirk, even in my natural form such as this I can crush bone with the grip of my hand. Punch through steel like it was made from freshly made paper. If you're looking to improve your strength, I can more than willing do so. We can spar to improve your combat abilities, have workout sessions to build up your natural power and endurance limits. I've seen your Quirk and with the right training can be an unstoppable force for the hero side."

Midoriya scrunched his lips to the side as he glanced at the mural in thought. She caught sight of his pondering mood and gave a slight head cock. "Do not feel as if I am sweetening the pot for you. I am merely giving the base details on what I can give to you. If you would like some advice other than mine you can feel free to ask Hado. She would probably talk your green head off considering her nature, but at least she can give an honest opinion."

"Hmm." Midoriya hummed gently. He really wanted to make the right decision when it came to his first time attempting Hero Studies. Even though it's just barely being placed in front of him, the choice to join alongside Ryukyu does seem very tempting. He wanted somebody that can possibly keep up with the physical feats that One For All constantly puts him through. The only other person that possible could have done that is All Might but unfortunately has retried after his titanic battle. Gran Torino is temporarily suspended thanks to his reckless behavior. And it didn't help that his nature to seemingly jump into things without thinking too much is more prominent now than ever. He just wanted to dive into Work Studies already.

"I think....I think I do like the idea of being your sidekick Ryukyu."

She gave a bigger smile than the one previous, flipping to the very back of his stack of papers. "Excellent. I hope that I can become an instructor to your liking Midoriya. Unlike the internships from earlier, you will receive pay here like any normal sidekick would receive pay. It is your responsibility to keep up with school work and if you fall below a specific grade Principal Nezu will be forced to pull you from my agency. There will be at times where we call upon you even during school hours at which you will be properly excused of any absences. Is there anything else you would like to ask of me?"

"Mmm, no. Not that I can think of right now."

"Oh, I also forgot one very important aspect about this." She tapped an index finger gently against his forehead in between his eyes. "Your mental health. If at any given time you feel like you cannot continue anymore, you cannot muster the strength to keep dealing with the strenuous activities of this Work Study because it bears down onto your mind. You must always, step down from the sidekick position. Your health is much more important than a measly title I give you. Recovery and rehabilitation is far worthier than fighting and combat. Understood?"

"Yes. I understand clearly. I will not push the limits of my mental health because I don't want to stop."

"Precisely." Protruding out a pen she signed at the bottom of the last paper before removing it from the stack and handing it to him. He took the paper and looked over her signature that gave him permission to join her as a sidekick. "You'll start at the beginning for next week. I look forward to seeing you here again as my protégée Midoriya. I would see you out myself but unfortunately I must speak with Sir Nighteye about something important. Hado will return with you to the school. Until then, take care."

A smile broadened onto his face as he looked to her with ecstatic mindset to learn, to improve. To become the best hero this world will eventually see. "O-Okay! I'll see you next week!"

"Have a good day Midoriya." Ryukyu lifted a gentle palm as the student rose from his seat and made for the door. Just before he took his leave he turned back and waved at her before opening and

disappearing behind the door. She chuckled at the excited nature of a youthful high schooler ready to learn the ways of being a hero, no less being excited to learn from her specifically.

As the sound of an elevator pinging can be heard around the corner, Ms. Hoshiko slithered her way into the personal office and taking a spot at the chair formerly taken by him. "Sooo. Judging by the way he practically bounced all over the elevator with green lightning around his body I'm assuming you accepted?"

"I did. Let's hope the next week comes quicker than usual."

"Yayyy!" Ms. Hoshiko clapped her hands softly and rapidly. "Good for him! He looked so happy. Did you also tell him about what you want to do to him?"

Ryukyu cocked her head and raised both eyebrows. "Excuse me?"

"You know, what you told me a few weeks ago. About the whole mythical dragon thing with a certain somebody. You knowwwww. *That,* thing."

Ryukyu furrowed her eyebrows as her eyes danced side to side in quick succession. She thought back to whatever her secretary could possibly be talking about that she wanted to do to Midoriya. When the thought came back to her, Ryukyu's cheeks dusted into heavy red as she lightly smacked the secretary on her forehead. "Oww!"

"He, is a STUDENT, Hoshiko! On top of that a student from one of the most prestigious institutions in all of Japan! I never said that's what I wanted to do, I said that's what the media MIGHT THINK I would do to him! Remember?"

"Mmm....oh. Oh yeah. I forgot you said that."

"Ughh." Ryukyu scoffed with her cheeks now a lighter pink than before. "Honestly, how ridiculous. Do you really think I'm going to have a young sidekick of mine become my mate? Aside from that I doubt he would even consider me to be anything near good looking."

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PING

Hado happily hummed out of the elevator as she skipped along with Midoriya practically drooling over the paper in his hands. This paper is another step for him to achieving his dream. But there was something else on his mind that really stuck with him. It didn't change how he's going to see her as a mentor, it just sticks to his mind like glue to a shoe. "Hey, uh, Hado-senpai?"

"Yes?" She asked. "What is it?"

"I know this seems kind of a random thing but, Ryukyu's really pretty."

Chapter 3: Will to Improve

"Ryukyu!" Ms. Hoshiko called from the open door. "Your new sidekick is here!"

"Just a moment, I will be out shortly." Ryukyu yelled back. She finished sliding the headband with clawed mask onto her face, smiling gently into the mirror.

To say she had been looking forward to this day with vigorous happiness is an understatement to her true sentiments. In truth she had been wanting to enlist him as her sidekick ever since the day of his Sports Festival, but the mindset he had back then was too overwhelming for him considering the field in which she worked in. No doubt the feeble walls of his mind would crumble just by hearing the topic of domestic abuse in homes thought to be inhabited by love and love alone.

She didn't think that events such as the Hosu incident or his training camp were benefits in his life, but at the same time it fortified his nerves and hardened his mindset. Now he is much calmer than he was during the USJ invasion with an attitude to set the bar even higher than the day previous. He wanted to learn, and she is willing to teach him in any manner that she can. Not many people come to the top of her head that she knows might be able to handle the powerful backlash of his destructive Quirk. Albeit it's much more refined now into a power boost than a brutish and fell technique he displayed at the festival yet still holding the power to complete decimate his surrounding if used improperly.

In her younger years she can relate to Midoriya when it came to her natural strength. Since a portion of her Dragon form's power transfers over to her natural form of a humanoid, that meant she has to pay close attention as to how much force she exerts onto something. Even simple as something as holding a pencil can be challenging as it may

snap in her grip if left unchecked. It took years upon years of delicate training just to properly grip a writing utensil without it snapping in her grasp. So in a way she can somewhat hold a connection with him in a manner to hone their strength. Even now there are times where she accidentally closes a door too hard, snapping a hinge clean off and becoming slightly embarrassed.

Satisfied with her appearance she made for the door and peered out to see Midoriya having a conversation with Ms. Hoshiko. He nodded his head every few seconds or so to show that he understood what will happen in the event something does happen during school that requires his immediate attention, at least that's what Ryukyu thought she heard from the bits of dialogue she was able to pick up on. Ready for the day she stepped out from her personal office as he looked her way with a mind ready to take on the world one step at a time. But at the same time he also looked as if he were observing something with a descriptive gaze. Almost as if he were observing her? "Hello Midoriya. Glad to see you here."

"Hi Ryukyu." He greeted. "I'm really excited to learn from you today."

"Good, but before we continue. Starting today and for as long as you're attending my agency you will address me as Ryukyu-sensei. No different than what you address your instructors at U.A. as."

"Oh, okay. Ryukyu-sensei."

"Better. We will perform a simple patrol today to get you started. From what I've been informed you've never done a legitimate patrol since your internship was forced to end early. So I'll have you follow my stride today and give you pointers on what to expect and what not to expect. Yes?"

"Yes!"

"Well then, let's not delay this any further. Shall we?" Ryukyu made for the elevator with student at her side, giving a wave to the secretary before the doors closed. Today was the mark of a brand new day, a day in which she will at last have the opportunity to see if she made the right choice of waiting all this time for his recruitment.

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"So, here's the basic necessities you need to know about patrols such as these." She started. "If in the future you have your own agency, you're going to want to have your patrolling area set in a several mile radius from your agency. Take note of how many heroes are patrolling into your area both at day and at night. If there are more heroes patrolling at night, take the day time hours and vice versa. You always want to keep a sufficient amount of heroes on patrol at all times in the event that something happens."

"I see." Midoriya said, writing down the information onto his small notebook with a focused mind.

"Any incident that is resolved in your hands will automatically be recorded into the police database which in turn will be sent to the board that determines your ranking. You will also receive pay for resolving these incidents that is given out by the government. That usually ties into the more intricate details such as economics and what not so I wouldn't really pay too much attention to matters such as those. You also receive pay just for doing a patrol such as this."

"Oh, really?"

"Of course. If the city sees that you are taking the time out of your day to conduct a survey over the area for any villains, they will pay you on that behalf. Think of it as a more complicated version of being a security guard. Just with the more life threatening aspects about this position."

"Huh. I always thought that heroes were paid just for partaking rescue operations or even joint missions. Never thought they would be paid for doing basic patrols."

"There are many things about being a pro hero that a regular civilian does not yet know of. You'll know more once you become a pro in the future, but for now it's okay to focus on the more basic foundations. Don't overwork yourself. Understand?"

"Yes, Ryukyu-sensei. I understand."

"Excellent." She gave a small curl of her lips to him before looking forward, keeping her attention up.

Midoriya smiled back at her even though she wasn't looking his way, focused on the details of her beautiful looks. He never paid much attention her figure since he believed someone's beauty didn't lie in the size of their breasts or how their lower asset. But at the same time he couldn't ignore that Ryukyu is quite honestly one of the more beautiful women he's ever come across. Her beautiful soft blonde hair partially held up by the headband on her forehead, her figure of athletic nature built by a prowess of excellent conditioning. Her eyes seemed to attract the most attention as the pupils were slit with a golden yellow reflection. Something about here eyes resembling a dragon's was ironic considering her Quirk yet it still intrigued him to look.

He didn't know much about Ryukyu aside from her placement in the hero ranking board. In all honesty not many people knew much at all about her with the possible exception of Ms. Hoshiko her secretary. If he was going to be her student at her agency he would like to get to know the hero and her background. Mainly because he wants to know if she too ever went through some of the struggles he goes through at U.A today. In her current age Ryukyu is a wind torrent with the conviction to lock away villains with the brains of a jury. But he wanted to know if she had always been that way, maybe going as far back as high school. So many things intrigued him as her student so it was only right for him to wonder the little details about her.

"These ears." Her voice snapped him out of this train of thought. He looked to see she was playfully flipping an ear of his hero mask behind his head. "Are these by any chance supposed to resemble Miruko? They are strikingly similar to her own."

"Huh? Oh! Oh no, they're supposed to look like the bangs that All Might has. Here let me show you." Midoriya flipped the mask onto his head as he faced towards her, the bangs sticking up into the sky. "See?"

"Ah yes. All Might. I should've known a child your age would in some manner idolize him. And for the correct reasons too. He is what all

heroes should aim to be. Were the ears incorporated by your choice?"

"Sort of. My original costume was made by my mother who in turn made the ears. But after that costume was destroyed, a new one was made thankfully with the bangs still on the mask. Hmm." He lightly prodded at the tip of a bang with an index finger. "Though, I guess it can be easy to misjudge them for rabbit ears huh?"

"Very easy. But if this design is the exact copy of your mother's, then I will say she has talent. Very well done on her part."

"Thief!" A voice cried out in distress behind the duo, causing both to quickly turn around at the commotion. A woman was on the ground with a finger pointed to a man running away with a purse flailing in his left hand. "Thief! He stole my purse!"

The will to protect flaring up inside, Midoriya activated Full Cowling and began taking off after the assailant before he stopped dead in his tracks. He looked back to Ryukyu who nodded her head at him. With permission granted he once again chased after he man, whipping around to his front and standing with arms stretched out to the side. "Stop! Please return-"

"Outta my way jackass!" The man planted his hand against Midoriya's head and threw the boy onto the floor. The student fell onto his hands and knees shaken not by the strength that pushed him, but by the fact he couldn't bring himself to attack the purse thief.

Everything was in the right place for him to make the stop yet out of nowhere he just froze to make the critical moment of detainment. Why couldn't he bring himself to put his hands onto the thief? There was no answer currently that he could hopefully give, and it pained him. In the past he's able to seemingly jump head first into the most deadly of situations without so much as giving a thought about his own safety. Yet now he couldn't seem to find the will to make the stop because he was worried about the thief's safety. He didn't want to just punch the criminal out of the plane of existence, other wise not will his reputation as a hero he ruined but Ryukyu's as well. It felt like he had failed.

"Hahaha-OOF!" The man had been looking back to the fallen student,

not paying attention to the route in front of him. He ran right into the body of Ryukyu as he staggered backwards into his behind. The eyes of a dragon coldly staring into his soul with conviction and judgement.

"Surrender." She spoke stoically and low. "Give up the purse immediately, or I will make you regret laying your hands not only on the woman, but on my own student."

"Oh shit, okay okay." The thief shakily placed the purse onto the floor in between he and Ryukyu. He held his hands up to show no tricks were going to be pulled. "I'm done, I ain't going anywhere."

...

"Uh-huh." A female police officer said as she wrote down information onto a small notepad. "And what happened after that?"

"After that, my sidekick Deku chased after him in an attempt to stop him. He rounded to the front of the thief and-" As Ryukyu recounted the events of the attempted theft to the officer, Midoriya stood idly nearby a light pole watching the police stuff the purse thief into the back of a police cruiser. It felt like his world had seemingly broken into a billion glass shards that cut into his skin with more pain than any real blade can ever deal to him.

All the training All Might had put him through on the beach, Gran Torino's mentoring to further hone One For All and Mr. Aizawa's instructions felt instantly null and all for naught. If he couldn't even stop something simple as a purse thief during a simple patrol than what chance did he have of stopping something even bigger such as a bank robbery or even a joint operation? He stood no chance practically. On top of that it all happened in front of his new mentor if not the entire block to see. He felt so embarrassed even with the mask over his head acting as an identity barrier. Already he can picture the teases and jokes his classmates might make towards him for a failed detainment.

"Excuse me." A woman's voice caught his attention on his right as he turned to her. It was the same woman that had their purse snatched by the thief earlier. "You must be Ryukyu's sidekick yes? I want to

thank you for helping to stop that man. Please take this." She held up a stack of yen for him to take.

Midoriya looked at the stack of money and politely shook his head at her. "U-UH no please I don't require it. I think it's better if you kept it for yourself. Thank you for the generous offer but please. The money will be better handled in your own hands."

"Please I insist. It's the least I can do."

"No, thank you ma'am I think-"

"I think he will be very grateful in your generous offer." Ryukyu suddenly chimed in from behind. Midoriya looked to her with incredulous look of disbelief as she smiled at him. "Though it appears he may have gotten cold feet from being in the public's eye for the first time. So I'll take the offering for him if you don't mind miss."

"Of course not! He's earned it after all." The lady gently gave the money to Ryukyu who slightly bowed at the woman. "Thank you for your assistance today. Both of you."

"It is our pleasure miss. Please see that you are safely returned home." Ryukyu gave a gentle wave to the woman as she turned away from the heroes and made her way home. Once out of earshot the hero held the stack of money for her student to take. "I believe this is yours."

"Wait but, Ryukyu-sensei. This isn't right. I didn't do anything, I-I just froze! I couldn't even take down the thief and retrieve the purse."

"Deku." She spoke gently. "Have you forgotten that you have never dealt with something as simple as a purse thief? You've only dealt with bigger fish in the water such as legitimate villains and even hired guns to take over an entire island. You've never experienced something so mild and simple before. It's only right for you to freeze up in the moment of truth."

"Yes but, doesn't me having experience with villains mean I should be able to make a detainment?"

"Nope."

He stared at her with widened orbs of emerald confusion. "H-Huh?"

"Deku you're so willing to learn yet at the same time so unable to firmly comprehend the simple facts laid out before you. With villains, you are not going to attempt to detain them. They won't even give you the chance to do so. They will take your life if you so much as slip up by a hair or even a fraction of a second. You are fighting for your own life when it comes to villains such as the League or another group of them. But with daily criminals it is a very different story on the shelf.

With thieves, petty robbers and small time criminals you need to be much more considerate of your actions. Detaining somebody sounds very simple yes but sounding simple and being simple are two completely different topics. You must carefully restrain your strength to not intentionally harm them as you would with a villain that is aiming for the jugular of your throat."

Ryukyu placed a hand onto his shoulder. "Do not think you are any less a hero just because today did not produce the results you wanted. It is all a part of the learning process to becoming a hero. Hado went though the same phase too, so you are not alone. I see the drive in your actions, the will to act on impulse flaring whenever the window shows itself. With time we can refine your drive into something marvelous so that you don't feel so hesitant in your movements. This will be a great step for you as long as you are willing to learn the simpler things in between the lines. Okay?"

Midoriya slumped his shoulder just a tad, still feeling as if today was a defeat than a victory. In the end he couldn't overlook the fact that he failed with a purse thief and he doesn't feel like he has a right to accept the money that the nice woman had given to him. But he signed up with Ryukyu for a reason, that reason being the will to learn. There are going to be steps in his journey to becoming a hero and those steps will be faltered by emotions and misjudgment. Hopefully, it would not take long for those emotions of hesitation to melt away into nothing. Replaced by a blacksmith's fire fueled with the determination to become better.

"Ah. I-I guess so, Ryukyu-sensei."

She chuckled at his still down trodden mood, opening his palm and placing the stack of yen in his hand. "Good. For starters never turn down an offering made by the civilian. Nobody is telling them that is necessary for them to pay tribute to you for your services, so small gifts such as these mean something. Even if you feel like you don't deserve it."

He gripped the stack of money in hand tightly, and noticed it felt wrong as it pressed between his fingers. Actually, it felt a little *too* wrong. Curiosity peaking in his mind he held one of the bills up to the light, knowing why it felt a little off. "Um, Ryukyu-sensei?"

"Yes?"

"This bill is fake."

With a cocked brow she took one of the bills and raised it to the sun's light. "Oh my. It appears so."

She looked in the direction that the woman walked to see them sitting on a bench at nearby bus stop. Ryukyu looked to her student with a gentle curl. "Willing to know what it feels like dealing with counterfeit bills?"

He smiled. "Sure, why not? Just another small thing I'd like to learn under your tutelage."

"I'd be happy to show you."

Chapter 4: Short Interference

"Congratulations Deku, you've now dealt with a woman carrying a dangerous amount of counterfeit bills." Ryukyu commented. "No doubt one of the greatest feats a hero has ever done for this country. Your name will be spread among the legends of our time."

Midoriya slumped his shoulders in slight defeat while chuckling nervously. "Ah-heh, you know, I thought it was going to be much more deeper than that."

"Hmm." She scoffed amusedly. "Such as?"

"I don't know, maybe she was secretly a villain or something and we would engage in actual combat. But if all she had was counterfeit money then I don't know how to feel."

Ryukyu chuckled at his anticipation for action. "You are so eager to just dive into the heavier duties of hero work aren't you? But do not worry. Your thirst to be a crime fighting sentinel will eventually be quenched one of these days. Probably quicker than you think too. Especially considering the case that my agency along with a few others have been roped into."

"A case? Regarding what?"

"Hmm." She hummed with a hand over her chin. Thinking whether or not now is the perfect time to give him a quick rundown of what she's been working on for some time now. It is merely his first day of being a sidekick so perhaps it was a bit too on the early side to give him the details. After all it's uncertain whether or not he will continue to attend her agency. Hado already knows the information about this case so maybe even she can tell the boy. "I believe that in due time you will be ready to know about this case. Once you have a good grasp on being an official sidekick. I'm not saying you're not because you do indeed have the fire that holds a true hero against the

darkness. But patience is a virtue much needed to know."

"Yeah, I know." He said. "Should we continue our patrol?"

"Of course. We've only merely just started obviously. No doubt the day will entail something else-"

"AH-HAH! There ya are!" A happy voice erupted which caught them slightly off guard. Skidding out from an alley came Togata clad in his hero uniform. "Been looking all over for you guys."

"Oh Togata-senp-" Midoriya's sentence was cut off by a pinch on the upper left side of his back. "OW!"

"Ah, *LeMillion*." Ryukyu said, emphasizing his hero name for her student to remember next time. "A pleasure to see you here. Are you by chance on a patrol as well with your agency?"

"Actually no. When we heard you two were doing a patrol together, he and I have been looking for you guys. These streets are very easy to be lost in."

"He?" Midoriya asked.

"Ryukyu. Deku."

A voice that sounded like it was made in the mold of solid steel and hard emotion came from behind. Midoriya turned around curiously, and from the corner of his eye swore he can see Ryukyu slightly bearing a scowl on her face. And for a proper reason too, because standing shortly behind them came Sir Nighteye who emotionlessly stared into the eyes of Midoriya not even bothering for the Dragoon Hero. Something about his gaze seemed to make the student's legs feel similar to wobbly noodles in a hot pot. He couldn't exactly pin point what made him feel that way. It was just, there.

"Pleasure."

"Whoa." Midoriya albeit partially scared began to geek out slightly in his boots. "It's Sir Nighteye. All Might's former sidekick!"

"Yes." Ryukyu commented. "Yes it is."

There was this hint of hostility in her voice that Midoriya immediately picked up on. Not hostile to the point where she appeared to have the need of picking a fight in broad daylight with another hero. But hostile in another way. "Hello, Sir Nighteye. What is it that you require of?"

"The student." He pointed to Midoriya with a stern finger. "I need to speak with him."

"With me?"

"Yes. With you. It relates to an urgent matter that for some time now has been pushed aside. It would have occurred earlier, had it not been for Ryukyu denying my request in the past week."

"Ryukyu-sensei?" Midoriya looked to his mentor to see she had a slight look of shame on her face. Her eyes were turned towards the ground at a diagonal angle. "What's he talking about?"

"...I-I-"

"I'll spare her the details of sharing her side of the story." Sir Nighteye interrupted. "But if you don't mind I'd like to have this conversation in private. Away from the ears of my own sidekick as well as your mentor."

Midoriya took a step forward to do as he was requested, but not before again turning to Ryukyu. This time, she didn't look at him to give permission nor so much as a head nod. She still held her gaze towards the ground. Seeing her appear slightly down made him feel a bit uncomfortable and odd inside. Before, she had the appearance of a hero that seemingly never faltered even with all of the spotlights on her. The media constantly describing Ryukyu as fearless and uncaring of the negative opinions that sprouted in all of her years. But this. This somewhat showed a secret side of her that nobody has seen. At least, not that he's seen. What happened to the words of wisdom from earlier?

Wanting to comfort he swallowed his tendency to become nervous around females and placed a hand onto her bicep. She slowly diverted her focus from the ground to him as he gave a soft look to

her. His eyes glimmering in the sunlight of a clear day. "I won't take too long Ryukyu-sensei. We can continue our patrol once I'm done."

She opened her mouth to speak, but instead bore it back down her throat. It was replaced by a low growl when her eyes found Sir Nighteye again. This time, it definitely sounded a bit more on the protective side. Though he wondered as to what could possible be the reasoning for this. Ryukyu didn't appear to be the type of hero that held grudges or ill mannerisms to other people, so what exactly is this display of concern she exhibited to him. "Do not stall any longer, Deku."

Her voice was enough to make the glue on his feet instantaneously melt in fear that if he did stall, he would take another flight through the atmosphere and drop at a high elevation. An experience he wouldn't want go through any time soon again. He knew that it was going to happen some time in the future. He just didn't want it to happen now. With a nod of his head Midoriya jogged over to the patiently waiting Sir Nighteye, just out of range from normal earshot level. Ryukyu watched with a careful eye for any tricks that the latter might pull in an attempt to take him away. Although few people know this, she doesn't exactly have the highest standing for Sir Nighteye. Especially considering a hidden fact centered around Togata.

Speaking of the blonde sidekick, he nervously approached the heroine at her side while darting his eyes left and right. "Um, Ryukyu? Are you still mad about, you know?"

"Not as much as I was before." She replied. "Why would I be mad for my own failure in teaching you? You had every right to break from my agency and attend Sir Nighteye's. I just.."

Her voice faltered, a small quiver in her lips. "I just don't want that to happen now."

/

"Now then, Deku." Sir Nighteye spoke quietly yet still at an audible level for him to hear. "Let's begin with your power."

"My, my power? What do you mean?"

"I'm referring to One For All. Surely you didn't think that as All Might's former partner I wouldn't know about that power would you?"

"Well, he never said anything about it. Actually, not to be rude or anything but he never said anything about you in general."

"Because he and I broke off in relatively bad terms." Sir Nighteye pushed his glasses up with a finger. "As you know, my Quirk allows me to see one's future for a short duration. And what I saw in All Might's is exactly this. A hollowed out shell of a former world protector now reduced to the frail figure of a skinny man. I tried to warn him back then. Warn him that if he continued to go down his path of being a hero he'd end up in the exact spot. But of course being as stubborn as he is, he refused to listen. I was right in the end. And he couldn't accept that."

"Yes but, think about everything All Might has done just in this year alone. The USJ, I-Island as well as his battle against All For One. Nobody else could've done what he did."

"Perhaps alone they couldn't. But think carefully. Imagine if All Might wasn't at Kamino Ward. Who were the others present?"

"Uh, let me see. Endeavor, Edgeshot, Kamui Woods, Mt. Lady, Gang Orca, even Tiger of the Pussycats."

"Endeavor was the number two hero for a reason. Like him or not he's still a hero that can stop even the more tougher villains. Edgeshot is a brilliant tactician with a mind that can think on the run even during intense pressure. Both Kamui Woods and Mt. Lady are heroes that have proven their worth even being at such a young age. Do you really think that if they didn't combine their efforts they would not have been able to stop All For One. Tell me, please."

"You weren't there."

"No I wasn't. But I know from experience in the field to tell you that All Might's presence was not needed at Kamino Ward. He should've

let the other heroes take on the operation themselves."

"What does all of this have to do with One For All?"

Sir Nighteye took a glance over to his shoulder to find Ryukyu staring back at him, waiting and observing with furrowed brows and crossed arms. "I'm assuming you haven't told her about this, correct?"

"Of course not. I'm not putting anybody at risk because of the dangers of my given Quirk. If anybody is going to take on the risks, it's going to be me and me alone."

"And yet you still accepted her offer to become a sidekick at her agency. Any reason in particular?"

"Ryukyu has been observing me ever since the Sports Festival! She's been interested in choosing me for so long but I guess she just wanted to wait for the right opportunity. She's strong which can help with my training in One For All, she's also smart enough to explain everything about being a pro hero to me so that I can understand. I don't know much about her training regimen specifically, but if somebody like Hado-senpai is strong enough to be in the Big 3 underneath her tutelage, then I want to be strong like her as well."

"All valid reasons. But don't forget the part of you mentioning she waited for so long to enlist you. Do you want to know what she told me when she first came across you?"

"What?"

Sir Nighteye leaned closer towards him. "She said that your attitude was too inferior. Too under satisfactory and that your behavior exhibits that of a shut in introvert closed off from the world around them. You may have been smart enough to utilize the mine field to your advantage, but in the end it was your nervous behavior that sealed her decision when it came to choosing you. Your stuttering habit couple with your brittle mindset was everything she needed to know about who you truly were."

With his right thumb the hero pointed behind him. "Take a glance at Togata over there. Did you know that he wasn't always in attendance

at my agency? Very few people know this, but he actually went to her agency when he first started Work Studies. But his Quirk was far too taxing in her own hands, too challenging for her to even begin a regimen for him to hone the slippery grips of his ability. So, I came to him with a proper guide showing him that Permeation can be effective when used and timed correctly. It took not the blink of an eye for him to join me at my side because he saw what Ryukyu could not give him. A proper teacher."

Midoriya absorbed every word given to him by the pro hero. To think that Togata at first attended her agency wasn't too mind blowing, but the fact that Sir Nighteye seemingly stole him away from Ryukyu did irk his rational side. Even if Togata was promised a way to masterfully control his tricky Quirk that didn't mean there was a right to take a student away from a hard working teacher. No less that teacher being his own. And yes. The thought that Ryukyu claimed him to be not yet ready for her agency back then did hurt slightly. It hurt him to know that heroes turned away from him because of his nervous stature. But even if she didn't take him under her draconian wing at the time, she still kept her eye on him. Waiting for the right time of the year to pick the apple when it is fresh.

Maybe all of this is the reason why she held a dirty look to Sir Nighteye. Because he quite honestly even if she didn't hold the right skill set to train Togata, stole him away. And in turn maybe that was the cause of her protective growl from earlier. Sir Nighteye placed a hand onto Midoriya's shoulder. "Join me. As my sidekick I can show you how to hone One For All. There are still a few tricks I remember during my time alongside All Might that I can pass down to you, if he already hasn't. Ryukyu's dragon strength alone isn't enough to suffice for your training.

You will quickly eclipse her strength with your own and all that time training under her wing will be void. A difference between her and I, is that I will not fail you. You receive as you shall request."

"...do you wanna know another difference between you and her?" Midoriya spoke lowly.

Sir Nighteye furrowed his brows slightly, picking up on the hint of anger. "What?"

"She actually came to me. In person. I know what you said about her first encounter with me might be true, but that doesn't mean I'll see her any less as the hero that will train me. It's in her own right to make criticisms about me because a student can't grow without the help of their teacher." Midoriya stared into the hero's eyes with a calm fury of blazing confidence infused with the emerald fuel of promise. "Ryukyu is the only person that actually approached me, even if it was just for a simple question! That let me know about her interest in me. Me! Nobody else aside from Gran Torino showed any interest in choosing me as their intern. Not even you at the Sports Festival."

"Because you were practically made from the fibers of a naive child. Even now I can still see that previous nature."

"Yeah well guess what? So can Ryukyu yet she still chose me! She chose ME to be her sidekick, while you come from wherever you were before this just to possibly steal me like you did with LeMillion. Well I'm sorry Sir Nighteye but I'm politely refusing." Midoriya pushed his way past the hero, bumping into his shoulder slightly. He jogged over to Ryukyu who looked at him slightly confused before stopping in front of her left shoulder and turning to the previous hero. It was meant to display his allegiance with the Dragoon hero and not Sir Nighteye, even if they were All Might's former sidekick.

For a reason unknown Midoriya felt the flame of his confidence grow taller just by standing beside Ryukyu. The invisible power that felt like he can take on the world flooding the gates of his soul with vigor and intensity. "I'm Deku, Ryukyu's sidekick not yours! You won't take that away from me."

A possessive growl groaned from the throat of Ryukyu, loud enough even for Sir Nighteye to hear given the distance between them. She puffed her shoulders back to hold her ground and show that she isn't going anywhere and neither is her sidekick. On the inside a proud feeling enveloped the entirety of her heart when the words came spilling out from Midoriya's mouth. She was prepared for yet another successful attempt of Sir Nighteye in taking one of her students again, but the end result was the complete flip of what she expected. Now the feeling of dread and sadness that once plagued onto her shoulders is gone. Replaced with a hero's pride of their disciple.

"...until we meet again, then." Sir Nighteye bluntly stated. "Come, Togata. We are leaving."

"Okay. Uh, see you around Midoriya. Or uh, Deku."

"Yeah. See you at school Togata-UH, I mean, LeMillion." He said the last word with a bit of emphasis while looking to Ryukyu, who in turn directed her eyes to him with a smile on her face. The blonde sidekick joined his own hero at their side as they both made their way down the street. Either to conduct a patrol or return back to their home office. Once out of range Midoriya sighed heavily. "That was, unexpected."

"Midoriya." Ryukyu said sternly. "I am, sorry. About what Sir Nighteye said when I first saw you at the Sports Festival."

He widened his eyes in all directions. "Wait. You heard that?!"

"When I focus directly onto something I want to attentively pay attention to, I can hear what normal humans cannot. Though it only works if I try really hard. Otherwise my hearing is equivalent of a standard human's."

"Ohhh. So, I guess that explains why you weren't able to tell what Hado-senpai was yelling about last week behind the door."

A light pink tinge came across her cheeks. She coughed to make the embarrassment go away. If it wasn't for Ms. Hoshiko coming into her personal office and stating the possible goal of what Ryukyu had for the boy she wouldn't even know at all. "Y-Yes of course. That is why I couldn't deduce what she had said. But, no more on that.

I am very sorry about what he said to you. As your respective hero I cannot bring myself to deny such claims because it is all true. I did think you weren't ready yet back then because of your nervous behavior. For me you were just so jittery and unprepared socially. I didn't want to thrust you into the limelight knowing you might potentially freak or even break under the strain. If you hold any ill feelings against me, you have every reason to do so. I won't blame you-"

"Nah. It's okay."

Now it was her turn to stare at him with widened orbs of yellow confusion. "H-Huh?"

"Ryukyu-sensei. I think you're also forgetting the part where I said you're the only hero to actually observe me. Watching me for the right time to choose me. I don't think even Gran Torino would've done that for me. Which lets me know that you at least have an interest in choosing me as a sidekick. And that alone means so much for me that I, I can't thank you enough honestly. Even though it's just the first day as your official sidekick I feel like a proper master-disciple bond has been made. I trust you. I just hope that you can trust me too."

The proud feeling around her heart only grew tighter upon his speech. In truth she wanted to jump up and down in joy knowing that her own student holds her in such high standing. But being a fully grown adult that would only look silly. At least in her own eyes. With her hands she reached up for the bangs of his mask and lightly fixed them due to a slight bend in their posture. All while holding a smile on her face. "I trust you, Midoriya. I trust you greatly to know that in time, you will become one of the world's greatest heroes. If you would allow me to be your teacher that is."

He puffed his chest in a chuckle as he idly stood still for her to make adjustments on his mask. The golden yellow slit pupils staring back at him with a determined gaze to see him grow into a fine hero. The only other time he's seen this gaze was in All Might when he handed the strand of hair to him at the beach the morning of the entrance exam. This feeling made him feel quite impervious to all damage that may be sustained. It felt so amazing, so needed after a long duration of being seen as useless in a society dominated by Quirks.

So, flawless.

Chapter 5: Former and Current

"Hmm." Midoriya silently hummed to himself while tapping the eraser of his pencil against his top lip. For two days after his conducted patrol with Ryukyu he's been thinking about a certain aspect that occurred during the activity. His encounter with Sir Nighteye and the learning that Togata used to attend Ryukyu's agency first before attending his current one. The reasons were laid out before the first year like a deck of cards to see but still. He couldn't see his senior making a decision such as that.

Permeation written onto paper is very easy to understand, so much so that even a young child can get a firm understanding of it. It allows the user's body to phase through any solid object or surface at will. It sounded simple but on the contrary not at all. As Togata described it, he has to focus on each body part separately in order for his Quirk to properly function and not collide with an object instead of phasing through it. This required a careful and precise training detail that focused on the concentration of each limb while still maintaining the thought on what to do next.

Yet what stuck out to him the most is that there was no official record of Togata's apprenticeship with Ryukyu at all. The school systems in Japan use a specialized database that records which students attend an agency while also retaining the ones that used to be there as well in the years past. Permission granted by Principal Nezu, Midoriya utilized this database through the library computers with the help of Mr. Aizawa. But when they pulled up the student record for Ryukyu the only student to ever be recorded is Hado and his own. So what exactly did happen with Togata? He wanted to know more.

BRRRING

"Very well done today students." Ectoplasm, the teacher for

mathematics praised at the sound of the lunch bell. "Do remember to study for your quiz coming on Friday. Have a good day."

Midoriya finished jotting down anything he missed onto his notebook and quickly made haste to put away his supplies. While many of the other students exited the room on their way to the cafeteria, one student decided to stay behind for her classmate. "Hey Deku!"

"Oh." He looked up and smiled at his friend. "Hey Uraraka."

"Are you, okay today? You kinda look like you were in outer space for majority of this period."

"Yeah I was just, thinking about something that occurred to me on Monday. It was really strange."

"What happened?"

Midoriya slung the straps of his backpack over his shoulders and walked down the column of his class arrangement. "Well, you know Togata right? The one that showed us what Work Studies can do for us?"

"I don't think I'll ever forget what he did to us that day. It was pretty embarrassing."

"I ran into him and Sir Nighteye during our patrol and I found out that Togata didn't always go to his agency. He went to Ryukyu's at first but broke away because she couldn't properly help him in training his Quirk."

"Okay. And?"

The duo rounded around the door leading into the classroom, melting with the rest of the student population making for the cafeteria. Midoriya accidentally bumped into a student's shoulder, both giving an apology to the other before continuing on their journey. "When I went to go look up the records for her agency attendance I couldn't find his name. Only Hado's and mine. It's like he never went there in the first place but if two pro heroes acknowledged the fact that he did, why would the database not officially state it? It's like there's something else they're trying to hide."

"That does sound a bit odd. Well, why don't you go ask him personally? I'm sure maybe there's a specific reasoning for wanting to keep it a secret."

"Yeah. That's kind of what I was hoping on doing during lunch. Hey what about you? Have you got any heroes you're thinking of doing studies under?"

"Honestly, not really." Uraraka scratched the back of her head gently. "I was kinda thinking of maybe going with the Pussycats? Maybe I could use my Zero Gravity in some manner out in the natural terrain. I-I don't know I'm still kind of thinking around."

"Well that's good. It'll give you the opportunity of doing some window shopping by reviewing which heroes do which. I'm sure you'll find one soon."

"Yeah. Hopefully." The duo of first years pushed aside the double doors leading into the cafeteria and were flooded with a bumbling noise of the student population. Sitting nearby at a table were Present Mic and Thirteen acting as the overseers for any unwanted activity.

"Well, I need to go to speak with him to see if I can get more details. I'll see you later."

"Bye Deku see you later." They both waved each other off before turning in opposite directions with her going to their usual lunch table and him making the journey for where the Big 3 were located during this period. Even through the sea of moving bodies hustling about he can still catch glimpses of a periwinkle head blabbering her head off about Quirks and different ideas for one.

It didn't take long for one of the third years to realize that a guest was coming their way with Amajiki being the first to speak. "Hado."

"-and I said oh my gosh really that sounds like a really cool Quirk-"

"Hado."

"-Quirk allows him to manipulate objects within a certain telekinetic field which is so cool! And also-"

"HADO."

"-there's this guy in the second years and he sounds really cool but wants to do something weird? His name is Rick and he keeps saying he wants to roll something-"

"NEJIRE HADO."

"Yesss?" Hado joyfully responded to the group introvert.

"Behind you."

"Hmm?" The school idol hummed as she glanced over her shoulder to spot her junior companion at their mutual agency. A smile popped into her face. "Oh heyyyy! Midoriya!"

"Hi. Um, I just wanted to ask something from one of you guys if that's okay."

"Sure what is it?"

"Togata-senpai?" The blonde third year perked his head up at the sound of his name. "Can we, speak in private for a moment please? If not it's okay I wouldn't want to disturb you."

"Of course man! If it's something important then I ain't gonna turn it down just because of lunch." Togata lifted himself from his seat and joined Midoriya at his side. "We'll be back in a bit."

"Okay! See ya!"

"Mm-Hmm."

"Here follow me." Togata gestured for his junior to stay behind him as they did so willingly. The duo of third and first years weaved through the crowds upon crowds of students, trying not to accidentally bump into another because of their weaving action. Eventually they both arrived at the corner of the cafeteria and walked through a set of double doors where majority of the noise died down to buffers added into the frame. "Here we are! Nice and quiet. So, what is it you'd wanna ask me?"

"Before I start, if there's anything you don't feel comfortable answering then it's okay for you to decline. I wouldn't want to make you feel like you're being forced or anything heh."

"Not at all man! Just let the questions fly and I'll answer them to the best of my abilities."

"Okay." Midoriya exhaled deeply before starting his 'questionnaire'. "You used to go to Ryukyu's agency before Sir Nighteye's. Right?"

"Yep! It was during my second year when I first got into Work Studies. She was my first chosen hero and I was her first student. "

"So you're openly acknowledging the fact that you did attend her agency?"

"Yes-siree bob. Why what's up?"

"Well, I went to go look at the records for attendance to her agency but, your name isn't on the list. Only Hado's and my own."

"Oh really?" Togata crossed his arms with a hand going up to his chin. "That's odd. I don't know why it's not on there when I should be. Maybe it was a computer error?"

"It wasn't. Mr. Aizawa pulled up the most updated file for it but still. You're name isn't on there. Do you know any reason why?"

"Hmm." He hummed and began pacing back and forth in a 4 step line in each direction. A face of intense concentration took over the once happy face of Togata as Midoriya patiently waited for an answer. At least, he hopes he would be given an answer. After several moments Togata came to a standstill with back turned to his junior. "...*wait. That's why?*"

Midoriya slightly peered around. "Togata-senpai?"

"Uh, heh. I uh, I think I know the reason as to why my name not be on that list. But you have to promise me something." He whipped around to face the first year. "If this is in fact why my name isn't on the record then be sure to keep this to yourself. No doubt Principal Nezu or even Ryukyu would want this to be hidden from official

documents so whatever you do. Don't mention this anybody else. Got it?"

"Yes. I understand."

"Good." Togata bore his usual smile as always before starting his recollection. "You may have already been told this but Ryukyu couldn't exactly help me in the greatest ways with my Permeation. She set up a great training guide no doubt but she just couldn't find a comfortable grasp on it to train me. For weeks I was left in the same spot that I had been before attending her agency and while my classmates around me improved, I didn't. It didn't anger me nor did it upset me but there are people out there who needed saving. And in order for me to do that I had to get a grasp on efficiently using my Quirk.

So then, Sir came around to her office one day and was speaking to her in her personal office. They were arguing really loudly and quite frankly it was a bit scary. Honestly I can't remember the exact details about what they were yelling about but I didn't want to get caught in the mix. So I just watched as two pro heroes argued with one another. It wasn't until the arguing was done that Sir turned to me and showed me a regimen that he personally created to help me with my Permeation. Everything on that list caught my eye in the right way and I knew that this. This was the exact way for me to go about my training. I needed this like people needed me."

"So, you said yes."

He nodded. "I did. Don't get me wrong Ryukyu is a good teacher but my Quirk was just out of her league. She couldn't keep up with it so, I-I switched agencies. Right there in her own office and today I'm still ashamed of it. I should've at least done so in private or spoken about it with her before making the change but I was so happy to see that finally. Finally there was a way for me to improve on my Quirk for the better. So drunk off of my own happiness I said yes in front of her own eyes. I'm such an idiot."

"Don't be. I mean I would be happy too if another hero came up to me saying that they had a format for me to help train my Quirk. You had every right to feel that way. But, something tells me that isn't the

main cause for your name being hidden. Isn't it?"

Silently and slowly, Togata took three fingers and dragged them from the upper left corner of his chest down to the lower right corner of his torso. Remembering the events of that day. "The argument, turned into a heated moment between two heroes. Sir and I began walking out of the office and Ryukyu quickly ran up to me saying that she can do better. That she can study more to help me with my training. But Sir wanted to leave already and he gave a push to her shoulder to force her back. She pushed back at him with her amazing strength which caused them to grapple with one another. Doing what I thought was best I jumped into the mix trying to separate them. They were so angry with each other and for a split second it felt like they wanted to kill one another.

While in the middle of everything, I didn't see the hand of claws coming right for me. And striking me across my chest in a slash."

Midoriya's breath grew rough and shaky. "She hit you."

"It was a complete accident though. I knew that deep down inside she was aiming for Sir but since I decided to jump in the mix of everything she accidentally nicked me instead. Ryukyu would never purposely harm a child, not even a high schooler like me." Togata turned to the window behind him and leaned onto the bar that acted as a support beam running parallel to the floor. "While I was in the hospital recovering, she came to me one day begging for forgiveness and she was crying. She kept thinking that it was all her fault for why I'm in the bed and not training right now, and that I deserved better.

I kept telling her that it was okay and that I would never hold an ill feelings towards her because I knew that she just wanted to make me stronger and better. But, still. She kept placing all the blame on herself.

For weeks after that, Ryukyu became insecure about her ability to teach and look over her students. It wasn't until Hado arrived at her office that her usual demeanor as the Dragoon Hero came back in full force and confidence. Which is good. Because I wouldn't want to see any hero sad or feel like they're not good enough because of me. That's the worst feeling in the world to know."

"So, in conclusion." Midoriya said. "Your name is being hidden from the list because she accidentally struck you. And more than likely she still feels like the fault still falls onto her shoulders to this day which probably makes her think she didn't deserve you as a student."

"I believe so."

Midoriya thought long and hard over the event retold to him. It made him feel wallow to know Ryukyu still held the lion's guilt for what happened to Togata, and she had every reason to feel that way. But still. Knowing his teacher still grieved over the failure of teaching a student didn't sit well with him and he wanted to do something to make her feel prouder of being a teacher. Even if it was a failed bond with one of her students. And he thinks he knows a way to do that just in time before his next patrol after school today. Luckily for him, he had a great personal support ally with the knack of stitching together items on the fly.

/

Ryukyu looked in the mirror as she combed her hair downwards in preparation for the patrol to come within the next half hour. After the event that transpired on Monday when Midoriya firmly and confidently stated that he is belongs to her own office, her liking of the student has grown tremendously. She had a feeling that he was prideful about which heroes he looked up to based on the bangs of his mask resembling that of All Might's but to hear it in verbal words sat comfortably well with her.

PING

The sound of the elevator pinging rang through her open door as she continued to comb through her hair for any finishing touches. *"Oh my."*

"Hoshiko?" Ryukyu called.

"*It's your new, and improved, sidekick ready to take on the world with you."*

"Send him in please." Ryukyu made a final swoop of the comb before

placing it down and reaching for the headband with clawed mask to don onto her head. She heard the door leading into her personal office creak open with footsteps growing nearer. "Midoriya. You're here early which is exceptionally punctual. A hero must always be on time if not earlier than most to get a head start on the day's work load. I say that even though I myself am not ready yet. How shameful. Give me just a minute...to...."

Her eyes befell over her new disciple with a look of observation and wonder. "What is.."

"Hi, Ryukyu-sensei." Midoriya said in his new costume design that was so generously whipped up by Hatsume. And with masterful design too.

Majority of the outfit remained the same in terms of support padding and additional bracers to absorb the shockwaves. But the more noticeable changes came with the first being a color palette swap. Instead of his entire outfit being clad in an emerald green, it was dark red with a few trimmings of the previous green running in a scaly pattern around the circumference of his shoulders. A shoulder cape of the same color was attached to his right side flowing behind him with three slash marks on the bottom and a singular slash going through all three to match her own qipao. His arm bracers were white in color and his boots a solid black with dark red decal lines running about.

A drastic change came to his mask with black dragon wings sprouting out from behind, and a claw formation obscuring his right ear. It was perfectly identical to her own costume while still retaining his own touch with slight green streaks running about in cheek areas and around his eyes.

Nervously he rubbed the back of his head due to her not saying a word. "Uh, heh. Do you, um, do you like it? My friend Hatsume made it and I think she did a good job....Ryukyu-sensei?"

Ryukyu silently paced across her room to her student and stood before him with eyes drifting about. She held an open mouth expression in curiosity as he silently stood there in wait for her opinion. After several moments, her mouth closed and began a spree of emotionless words.

"The color's off the wings are horribly tilted the claws on your mask are shorter the bracers are the wrong tint of white the cape is too long the slashes are too yellow and bright your boots shouldn't have red decal lines and the scales on your shoulders are quite frankly dreadful."

Midoriya sunk his shoulders sadly and down trodden with disappointment. "Oh."

"...PBBBT ha-ha! I am joking, Midoriya. This costume is remarkably well made."

He perked his head back up like a happy dog with a smile etching over his palette. "You like it?"

"I quite honestly more than like it." She began pacing around him in circular motion. "The design of this new costume is masterfully done to replicate my own, while still keeping some of the more base elements of your previous costume of course."

Ryukyu reached for the shoulder cape and kneaded the soft material in her hand, overlooking the mark of the dragon at the bottom. "Eh well, I think this cape might be a bit too long but nonetheless this new design is quite appealing."

"Oh thank goodness. I thought you wouldn't like it."

Ryukyu stepped around to his front with a curious raised eyebrow. "My opinion matters that much to you?"

"I-I mean, you're the only hero to ever keep an interest in me so I just wanted to make sure everything was right."

"Everything is swell, Midoriya. There is no need to worry. Oh but your wings are just a bit off balance so allow me to fix that for you." Ryukyu stepped closer and reached behind his head to adjust the black wings sprouting out from behind the mask. As she did so Midoriya had nowhere else to look but into the yellow slits of draconian eyes that focused onto his accessory. The glimmer inside of those pupils reflected back to him in the lighting for the room while also reflecting back something he's already stated before. The

statement grew hotter as she had to inch closer to his face to get a comfortable standing for the adjustments.

'Ryukyu-sensei. She's so beautiful.'

Chapter 6: Technique

"This is Dragon 2-2 on standby to catch newbies."

"Nejire-Chan ready bouncing betty! You've got this Deku!"

"Well, I'd say our patrol today was satisfactory. We've gone through a bit of review of what I've went over on Monday, but there's still plenty more for you to learn so do not limit the ceiling of your knowledge to this week alone. Now we're onto the more fun part of this agency. Training your Quirk."

The helicopter on the helipad hovered away with propellers sending gusts of wind onto the pad and into Midoriya's costume, his wings pushed back from the force with cape flailing from his shoulder. He recognized the giant weapon mechanism attached to the bottom of the aviation vehicle as a giant cannon welded into the hull. Spray pointed onto the cannon with royal blue paint were the words 'Special Weapon Thingy Mabob Joogy Woogy', the pictures of a heart and a crude dragon beside the wording. He gulped down the nervous knot forming just underneath his Adam's Apple.

Looking past over the edge of the rooftop his anxiety only grew worse. Maybe after all of these years on this planet, he had a slight fear of heights. "U-Um, Ryukyu-sensei? May I ask what you plan on having me do so that I can say no and go back to school?"

She chuckled and placed a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Do not worry. The pilots in the helicopter are former Japanese Air Self-Defense Force with near perfect scores in marking their targets. They've done this for years in the military, and if something does go wrong, which I highly doubt it will, Nejire-Chan will jump into action. You are in safe hands Deku."

"Uh, yeah you know what I think I'm good. Thank you."

"You don't even know what you'll be doing."

"Yeah because I don't want to. See ya." Midoriya quickly spun on the heel of his feet and tried to bolt for the door leading to the staircase. A hand latched into his right arm at his bicep and pulled him back to grab his other arm, lifting him clean off of his feet. He flailed and kicked to squirm out of her surprisingly tight hold on him. "AHH! NONONONO WAIT, RYUKYU-SENSEI WAIT!"

"Do not allow your fears to cloud your mind Deku." She said as she waddled over to the rooftop edge with student in her clutches. "Think back to the assessment I had you undergo. Because if you don't, hmph well, it's going to be quite difficult for city laborers to scrape you completely off of the sidewalk."

"AHH!" Midoriya continued to flop about like a fish out of water but with futile results. Eventually Ryukyu finally came to the roof's end, dangling his body completely over the edge on the verge of free falling. The cardinal rule of not looking down went completely past the judgement of his thoughts as he took a single glance down. He can practically imagine his heart falling like a stone and becoming an organ water balloon over the head of an unfortunate pedestrian down below. *"Oh Kami help me."*

"Are you ready Deku?"

"NO!"

"Good because I wouldn't want to hold you up all day. Remember. The shockwaves go a long way. What matters most is how you utilize them, and in *which* body part."

"Oh geez...okay." Midoriya took a deep breath to regain his composure, the beating heart rapidly pounding away inside of his rib cage with a painful aching. "Okay, okay I can do this. I'm ready."

"Oh dear." Ryukyu said. "Did I remember to put the safety net inside of the weapon to catch you? I don't think I did."

"HUH?!"

"Good luck." Was her final statement before she released her grip on

his arms, causing him to plummet towards the Earth.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHH!!"

"Dragon 2-2, have eyes on target free fall. Holding."

"Come on Deku! Don't let the Special Weapon Thingy Mabob Joogy Woogy do the work for you!"

Midoriya fell at a perfect linear angle with body flat parallel to the ground. The wind aggressively breezed against the mask of his costume even pushing the hair bristles underneath the accessory. His cape took a wild direction in every which way imaginable even at one point slapping across his calves with a painful whip. Though the sturdy material of his shoes with padded support took most of the damage. The sickening feeling of his internal organs sloshing about inside slowly became apparent with the equally uncomfortable sensation of adrenaline being added into the mix.

Closer and closer he drew nearer to the ground, the ant silhouettes of humans below becoming larger and clearer in context. His time to concentrate and hatch up an idea to bit become a human stain grew smaller with every passing centimetre. But Ryukyu had faith in him to become one of the greatest heroes this world has ever seen, so he needed to make sure he couldn't fall short of that faith. He wouldn't allow that to happen. He couldn't. Steeling his nerves to finally act he pulled his right arm back, allowing the fluidity of One For All to course through his veins and muscular fibers. Midoriya knew that he needed to utilize her lesson of shockwaves and either A, throw a punch at the last possible second so that he can nullify majority of the falling he's gone through and land on the ground with a thump but a soft enough thump to no damage anything major. Or B, continuously throw out punches to push himself back up to the rooftop where his mentor awaited him.

Needing to just take a single step he threw out the limb straight below to impede all momentum downwards. The initial shockwave from the impact was enough to halt his actions, but he forgot one of the more important rules about a body in gravitational free fall. He may have stopped his body from moving but not the organs and fluids inside. Which meant that his heart, blood and brain were just a

few of the internal components that continued to move inside. This caused an intense feeling of nausea and dizziness which made him lose focus. The only thing that really came into focus was the need to spill out today's lunch in liquid form with an off palette coloring.

Midoriya once again began to fall with body limp and weak from the nausea overloading his senses. He was halfway down the skyscraper building and reaching into the danger zone as the wind naturally turned his body upwards to the sky.

"Safety net away."

The helicopter aimed the cannon towards Midoriya and propelled a net enclosed by a chain system at first before releasing into a fully fledged netting system. A large metallic wire attached the net to it's propulsion system thick enough to withstand even the heaviest of weights. Chasing after it's target the net engulfed the student's body entirely with the helicopter doing a quick sweeping motion in the air to secure the body. With sidekick in tow it reversed the wire up to the cannon system at a mediocre pace.

Several minutes of hanging in mid air by a net caused Midoriya's senses to wobble all over the scale. It felt like somebody had gut punched him with a boxing glove filled with iron lead and brass knuckles attached over the front. Every now and the urge to hurl would make it's presence known inside of his throat accompanied by a very sour and unwelcome taste. *"Aughhh."*

"Delivering the newbie."

Midoriya arrived at the top of the helipad where Ryukyu awaited as she crossed her arms and looked at him like a fish in a net, an amused smile over her face. "Did you have fun?"

"Noooo."

She chuckled while retrieving her broken fish of a disciple from the net. Scooping him up into her arms Ryukyu gently placed him down in a sitting position, holding his back up with a hand at the base of his neck while kneeling beside him. "Let's have you recover for a while before we move onto the next course of action. If you feel like

you can't continue after the alotted time, then we can end it for today. There is no need to push yourself. The smaller steps matter the most."

"Yeah...HURFF...if a smaller step consisted of falling from the roof of a skyscraper to your possible death."

"Yes. That is exactly what it consists of." Ryukyu waved her free arm above her head to the idle helicopter.

"Copy that. Circling back around."

The chopper took off past the buildings and doing a large semi-circle maneuver to allow the safety net to recharge back into it's propulsion system. As it did so Midoriya pinched his nose to bring his shaken senses back down to the Earth with slightly grit teeth. It didn't help either that his heart beat was at a much slower yet still painful rhythm with the blood rushing through his head. He can practically feel each individual cell traveling in his bloodstream like messengers from the land of oxygen. Though messengers were an unwanted guest right now.

As he sat silently on the helipad concrete, the gently flowed underneath his mask causing him to lightly itch at his nose. But in doing so it caused him to turn his head just enough to catch Ryukyu's facial features. He had already known that the Dragoon Hero was so beautiful even in the normal lighting of a standard room. But with the sun casting down at her at just the perfect angle to create a light shadow on the side of her face closest to him, she seemed like an angel. The blonde shining with a gentle gleam underneath the health rays of a star. Her stoic yet cute face partially hidden by the headband with claws going down her right eye. It all went past the numerical value of beauty when she gazed down at him and barely, just barely, twinged her lips upwards into the smallest of gestures.

"You doing okay?" She asked softly.

'Wow....yeah. Yeah I'm doing okay."

"Good." She patted the base of his neck softly as to not accidentally nick him with her nails. "Just a few more moments and we'll see if

you can continue or not. Take your time. There's no need to rush through training if all you're going to be doing is ending up with a queasy stomach. You didn't, have a big lunch. Did you?"

"An entire bowl of ramen with miso soup because I was hungry..."

She nodded her head with a measly scrunch of her lips, slowly and secretly increasing the distance between his mouth and her body. "That's, lovely. Very."

BZZZT

A low vibration can be heard from one of the many compartments circling around Midoriya's waist line. It was loud enough for Ryukyu to pick up on it, quickly doing a frisk of his belt to find which pouch held the device. Located directly on his side was his phone vibrating away with a caller ID, and the picture of a blond man with two prominent bangs standing upwards on end. Ryukyu took a quick glance at the caller ID before holding it out to him. "I did not realize you and All Might exchanged numbers."

"Well, he's one of my instructors at U.A, and our Quirks are very similar to one another so he's given me advice every now and then to help with my training. I wonder what he's calling about now?" He replied, taking the device into his left hand.

Tapping onto the answer button he raised the phone up to his ear. "Hello-"

"YAAAHAHAHAHA! I AM HERE TO SCREAM IN YOUR EAR!"

"Ooh!" Midoriya fumbled with his phone from the sudden intrusion of All Might and dropped it completely. He was about to reach for it when Ryukyu was quicker on the draw, catching it with agile reflexes and lightning fast speed. She handed his phone back to him with the same smile as before. "Thanks."

"Of course."

Midoriya placed the device back up to his ear this time with a much more tighter hold around the back of it. "All Might?"

"Ah-heh, did-did I scare you?"

"No not at all. I wasn't even startled in the slightest." From beside him he can hear Ryukyu quietly chuckle at his statement which for whatever odd reason seemed to fill his ears with happiness. The emotion slightly startling him over a call from his true and original mentor. "What is it All Might?"

"Well first I'd like to start off by saying I am very pleased with the new design of your hero outfit. It is, obviously, supposed to resemble Ryukyu right? The heroes whose sidekick you've decided to become."

"Yeah that's right. Sorry about removing the bangs from the mask, Hatsume said they didn't go that well with the wings on the back."

"Oh I'm not mad. I'm actually very content with the decision!"

"Really? How come?"

"Young Midoriya, do you remember what I told you during the class period where you were all practicing your super moves?"

"Yeah. You said that I was still trying to imitate you even though I shouldn't."

"Precisely my boy. By removing the bangs from your mask you've unknowingly taken a step into your own direction. Away from the route that I have already walked. Though, I ask that you do not try to imitate Ryukyu in any way as well. Otherwise you may as well be known in the same manner as an old friend of mine who copied every technique he ever came across...huh. Now that I think about it, I haven't seen him in a while. Perhaps it's time I took a trip to the hidden village."

"Well, in terms of Quirks, Ryukyu-sensei and I are very different obviously. I don't have the same type of mutation ability that hers does to fully transform into something else."

"No matter the Quirk, you must always find your own standing as a hero. Which leads me to my next and most obvious point. STOP USING YOUR ARMS YOU BUFFOON OF A CHILD!"

"Huh? Are you watching me right now?" Midoriya peered at his

surroundings thinking he might catch a glimpse of All Might secretly observing his successor from either one of the building windows or down below. Though now that he's actually done the action, he feels a bit silly for thinking so. And it didn't help that Ryukyu gave an odd eyebrow as she watched her sidekick look around at nothing but an empty rooftop with clear skies.

"Of course not you fool. I was doing a bit of browsing around in the city a few days ago when I saw YOU falling from the skies. At first I thought you were in actual danger, but then I saw Young Hado and Ryukyu on the chase to quickly make the snatch." There was a pause in All Might's retelling. *"Young Midoriya, why must you always resort into using your arms even after damaging them so many times? Have you forgotten about your new patent?"*

"Of course not. It's just that, well, I don't think I'm comfortable yet with using Shoot Style around Ryukyu. I might mess up with the force output from one of my kicks and I might injure myself with the blame falling on her. I don't want that to happen."

"When a pro hero takes on a sidekick from either a school such as U.A or an amateur hero new to the scene, they fully understand the risks of doing so. Any and all injuries will fall onto their shoulders, you don't think they know that?"

"Ugh....ehh." Midoriya grumbled and mumbled in his spot silently. "I don't want to be a nuisance for her if all I'm going to be doing is injuring myself. Then what good of a sidekick would I be?"

"Have faith in Ryukyu, Young Midoriya. She is an excellent hero in the standings at her age and undoubtedly takes care those around her as well. As she has chosen you to be her sidekick, you must choose her in placing your trust. She will look after you. Do you understand my boy?"

"Yeah. I guess so."

"Ryukyu!" The voice of Ms. Hoshiko called to the pro hero from the door leading into the staircase. She flapped a paper in her hand to notify of the subject. "FatGum just called, says he'd like to speak with you about that case."

"One moment please. Do you think you are willing to continue?" Ryukyu asked Midoriya.

"I think maybe a few more minutes. Probably after you're done with what Ms. Hoshiko has for you?"

"Remember. Do not push yourself. It is okay to withdraw for today if that is what you feel." Ryukyu released her hold on his neck and walked over to where her secretary waited behind the door. She took the paper in her hands and began on overlooking it with verbal details being spewed to her.

"Don't withdraw Young Midoriya! Finish it out strong!"

"I don't know, I still feel a bit woozy. But at the same time, I want to keep going. I don't want things to end with me failing on the first attempt."

"May I ask, what exactly does she have you doing?"

"Throwing me off a roof."

"Eesh. And I thought Gran Torino was hardball on me. Ooh but this is the perfect opportunity for you to show off Shoot Style! Go jump off the roof!"

"Again? Why?"

All Might chuckled in mischievousness over the phone. *"Have faith, Young Midoriya. Have faith in your Shoot Style and have faith in Ryukyu."*

CLICK

The dead tone of a hung up line buzzed in Midoriya's ear as he turned his phone off and placing it back into the pouch where it originally came from. He took a quick glance over to Ryukyu to see that she still was in conversation with the secretary, both of them speaking with one another once the other finishes. After looking to his hero he peered over to edge of the roof from which he was dropped. As he pondered over the stone edge and looking into the abyss of a fatal drop, two things clicked into his mind like a missing puzzle piece.

What matters most is how you utilize them, and in which body part.

Have you forgotten about your new patent?

"...oh I'm such an idiot." He smacked himself in the forehead with a palm at the sudden realization. He should've known that Ryukyu wanted to see if he was smart enough to use One For All in other areas beside his arms. The answer was so obvious to him that it was hidden. But of course in dire situations he always resorted to what All Might would do which is to utilize his arms for a wind-breaking punch.

He saw that Ryukyu was in fact still talking to Ms. Hoshiko, which worked perfectly for him because although he would say yes to continue his training, he has a feeling she might not let him do so. Even he knows that his head is still a bit watery in the skull with his brain sloshing about. But nevertheless he wanted to impress her. He wanted to show her that she didn't make a mistake in choosing him as a sidekick. He wears his new hero outfit with pride and confidence, and he plans on making the most of it today.

The sound of helicopter propellors cutting through the air grew closer as he gazed up to see the helicopter hovering above him, ready to either land or another training run. Settling for the latter Midoriya staggered onto his feet and slowly made his way to the rooftop edge. A few missteps almost caused him to fumble and tumble onto the concrete, but he wanted to continue. For the sake of his dream of becoming the world's greatest hero. Just like All Migh-....No. Not like All Might.

This was his dream. Nobody else's.

"Deku?" The voice of Ryukyu called to him from behind. He also heard the sound of boots clicking against the helipad, drawing closer to him with a hustle. "Where are you going?"

"Training?" He replied back, slightly unsure if he was doing the right thing or not. *"I think."*

"You are still uneasy I can see it in your steps. Sit down and take a breather we can end it for today." No answer. Which caused the boots

to break into a jog. "Deku!"

Midoriya quickened his own pace and can see over the edge of the roof into the drop below. He's so close, so close to showing her what he can really do. So many people were trusting him to improve, trusting him to become better. All Might, his mother, his classmates and even the people who do not yet know of his existence all trust in him to be his greatest. He couldn't allow a simple mishap to throw off his progress.

"Deku stop right now!"

"I'm sorry Ryukyu-sensei. But I can keep going. I must keep going."

"DEKU!"

Midoriya finally arrived at the edge of the rooftop with boots practically right behind him. The heavy breeze wafting up from below caused his track to slightly halt at the remembrance that once again he is about to drop off from solid ground and into a free fall. But this time would be much different than his previous trial. This time he was going to put into play his new patent on a very crude, barely beginnings of an idea he just thought of just now. Whether or not this new idea of his was going to work he didn't exactly know at that moment in time, but what he did know is that he must place his faith into Ryukyu to not put an end to his little experiment.

Sucking in the air through his teeth, he pushed all thoughts aside. And jumped.

"No!" Ryukyu dove in an attempt to swipe at his shoulder cape, but the cloth's wild movements only threaded in between her fingers with no room to grab hold of. Now she watched as her disciple fell again towards the Earth with her teeth gritted and her 'Worry-meter' going absolutely haywire.

Midoriya concentrated and activated the stockpiled gift of One For All. He pushed majority of the power into his legs as he bent his right leg inwards to his stomach with the left leg hanging loose. "This is it. *One For All...Shoot Style..."*

With enough power pushed to his right leg, he kicked at the air below into a straight kick, and flew upwards with the shockwaves acting as boosters.

"DRAGON STEP!"

FWOOSH

Pushing down with his left leg he mimicked the same action he did with his right, and slowly began to regain his height upwards while simultaneously crossing the space between buildings. It was his first time in doing a maneuver such as this, and since he didn't give it much thought in how much power he had to put in from falling his legs were beginning to become a bit sore already. His thighs were creaking from the energy output he repeatedly pushed out and already in three 'steps' the pain was catching up. But he couldn't quit now. He wanted to see just how far he can go with this new ability of his.

Although it was only by a few feet or so before descending back down, Midoriya was able to gain back a good amount of height lost with each step. And the distance he put in between each one grew longer as he began to have a slow grasp on the technique put into it. He had to intently focus on where the energy flowed in his leg and when to push it into his lower area for the step to work properly. Too much energy in his thigh meant it was painful to store it in a singular location, and too little energy meant his height wouldn't be as high. It took a tremendous amount of focus to do so and any misstep could result in him falling back down. But he trusted Ryukyu and her assistance. If she says that he is in safe hands, then he trusted those hands to make the catch.

After Dragon Stepping through the air for several minutes he came onto the rooftop of another skyscraper just a bit higher than his own agency's. Once he was over the building and at a safe level, he gave one last push of his right leg and rolled onto the gravel of the building roof. His legs ached in every nook of his muscle with a burning hot feeling in his thighs. He puffed his chest heavily to regain the oxygen that was lost from the extreme effort, beads of sweat begin to tickle his ears.

"I, *huff*, I did it."

Heavy wings pushing against the Earth became prominent, signaling the arrival of Ryukyu in her dragon form. The mythical being flapped her wings before descending onto the roof where her student lay and transformed back into her humanoid form. Boots crunched against the gravel at a slow pace over to the patch of grey where Midoriya lay with back against the roof. She gazed down at him with her head blocking the sun, casting a shadow onto his face from the blinding light.

"To be entirely truthful with you, I am slightly disappointed with you Deku." She stated coldly.

"*Huff*, you are?" He asked breathlessly.

"Yes. You still had not recovered from your previous attempt and yet you disobeyed my request to sit back down. If you had fallen any more meters to the Earth you would've experienced the same thing you did earlier, possibly even worse. You should not push yourself for training when there is always another day."

The word stabbed into his soul like verbal swords crafted by a master blacksmith. He had hoped to be hearing more inspiring words from her about how he managed to develop a new technique albeit a very basic one. But no. Instead there he lay being scolded by the cold stoicism of the Dragoon Hero for refusing to follow her request. That hurt more than even the burning feeling in his legs.

"However." Of course there's always a however. Ryukyu got onto both of her knees and sat beside him on the gravel, carefully lifting his upper body into her arms with legs still kicked out. She rested his head into one her arms for a more comfortable position. "I *am* pleased with how you handled the second attempt.

You did so in the manner that I expected you to utilize in the first attempt which is to repeatedly push out shockwaves to come back up. Hado told me that during the exercise with your class against Togata, you used your legs as a main method to attack instead of your fists. Which is what I was hoping to see today. And I did. In fact, I am more than satisfied with how you handled this second run.

Repeatedly pushing against gravity with your power in a stepping manner is ingenious. What are you going to call it?"

"The Dragon Step."

"The Dragon Step." She nodded her head approvingly. "I do believe I like that name. For the obvious reasons of course."

They both chuckled quietly as he lay against her arm, exhausted from the effort of both attempts. Eventually his eyes grew heavy and before he knew it his consciousness slipped into the black void for a quick nap. She knew that he may have been drained from energy but to see him turn out like a light in such a quick time did surprise her a bit. But he's earned the moment of rest and recovery. He did a fine job in surpassing her expectations, and bonus points for naming a technique after her physiology.

Pushing the mask off of his face completely she exposed his mouth and nose to the air for better breathing space. Upon doing so she took an unknowing note of his facial features, the green hair flowing with the breeze appealing to her soft color taste.

'*Oh. He's quite handsome for a first year.*' She thought to herself. Although she would never say this out loud in public lest she wanted the mischievous fiends of the press to completely twist her words into something lecherous and heinous. She wouldn't want to ruin his reputation as a student in attendance of the fabled U.A, but she stood by her words.

He was, quite handsome.

Chapter 7: Casual Moments Like This

"Whoa, are you alright Midoriya?" Kirishima asked as he lay on the couch of the common room enjoying the television. He watched the successor slowly walk into the area with his legs similar to brittle, and each step made him wince quietly.

"Y-Yup. I'm okay. Just, a little sore from yesterday with Ryukyu." He pointed to the solo chair beside the couch. "Is anybody..."

"Nah. Go for it."

"Thank you." Midoriya practically fell like a stone onto the soft passing of the seat with legs flopping just a bit. His body turned into that of a balloon completely null of helium, on the verge of fusing with the inanimate object itself. "*That's better*."

"Rough session huh?"

"Definitely, though it was mostly on my end for the way my legs feel." He patted against his thighs twice. "I need to increase the strength of my legs much more than I thought. Before with Full Cowling it was just this aching feeling due to how much power I kept putting into them. But now with my new technique, I need to up my training."

"Why not take a trip to the weight room?" Kirishima suggested. "I'm sure there's plenty of guys who are willing to work out with you."

"I would, but Ryukyu told me to keep my agenda free today for something important. She never told me what it was about though so, I can't really take the time to go anywhere or do anything."

"That's a shame. Did she at least tell you *when* it was going to happen

at least?"

"Unfortunately not."

"Sucks for you. Eh, I guess you could watch the TV until the mean time right?"

"Sure."

Kirishima lazily raised the remote control to the television, flipping through the channels mindlessly on the search for something to catch his eye.

"Gomu Gomu nooooo...ELEPHANT GATLINGAHHHHHH!!!"

CLICK

"Are you gonna do the ORA ORA THING?!

"*Yes, Yes, Yes. Oh my, goddd."*

CLICK

"I'm not going there to die....I'm going to find out if I'm really alive."

CLICK

"Each separate attack must be delivered with intent...to kill! Dark Angel....FLASHHHH!"

"Man." Kirishima said as he continued to click through the infinite channels. "Is there anything else besides anime? I'm already in one, *and* a manga. Why don't you throw me in a fanfiction as a side character while you're at it?"

"Well it's because- wait a minute what did you say?"

"Nothing." Kirishima replied while lifting himself from the couch and exiting from the area. "Nothing at all."

"Yes you did." Midoriya pointed a wavering finger at him. "You said something that sounded very, VERY existential."

"Nope."

"Then why-"

"NOPE. YOU HEARD NOTHING, PROTAGONIST."

Midoriya watched his red headed ally with an odd eyebrow, leaving the common room and heading up the stairs. It wasn't until the sound of ascending footsteps were gone that he fully processed what exactly was said. "Protagonist?"

BZZZT

'That must be Ryukyu.' Midoriya thought and fishing for the phone in his right pocket. Upon retrieval of the device he found the caller ID to indeed be Ryukyu, the two of them given each other's numbers for quicker access instead of going through Hado like a middle messenger. He answered the phone and placed it to his ear. "Hello?"

"Midoriya. How are you doing this day?"

"Doing good. A bit sore from yesterday but, other than that everything is okay."

"Splendid. I was hoping you wouldn't be too injured from yesterday's trial so to hear that is swell news. Do you recall me telling you that something important is happening?"

"Yeah. I do." His mood darkened, ready for whatever task of utmost importance she may lay onto him. "Is it happening now?"

"Indeed it is. This requires that both you and Hado group together at the school entrance and move together to this location. Immediately after this call you will change into casual wear and unite with your senior. The casual wear being important for this specific task. Are you ready, Midoriya?"

He swallowed the knot in his throat. She sounded foreboding, darkness plagued her words like a toxic sickness in the olden days. Midoriya has only been her sidekick for a short time yet already she's assigning both he and Hado an assignment of what sounded to be very high on the priority list. Whatever it is, and whatever it required

of him, he must be ready.

"I am, Ryukyu-sensei."

"Good. Hang up, change, and meet with Hado as I asked. I will send her the directions to the meet-up location where I will find you both there. Until then Midoriya."

"Bye for now."

He hung up the line on his end as requested, making himself rise shakily onto his legs. They were sore indeed but this sounded to be one of the more important objectives he will probably ever be given. The request for 'casual wear' did poke at him a bit in an odd manner, but if that's what his mentor requested then so be it. He wouldn't argue against her. Unless he wanted to take another trip off of the skyscraper which in this case with his legs? Definitely not. At least not today.

Deciding to take the elevator instead of the pain-inducing stairs, he called for the lift to begin his first task given to him. For the Ryukyu Hero Office.

/

"Welcome to the 7-Star Ball Arcade!"

"Yayyy!" Hado giddily cheered with a quick succession of clapping. "I love coming here!"

"...h-huh?" Midoriya squeaked while staring up at the neon light of an arcade sign. It was an orange orb with seven darker red stars pasted onto the front while riding a yellowish colored cloud. The gears of his mind cranked as hard as they could into thinking it was all just a part of something much more important in terms of heroism. But judging by Hado's reaction and her constant hopping up and down? It wasn't.

The whole way through he legitimately took it to his soul that what he was about to embark in was something far greater than he. Everything was set up in the correct manner to appear that way. Ryukyu's serious voice, the limited information on the task given to him. Even Hado's expression coming here was a bit toned down than

her usual bubbly nature, but to arrive here. At a simple arcade. It felt like he had just built a house of cards 5 feet tall only for him to new instructed into knocking it down himself with a sweep of his foot.

"Ah. Good. You are already here." Ryukyu's voice appeared to their side. She leisurely paced to the sidekicks with an easy going tempo and little to no regard for anything outside of an easy vibe.

Her clothes were simple yet somehow she made them appear to look like they belonged on the cover of a modeling magazine. A red zip up sweater the same color of her qipao was halfway closed with the zipper a lavish golden hue. Black solid leggings comfortably accentuated the curves of her luscious body with all white sneakers on her feet. A silver chain with the medallion of a dragon's tooth hanging just over her bust, a plain white shirt exposed from the open sweater. Obviously not in her hero garments the headband with claws and wings was absent, revealing the entirety of her face in absolute beauty.

'She's so pretty.'

"Midoriya. The simplistic aspect of your outfit is rather charming." She complimented. He opted for a completely plain long sleeve emerald green shirt with the cuffs hugging his wrists tightly, denim dark blue jeans with his usual red shoes.

She turned to Hado. "And you, as always the most adorable."

The third year wore her usual forest green skirt with school lower garments of socks and shoes, the blazer replaced by a light pink shirt with the face of a grey cat wearing a purple butterfly pin. Herself, wearing a purple butterfly pin at the helm of her head.

"Um, Ryukyu-sensei?"

"Yes?"

"I thought this was going to be about something important? Like you said it was?"

"It is important. Important to have fun of course."

"Oh." He said with a look of downplay and sadness. "I see."

"Hado why don't you go inside for now? I'd like to have a quick chat with Midoriya."

"Sure!" Hado opened one of the black double doors leading into the arcade, disappearing behind and beginning the fun.

Ryukyu chuckled as she placed both hands onto Midoriya's shoulders. "Hey. Eyes to me please."

He did as she requested, trying not to fall into the spiraling abyss of her pretty face. "Yes?"

"Must you always think about the heroic points of the picture, and never anything else?"

"Well it's just that, I've wanted to be a hero my entire life. Being in the same profession as my all time idol? It's all I've ever wanted."

"And do I blame you for wanting so? Obviously not, but understand that not every day as a hero involves crime fighting, ascending up the leaderboard or going undercover to disrupt a possible illegal movement. We heroes have lives too. Lives that we must carefully maintain to keep our health in top notch shape. It is the casual moments like this that we fight for. Both for ourselves, and for others. Do you understand?"

"Yeah. I understand."

"Good. Because it would be a shame for Hado if she played against somebody moody. Enjoy the time with us. We are your allies as you are our own." Ryukyu reached for the handle of a door, her body leaning into an angle. "Don't be so tense. Otherwise you might end up as your home room teacher."

"Heh, I wouldn't want that to happen. But before we go in." Midoriya looked around him, behind his mentor and even taking a quick glance inside. "Ms. Hoshiko?"

"She will be joining us a later time. An important errand popped up at the last second so we can expect her shortly. Now then, shall we?"

"Sure." Midoriya made for the door before a hand was placed onto his chin, tipping it upwards at a small angle. He looked to Ryukyu who in turn looked back with a quirked eyebrow at him. "...yay?"

"Needs a bit of work but you'll get there. Come." Ryukyu opened the door for him, a dull noise of loud music with arcade machines flowing outwards. It was mainly dark inside but a few neon lights were visible consisting with a typical glow in the dark environment.

He started to enter the arcade, but halfway through the entrance his brain became jammed in the gears of functionality. Awkwardly he stepped in between Ryukyu and her arm holding the door open for him as he instead held it open for her. She looked at him oddly at first until shaking her head at the amusing sight, smiling towards him in thanks for being the gentleman that he is. Midoriya freaked out in his own mind wondering why he even moved so awkwardly to hold the door open when she was the one doing it first. The answer couldn't come to him even if he wanted it to, leaving him wondering if he was okay in the head.

With Ryukyu inside and waiting for him he in turn stepped through and observed the surroundings. To say it was a simple arcade didn't completely describe it in full as it was just more than a few machines with games. It was an entire entertainment area with bowling, a laser tag section located in the back, a private karaoke area, the main games floor, as well as a specific area for eating and sitting down to ease the feet of moving so much. The games floor was the first thing upon entry with the lights dimmed to illuminate a glow in the dark area for fun and eye catching points. If anybody from afar was watching it looked like shirts and clothing were floating about chasing each other while also taking control of the sticks at the games.

Midoriya had to admit his interest was in fact peaked a tad, as it should be for any normal high school girl or boy. Hado was nowhere to be seen, probably deeper into the games area. But something didn't exactly click with him. He knew that today was supposed to be about having a good time to ease away the stress of daily occurrences. But he never expected that for Ryukyu, somebody he's seen to have a cold and shut personality with little to no room for messing around as a hero to come here of all places. It seemed a bit too childish to think it

so.

"Normally I wouldn't be one to attend places such as this. Video games and electronics have never particularly been my taste of entertainment." Ryukyu started. "But after Hado suggested this location one day I think I've grown quite a liking to it. Of course, don't bet on seeing me lounge around the game area for too long. I'm not the greatest."

She turned to him. "And what of you? One to indulge in video games?"

"Not really." Midoriya answered. "Majority of the time I'm focused on jotting some notes down onto my hero notebooks, but I've played every now and then. The guys in my class dorm like to play the console in the common room and occasionally they'll invite me to play."

"To which you've defeated them on multiple occasions without fault, yes?"

"U-Um, I never win."

"Hmm." She hummed with the cross of her arms. Her tone grew dark and judgmental. "Perhaps I've made an error in choosing you as my sidekick then. How foolish of me. Do remind me to remove my signature from your papers immediately once we return to the office."

"Oh." He said, dipping his head down towards the floor with anguish over his shoulders.

"My goodness, Midoriya." A friendly voice appeared on the other side as well as a hand on the same side shoulder. He turned to find the secretary standing next to him. "It's a joke. Have you never heard of one?"

He turned back to Ryukyu who shook her head with a smile on her face humored by her disciple's ability to quickly assume everything for the worse. The Dragoon Hero in turn tapped a finger against his forehead gently. "Really. You mustn't be so quick to turn every situation into something serious or negative. You must always think

on the lighter side first before proceeding."

"Sorry I'm a bit late I hope I didn't keep you three waiting for long."

"Not at all. We've just arrived so you've held nobody up."

"I'm going to go reserve a table for the four of us. See you there." Ms. Hoshiko waved the two heroes off in search for a table once the entertaining is over.

"Well, I guess I'll go have fun then." Midoriya sheepishly said.

He began roaming the aisles of arcade machines and claw machines, majority of them catching his eye either due to the graphics or pertaining to heroes he's had an interest in. He caught sight of a Ketsubutsu couple brawling it out with each other on a retro game, with one of them being a yellow ninja with the other a blue ninja. It ended with the blue ninja being roasted alive from a shower of hell flame.

As he wandered the various choices of machines he couldn't help but shake this odd feeling that he was being watched. Or even closer, being followed. Instinct nagging at his mind he peered over his right shoulder just a tad to see that he was in fact being followed. Practically right behind him if he might add. "Um, Ryukyu-sensei?"

"Yes?" She replied pleasantly.

"Why are you following me?"

"Well I already know in which games Hado likes to enjoy. She mainly opts for the claw machines and the ones that give out an abundance of tickets. So I'm curious to see as to which ones you would be interested in. Don't worry, I won't judge. Everybody has their own taste."

Not wanting to appear 'wimpy' or a bit lacking in the manliness department Midoriya darted his eyes left and right to find something that wouldn't be considered embarrassing. Appealing to a member of the opposite sex wasn't his something the kept at the top of his priority list yet at the same top, it wasn't exactly forgotten either. Now that he knew Ryukyu paced behind him at a mere centimetre

distance he made it look as if he was only interested in the games that depicted violence, warfare and shoot em up style machines.

His eyes fell onto one that he thinks might be fun to try even with his mentor behind him. The sign had a dog mutated into hell's version of a hound with skin peeling off in areas and fur patchy and rough. Teeth snarled in front of a ferocious muzzle with the eyes a pure white void of any life below. Two plastic green assault rifles were attached to the mainframe by a black cable with another weapon in the middle, this one much larger than the previous two and rounder with the appearance of a Sci-Fi prototype. The title read at the top:

Samantha's Slaughter

"So, Izuku Midoriya, also known as Deku, enjoys games depicting a horror theme does he?"

"Not really, but, this game looked interesting." Fetching for his wallet that he brought in the case his provisional license was required he began to pull out currency to input to the device before a hand was laid onto his own.

"That won't be necessary. You are my sidekick, this is my invitation, therefore it is *my* obligation. It's just a game after all. Besides." Ryukyu held up a plastic card with the logo of the arcade over the front and a black magnet strip on the back. "You need one of these."

She inserted the card into the machine with a button now blinking signifying a token has been slotted. She then gave the card to Midoriya who graciously placed the plastic rectangle into his wallet for future use. Putting away his wallet he bopped a right fist over the button and retrieved one of the rifles. The screen switched to display a theatre broken down and abandoned, holes in the ceiling with sunlight shining through. The player appeared to be front and center of the theatre stage with two miniature stair cases leading onto the stage. An American rifle from the Cold War Era was loaded onto the screen with a guitar riff sounding the beginning of the game.

"*Fetch me their, SOULS!"*

"*Nein! Not the puppies!"*

Two balls of lightning erupted in front of the player near the broken seating areas with two dogs, the same ones as the display, appearing and coming for the player. Midoriya raised the plastic rifle to the screen and pulled the trigger with a 3-round burst firing at the enemies with real recoil bucking into his shoulder. *'That's a neat addition.'*

More dogs began to spawn in overwhelming droves which caused the player begin a backpedal towards safety and adding distance between them and danger. Midoriya did his best to keep up with the numerous amounts of dogs on his screen at once, a few of them biting at the screen and depleting the health bar by a few notches. Each dog exploded into a small burst of fire with yelps of dying pain eventually concluding the end of the spree.

"*I take your pain, I put my straw in it! *SLURRRRRRP* And I drink it up!"*

"This character's a bit odd." Midoriya commented.

"Yes he is quite the wildcard isn't he?" Ryukyu replied. "Though he is one of the four random characters you could've gotten so you lucked out with this one. He's very entertaining."

"You've played this game before?"

"On occasions. Hado would at times request to be joined by either Hoshiko or myself, to which we can never deny." She pointed to the screen toward a box with question marks. "Do take advantage of this item right here. You only have a few seconds left before the next assault begins."

Midoriya shot the box which prompted the character to move in the direction. It flipped open, a music box jingle being played with weapons flipping though in quick succession. The weapon flipping slowed down at the near end before a final armament became solid and floated for the taking. A few lights around the screen illuminated in appraisal with a cheering sound accompanying it. The weapon at the helm of the mainframe glowed for Midoriya to take in his grasp, a bit of weight falling onto his forearms.

"*Can it be the DG-3, the DG-3 that's just for ME?!*"

'This game is actually, kinda of fun.' Midoriya admitted to himself. The whole idea of blasting away the undead with a variety of weapon choices did certainly fit well with him in terms of a time passer. Aside from the fact that the recoil of the plastic weapon was slightly beginning to ache at his shoulder, he liked this game.

The button on his right began to blink repeatedly showing that another token had been inserted for the second player. He glanced over to see Ryukyu holding the secondary assault rifle at her shoulder level, a gentle smile on her face as she stared onto the screen. Immediately he took back whatever thoughts about this game he had before and rewrote them.

He loved this game.

...

"*Mm-mmm-mmm-mmm*! This pizza is super duper cheesy and delicious!" Hado complimented with another chomp of her pepperoni pizza slice. The cheese hoped just a tad past her bottom lip which made her wipe away the yellow residue of with a fresh napkin.

Midoriya silently chewed on his pizza slice before speaking after the contents have traveled down his throat. "You know, all my time at U.A and I never knew this place was just a several minute walk over here. Kind of strange nobody in my class has noticed."

"I wouldn't exactly call this location a new joint on the block as some would like to name it." Ryukyu commented with her eyes fixated onto something else. "But it was recently built within a short time. So perhaps it has not yet made it to the ears of the student population in mass. It will eventually though."

Midoriya nodded his head at her statement and continued eating his food. For the past hour and a half he and Ryukyu had been with one another so that she can bear witness to the topics of entertainment he took an interest in. They raced against each other in sports cars, defeated entire armies of pixelated mobsters in a side scrolling beat em up game, and were even on the same team for a 15 minute laser

tag session. He had fun undoubtedly, something that surprised him when it came to socializing with the mainly cold and stone Dragoon Hero.

Unbeknownst to him a subtle smile had crawled onto his face as he continued to stare at Ryukyu. Also unbeknownst to him was the secretary Ms. Hoshiko who secretly darted her eyes between Midoriya and Ryukyu with the a mischievous little curl on her mouth that suckled onto the straw of a margarita. Every now and then she would blink while looking at the sidekick, then look to the main hero and blink again with her eyes turning a light pinkish shade. She continued to do this in an endless loop with the smile growing by every fraction of a second.

"Hey, *mmm*, Ryukyu?" Hado asked.

"Yes?"

"What have you been staring at for so long?"

"Hm-hm, you of all people should know this by now."

"Oh yeahhh."

"What is it?" Midoriya asked.

Hado pointed to a claw machine game for her junior to follow. It was a simple machine, the outside white in color with a bright light illuminating the contents on the inside. Plushies of variable sizes and color were stuffed with heroes, celebrities and even animals ranging from domestic to wild. "Right in the middle of that giant pile. Underneath the one at the top."

Midoriya squinted his gaze to find nothing but a sea of plushy heads, until at last he found what she had pointing to. It was Ryukyu herself in plushy form, but the wings behind her head were golden instead of black. It clicked in his head instantly that common to Dragon physiology the mythical creatures were attracted to the shine of jewelry and expensive pieces. Not only was the plushy about her but the wings were specifically designed to attract eyes and onlookers alike. He can only imagine the draconian instinct inside of her to

simply break the machine and take it for herself.

"Every time I've been here I've never managed to grab hold of that doll." Ryukyu stated. "Of course I could care less that it's about me, egotistical worth is never something in my interest. But the golden color is simply perfect."

"Yeah that machine is really tricky." Hado said before taking another chomp. "I honestly believe the controller to claw coordination is a bit off which is what makes it so hard. I don't think I've ever seen anybody else win at that game either."

"Well yeah." Midoriya chimed. "Isn't there a myth that all arcade machines are ri-..."

"You were saying?" Ms. Hoshiko stated.

The boy stared into the void with brows furrowed, causing Ryukyu to snap in front of his eyes with her fingers. "Midoriya. Are you okay?"

"Did he black out?" Hado gently shook him on his shoulder to which he gave no response.

Eventually he shook his head out of the stupor and placed his pizza slice back down onto the plate below. "Um, give me one second please."

He stood up from his seat and disappeared into the crowd of arcade-goers, leaving his companions behind and confused. In the smallest of windows between the sea of people he caught sight of what appeared to be a very familiar sight of hair, ashy blonde at the top flowing beautifully. On top of that they wore an employee shirt of the arcade which further drove his curiosity. Following the path that the employee took he came to an opening in the middle of a four way path of games to find them standing in the open with a clipboard in hand and surveying the area. Their bottoms a solid black skirt with flats.

The employee's eyes fell onto the boy with a smile growing on their face. "Izuku!"

"Auntie Mitsuki?" He asked. "You work here?"

"Not really work more like overlook the operations but yes, I am employed here. As a manager for the games floor."

"Since when?"

"It's rather recent, I was beginning to grow bored at home what with Katsuki moving into the dorm system. It's not easy trying to find something to smack around the house just because they yelled for no reason. Are you by any chance here with your classmates?"

"Not really a classmate, more like a senior of mine. We're both sidekicks for Ryukyu who's also here with us."

"Oh yeah!" Mrs. Bakugo jutted her hip. "Inko had told me that you were attending Ryukyu's office as her sidekick! Look at you. No longer the Quirkless boy are you."

"Heh, no. Um, I-I hate to be the kind of person that's, shady I guess you would call it, but do you think you can, maybe, get something for me?"

"What do you need?"

...

"Bye! We'll see you when you get back!" Hado yelled happily with Ms. Hoshiko at her side, the duo walking down the street together.

"Farewell for now." Ryukyu replied with a wave back. She was waiting for the return of her younger, well, *younger* younger sidekick, who said that he was speaking to one of the members in management about something important. Whatever it was she wasn't told but at the entrance is where she told him she would wait.

Ryukyu sighed as the afternoon sun begin to slowly dip behind one of the buildings. Today was a fun day for her in all honesty, mainly seeing for herself what Midoriya's interests were when it came to arcade machines. Hado's were a bit more energetic and exhausting due to how lively they all were which perfectly synced with her own personality. But Midoriya did have a variable palette that ranged in different colors and topics. Something that is always amicable in a hero.

"I'm back, Ryukyu-sensei." His voice popped up from behind with the sound of a door closing.

The heroine turned to her new comrade, finding him shaking with his hands behind his back. "There you are. Is everything alright?"

"Yeah, definitely! I was just speaking with a manager about something. Not really a big deal."

"Splendid. Well then, shall we join the others-"

"UH, before we go, I'd like to g-give you something." He stuttered. "Um, I just want to say thank you for bringing me here. I, I had fun. With you. NOT-NOT with you *specifically* but you know, with you and the others."

"As did I. Entertainment is always much more enjoyable when in the presence of friends."

"So, with that being said, um..." Midoriya shakily protruded an item from behind his back slower than an automaton that hasn't been greased. He held the item out to Ryukyu with arms more wobbly than noddles flaying in the open air. "H-Here you go."

Ryukyu open mouth stared at the item in awe, unable to find the words of gratitude for it. She took the new gift into the cusps of both of her hands, feeling the soft material mesh underneath her fingers. A pleasant growl emanated from within her throat as a smile overtook her face in full effect.

It was Ryukyu herself, in plushy form. With the wings behind her head golden. Instead of black.

Chapter 8: At Their Defense

PING

"Ryukyu." Ms. Hoshiko called from her desk in the entry office. Light footstep can be heard clinking against the floor of the elevator before becoming muffled once they reached the carpet of the office. "The officials from the Hero board are here."

"Coming right out, thank you." The heroine called back. She hurriedly typed away at her keyboard, finishing the last remnants of an email back to FatGum.

-good to see that you and I are in agreement that Sir Nighteye's actions during my patrol with Deku was uncalled for. I am grateful that you see that he was brash, rude and forceful towards the boy. However, even with these emotions I must not allow them to cloud my mind when it comes to professionalism. Bubble Girl has told me of a breakthrough regarding the case in which we are all investigating, so we can expect to see each other shortly in a conference. Until then take care of yourself and your sidekicks.

Ryukyu

Forwarding the email to her comrade she closed out the page, turned off her monitor and swiveled out from her chair. Ryukyu leisurely paced over to her doorway, passing by the television with a live broadcast of a news report as well as a newly mounted thin shelf on the wall. Quickly halting on her pace she did a slight backpedal and turned to face the shelf hanging just above her head. Sitting atop of the shelf comfortable with legs over the side was plushy Ryukyu, wings outstretched in all of their golden glory. She reached up with her right hand and kneaded one of the wings softly, accompanying the action with a pleasurable growl of the same caliber. After a few seconds of observing her special gift she turned away and resumed for the door.

Growing closer she can hear the voices of two females conversing with one another and exited from her personal office. Two individuals, one female and one male with the former wearing an all black female's business attire and the latter wearing a suit of the same color, standing just in front of Ms. Hoshiko's desk. The secretary and female businesswoman were in a conversation with each other until the heroine's presence is noted.

"Ryukyu." The woman said with both she and the male bowing slowly. "It is a pleasure to be here with you today."

"The pleasure is all mine miss." Ryukyu replied. "Thank you for coming."

Both individuals arose from their bow, a brown leather bag hanging from the female's left ball of a hand. "I hope I won't take too much of your time with these documents. Shame that visitations such as these must be done in person instead of through technological means. It would be much easier that way."

"Agreed, though I don't mind too much. It is just paperwork to sign after all about the actions I've made that have been noticed by the Hero board. Nothing too taxing."

"Thankfully. Now then, let's get started as to not occupy your day any further." The female lifted the bag onto Ms. Hoshiko's desk with a light thud and rub of the rough material. She unclicked the latch leading into the main compartment and pulling out a light blue folder with little to no contents aside from paper in the folder. Opening the folder revealed a thin stack of papers in the right compartment to which she slid out before fishing for a black pen. "The first paper, is, *let me see*, in regards to the donation you made to the fundraiser regarding Quirkless children."

Ryukyu took the paper into her right hand with the black pen in her left, placing her signature at the bottom over a thick and obvious line. She gave the document to Ms. Hoshiko who documented the paper into the database. "And then, this, is for your successful halt against the bank robbers just a few weeks ago that stopped a theft of over 50 million yen."

Another paper signed, another document recorded. "This one's for your sidekick Nejire-Chan's involvement in the marathon for recognition of disabled heroes."

Yet another signature. Yet another documentation. Everything was going swell and each little signature would impact Ryukyu's standing in the Hero board. Hado did significantly well in the marathon she participated in, ending in the top 25 spots out of nearly 600 total participants. Ryukyu can care less about her own performances, the ones regarding her disciples making a happy feeling well inside of her hearts like a flame being added with an abundance of sticks. She couldn't think of anything wrong-

"And this is for Deku's absolutely utter failure in apprehending the purse thief."

Ryukyu's smile dropped instantly into a flatline. Along with the pleasantry inside of her heart. "Excuse me?"

"Your new sidekick, Deku." The woman said while holding the paper in her hand for the heroine to take. "And his encounter with the purse thief on Monday? The police have the record attached to the back as well if you'd like to read it."

Ryukyu took the paper in hand and flipped it to see an official documentation of the police attached with a paper clip. She skimmed through the record of the events that day but found something that struck at her side like a bothersome sharp object. "None of this is anything like you just told me."

"I beg your pardon?"

The Dragoon Hero cleared her throat, placed a finger up to a section of the record and read out loud. *"On Monday of this week the new sidekick Deku out of U.A in attendance of the Ryukyu Hero Office alongside Nejire Hado of the same institution, encountered a thief that snatched the purse of a nearby female. Deku pursued after the thief in an attempt for apprehension and was pushed aside by the thief. Nearby surveillance cameras recorded the event, and Deku was seen on the ground over his knees frozen to the spot and unmoving. Seconds later Ryukyu takes action, her attempt being successful unlike the former. The*

thief has been charged with petty theft and a fine issued by the court."

"Yes. That's exactly what I just said."

"No. It's not." Ryukyu placed the duo of papers onto the desk with a bit of force, creating the smallest of air waves. "You said that Deku's performance during the patrol was an 'absolutely utter failure', but the paper does not once state those words. It merely says that he froze to his spot on the ground. That's it."

The woman scoffed, giving a side look to her partner before facing Ryukyu again. "I am only stating what the media has listed onto the social web. They have video of the whole event in multiple angles. To say that Deku merely froze to the spot is a vast understatement. I'm not one to make judgmental statements such as this but personally I think that it was a mistake enrolling him."

Quietly as she could, Ms. Hoshiko lifted the receiver of the desk telephone with a finger idly hovering over one of the buttons. Ryukyu glared at the woman with her slit pupils emanating a mild hostility. "Do tell, what makes you think it was a mistake in employing that young man into my office?"

"Uh, have you not seen him during the Sports Festival? His Quirk alone is a heavy drawback on his body, and I can't even imagine what good that type of destructive power is going to do in a busy district such as the city's. On top of that if he just simply froze because a simple thief pushed him aside I wouldn't even begin to trust somebody such as he with my own life! He should just stick to education for now because clearly he isn't ready."

"Deku froze on the spot because he hasn't experienced something simple as a purse thief. Clearly your head has been hiding under a rock for the longest time because if you've been paying attention to events other than the mainstream of the Sports Festival then you would know what he's gone through alongside his classmates. The USJ, the training camp incident AND even dealing with the surmounted lessons because of All Might's forced retirement. Might I add the fact that he was also there at Hosu during the incident regarding Stain and the monster attack? You expect him to instantaneously adapt from fighting for his life and those around him,

to stopping a mere petty thug?"

"I expect him to perform like a true hero and stop anything that comes in his way. If he isn't capable of doing so, then he should quit and find a different profession."

"Tell me, is there anything life-changing that you've done that anybody is going to remember? Aside from being an annoying hussy who clearly doesn't diverge from the path of popular media. Let me take a gander and say that you were the type of student in high school to spread rumors that did not contain the smallest bit of fact at all, and when the rumors finally came back to you saying that you were the one who started it, you denied every bit for your own safety. A snake shedding their skin and repeating the cycle. Correct?"

The woman said nothing as she stared into Ryukyu's eyes who in turn stared back with a quiet intensity. Tension can practically be cut with a chef's knife as the two women deadlocked their gaze onto the other unwavering from the competition. Eventually the business woman blinked first after what seemed like an eternity, her eyes watery and itchy from the prolonged exposure.

"It seems I was right."

"This doesn't mean anything." The woman said while rubbing her eyes. "Deku is still incompetent-"

"The next time I hear you say my sidekick's name it better be backed up with words of approval and praise. Deku is my student, and I am proud to own up to any mistakes anybody says that he makes because I know what his heart can hold. The world will eventually know just how bright this star can grow. I just hope you won't be so ignorant as to be blinded by it." Ryukyu roughly etched her signature onto the paper and slid it towards the woman. "We are done here. Good day."

"Nuh-uh. I still have papers for you to sign." The woman said to the back of a disappearing Ryukyu behind her door. Angrily she began stomping her way to towards the heroine before Ms. Hoshiko stood up from her chair with receiver raised.

"You can either willingly go down the elevator yourselves, or I can have the security detail *pleasantly* escort you out of the building. They haven't been doing much besides standing around for a while so they could use something to entertain themselves. So what's it going to be?" Ms. Hoshiko asked.

"We'll take our leave." The man said while grabbing hold of his partner's arm. "Come on. Let's not cause trouble."

"Get your hand off me." The woman snarled while shaking herself loose from his grip. She hurriedly stuffed the papers into her bag in disorderly fashion and hurried for the elevator furiously.

Inside of her personal office Ryukyu leaned up against the door with back on the flat surface. She took a slow and deep breath into her nostrils before releasing it back out from her mouth to calm the nerves. Her heart angrily pounded in the cage of her chest for violence and aggression, but she knew that it was not the right method to deal with that woman. No matter how badly she wanted to claw at her face for slandering her disciple.

Speaking of the sidekick, Ryukyu looked to her plushy self and walked over to the shelf mounted on the wall. Innocently it sat there overlooking the entire layout of her office with golden wings sticking out like a sore thumb. She can still see the face he wore whenever he gifted the doll to her, his cheeks an embarrassing pink and himself on the verge of flopping over similar to a fish trying to balance on it's tail with no success. Albeit nervous and unprepared she had to admit he still in some bizarre manner held a handsomeness factor even during his ordeal of gifting her the doll. Although his lips quivered in nervousness and eyes shaking behind their protective layers, he was still eye-catching to her in a young man's way of doing so. His hair matching his pupils was a trait that she thought was masterfully crafted by his creators above.

Smiling she reached up for the plush and took it in her hand, bringing it back down to just beneath her chest level. She rubbed her thumbs against the soft material with a soothing growl vibrating in her chords. Ryukyu loved the gift, and somehow found herself loving it more every time it correlated to him. Already she was looking forward to the day that he returned for yet another trial of improving

his strength, that day being tomorrow in the afternoon. If only she had the ability of fast forwarding time. Then all would be pleasant. Though there are compromises, one of them popping into her head with a bright light.

Peering over her right shoulder to her desk, her eyes fell onto the phone laying face down.

...

Midoriya fiddled with the pencil in his right hand as he patiently waited for everybody else to finish jotting the notes down from the presentation upfront. Midnight slowly walked up and down the aisles of the seating arrangement, overlooking some of the students to make sure they get everything they needed before continuing. She stopped at Ojiro's desk and quietly gave him advice while pointing at his notebook to which he nodded his head in gratitude, erasing a portion of his notes and correcting the error he previously made. The successor couldn't exactly hear what it was specifically they had done wrong but just from the small bits he was able to pick up on it had to do with the date and timeline of the art piece.

Although his physical body was seated in the desk of the classroom his mind was drifting way higher than the metaphorical cloud 9 of the heavens. Ever since his social event with Hado, Ryukyu and Ms. Hoshiko he kept replaying the end of the event specifically in the projector of his mind. To see Ryukyu's face whenever he gifted her the plush was like another event on it's own. Her smile was so beautiful and for the first time noticed something about the Dragoon Hero that's never noticed before. Upon close, and emphasis on the close inspection, if one looked carefully at her smile they could see the smallest sign of a sharp tooth poking out from her top lip whenever she smiled. It was barely visible even with the close distance between them but he caught it. And it was burned into the back of his mind forever. Not that he minded.

"...dude she's so hot...."

"...Ryukyu's a babe..."

Midoriya perked his head up at the sound of Ryukyu's name coming

from his right. He glanced over to see Sero and Kaminari whispering to another with the latter holding a phone with a picture. Although it was barely visible due to the brightness toned down and the angle at which the phone was held, a photo of Ryukyu standing proud with hands on her hips can be seen. But judging by the way Kaminari's finger kept roaming about her chest level, they weren't looking at the heroine as a protector of society. More focused on her prominent assets of an ample size.

It irked Midoriya slightly to see his mentor being spoken about in such a manner, and instantaneously he wanted to take action for himself. That thought quickly being reprimanded by his more rational side of the brain with the a bite of his tongue. He saw Midnight beginning to stroll down the aisle in which Kaminari and Sero were located, knowing she would take action against the boys. But the lightning streaked male whipped his phone back inwards just before the teacher looked up to catch any remnant of a device. Sero fixated his eyes to the front acting as if he never paid any attention to anything else other than the material.

Once Midnight moved past the boys and into another aisle Kaminari checked over his shoulder making sure the coast was clear. Once it was, he pulled out his phone again to show the Tape user a different photo of the same hero only this time at a side angle. Exposing an almost *too* revealing angle in Ryukyu's qipao running up the side of her leg. Annoyed that Midnight didn't catch the boys Midoriya balled a fist around his pencil as he tried his hardest to calm down. It was just a photo. Why is a simple photo making him so flustered and angry at others for commenting it? Boiling down the facts the only liable one was that the photo is about *his* employing hero and not theirs. The disciple in him calling for action to bring respect to her name.

"...check it out, dude her legs..."

"...so hot bro it's unreal! I can only imagine her boobs bro..."

"STOP!" Midoriya slammed his fist onto the desk breaking a good chunk of the wooden portion off into splintered pieces. Immediately the students in the class turned to the commotion with Hagakure in the front slightly yelping in surprise. "Stop talking about Ryukyu like

that she's more than just a model for you guys to ogle at! She's a hero with great standing and she doesn't deserve to be reduced to an image of a hot woman in a qiapo by idiots like YOU!"

"Midoriya!" Midnight quickly scolded. She whipped her flogger towards the door. "Outside. Immediately."

"B-But Midnight-sensei-"

"Out. Side. NOW."

Midoriya looked incredulously at his teacher before taking the scenario into his mind. He looked around to his other classmates to find them all staring back at him wide-eyed and shocked, frightened by the sudden outrage and green pops of energy around his body. Uraraka held a mouth up to her hand disturbed by the action with Iida in absolute surprise and disbelief. He looked in front of him to find even Bakugo had turned his head just enough to have one eye facing the successor with a raised eyebrow. Even Midnight held a fistful of her clothing ready to tear off for Somnambulist to pour out in effect.

Knowing he was in the wrong for acting inappropriately Midoriya exhaled while growling at himself in disapproval. Not looking to anybody else he packed up his belongings as quietly and gently as he could into his backpack, slinging the straps over his shoulders. He took the walk of shame in front of the class for the door and exited into the silent halls of U.A where he found nothing but the possible ghosts invisible to his naked eye. With the door shut behind him he sighed and slumped down on the wall to his right awaiting for his instructor to come forth with his punishment.

The weight of what he did finally sunk completely onto his shoulders along with guilt. Seconds of his wallowing turned into minutes turned into what felt like an eternity or very similar to it. By now he can hear his classmates inside conversing with each other most likely about the material given to them, or obviously about what happened a few minutes prior. The sound grew louder for a moment due to the door opening with heels clicking outward and the door closing again

behind them. He looked up to find Midnight gazing back down at him, and surprising him when she took a seat in front of him with legs crossed.

"Midnight-sensei?"

"Midoriya." She said back. "I know of your attendance with Ryukyu as your Work Studies option, but do you think it was okay for what you did just now?"

He sighed deeply. "No. It wasn't."

"So why do it then?"

"Kaminari and Sero! They were, OGLING at her on his phone and you didn't see them! Even if you didn't see them you could've at least heard them."

"My hearing's been messed up because of a previous sickness in the past two weeks so them going unnoticed is completely my fault. I apologize for that. But even with my inability to pick up on the boys you had no right to activate your Quirk in a school environment outside of an authorized training area. Anybody else and you would have been expelled without second thoughts. Do you understand me?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Good. Because for starters I do have to report this incident. The good news is that I won't be reporting this to Principal Nezu. Too much paperwork to go through and it's near the end of the week so no thanks."

"And the bad news?"

"You might be unaware of this but, whenever students participating in Work Studies are involved in an incident at school or outside of their agency we have to immediately advise their employers. So." She flipped her hand upward with the palm exposed. "Phone, please."

Midoriya's heart dropped like a stone with a knot forming in his throat. He shakily fished for his phone hidden in the left pocket of his

pants and gave it to Midnight with the screen unlocked. She held the device at an angle to show him in clear display that she wouldn't go through his personal files, instead going immediately for his contact list and phone numbers. She scrolled through the list to find Ryukyu's and tapped on the dial option beside her name. Midnight gave the student a heart attack by placing the phone in speaker mode.

BRRR

His breath grew shaky, stuttered in an effort to even raise his chest.

BRRR

A bead of sweat trickled down the right side of his forehead.

BRR-CLICK

"Midoriya." Ryukyu's voice happily answered. *"I was just about to contact you to see how you were doing. Though your lunch period shouldn't be until another 15 minutes shouldn't it? At least from what Hado's told me."*

"Hello Ryukyu." Midnight said. "It's Midnight."

"Midnight! It's been far too long since our last encounter."

"It has. Maybe we can get together this weekend and go shopping if you're available."

"I'll review my schedule and check in with you, though I am curious as to why you're contacting me through Midoriya's phone. Is something the matter?"

"Well, a bit. Midoriya had an incident during my class period in which he snapped at a few of his classmates angrily, while also activating his Quirk."

"..."

"Ryukyu?" Midnight asked. "Are you still there?"

"..where is he now?"

"Sitting right in front of me. Though it looks like he's too afraid to even say something....actually I don't think he's even breathing. Oh dear."

"Put him on the phone please."

"Oh he can hear you. It's on speaker."

"Midoriya. Answer immediately please."

Midoriya loosened the collar of his shirt around his neck for breathing space yet it still felt constricted around his skin. "Y-Yes, Ryukyu-sensei?"

"Is it true that you acted hostile towards your own classmates?"

"Yeah, but I have a reason for it."

"Whatever that reason is, it is not valid. You should never act out against your classmates unless they have done something that has affected you directly. Is that applicable in this case?"

"N-No but-"

"Then your reason is invalid. Normally I would simply overlook a minor breakthrough but the fact that you activated your Quirk with the intention to throwing out an attack is something that I cannot ignore. Your punishment will be in effect the next time you arrive at the office. It will consist-"

"They were talking about you in a bad sexual manner!" Midoriya interrupted.

"Midoriya." Midnight quietly scolded. "Don't interrupt her those are awful manners."

"No! No I refuse to stay quiet! Two of the guys in my class were looking at photos of you and talking about how sexually appealing you were and it bothered me! You're my teacher and to hear them talking about you like that didn't sit right so I took action. I know I should've said something to Midnight-sensei like raising my hand or addressing them directly but I just, moved. That's the only excuse I

can give you. I moved. I didn't want them talking about you like that anymore so I took action for my self. It sounds selfish I know but at the time it felt like the only right thing to do.

I didn't mean to activate my Quirk either. I guess I just let my emotions get the best of me at that moment. But, you're my teacher. To hear other people talk about my teacher that way it...it bothered me a lot. I'm sorry for snapping at my classmates like that during the period. Whatever your punishment is, I'll do my best. I deserve it."

"..."

"***Sniff***...youth...***Sniff***".

"Ryukyu-sensei?" Midoriya asked. Once again the silence made him feel uneasy as he adjusted his seating on the floor.

"...your punishment will be issued two hours after your school day ends. I will see you on the roof of your dorm. Until then, goodbye Midoriya."

CLICK

...

Midoriya nervously paced back and forth on the roof of his dorm building awaiting the inevitable punishment. Ryukyu's voice at the end of their call earlier sounded like it held no room for anything aside from business and seriousness. In his mind he was beginning to play out what different types of punishments will be given to him. The most prominent and obvious one is that he was about to be dropped from a near astronomical height again for him to act on the dime of his thinking. Other forms of punishment he could think of were grueling sparring sessions, measly community service tasks or even sorting out the paperwork with Ms. Hoshiko. He has not yet sparred with Ryukyu but he imagined it to be dangerous considering her strength and skill.

A distant and heavy whoosh was heard as he braced himself for the arriving dragon. He looked up to the skies to find Ryukyu in her mythical form coming down from her height with slow and timed flaps of her giant wings. Her demeanor was stone cold in her

draconian form sending a shiver down his spine with an electric feeling of anguish. It didn't help either that was taking her time in descending to him slowly, most likely in an effort to play cruel tricks in his mind. Once she did land it was gentle as to not disturb the students in the building until reverting back to humanoid form.

The sound of boots crunching against gravel made his teeth grit and nervous, growing closer to him with planned out steps. Ryukyu's face was made of cold rock staring into her disciple's emeralds with her own yellow slits. The entire duration of her walking towards him, her arms were crossed underneath her bust, causing the mounds to be slightly pushed up unknowingly. It clearly wasn't the right time to think about those but as Midoriya looked into her eyes he also noticed how ample her breasts were. They were very sizable even if she didn't have her arms crossed underneath. But he quickly shook away his mind of any perverted thought to make room for the pain she's about to bring unto him.

"Ryukyu-sensei." He nervously started. "I-I'm sorry about what happened earlier."

"As you should be." She said coldly, her words piercing his soul sharper than a samurai sword crafted by the finest smith in all of Japan.

"U-Um, but I'm ready for your punishment. It's my duty to take responsibility for what I've done due to my own misjudgment. So please give me-"

In a swift action, his words were halted mid-sentence by her. Ryukyu had enclosed the distance between them before he can even notice as he felt a warmth surrounding him on all angles. This warmth had to be some sort of scheme she had constructed as deception or a smoke screen. Because in all reality, what sort of punishment consists of...

"-a hug?" He squeaked.

"*Hmm*." Ryukyu pleasantly hummed as she tightened her arms around his stiff body from the sudden movement. He was warm, and soft, combined with the pleasurable odor from his newly washed clothes. A few bits of his hair tickled her cheek as she bit down the urge to

giggle. Several moments of the embrace later she backed away from him to find his face had even overtaken by the complete and lone color of cherry red. This sight making her chuckle instead.

"...h-huh?"

"Midoriya." Ryukyu said. "Thank you, for doing what you've done. Although I do not condone violence against any of your classmates, I am thankful that you took action against the students speaking wrongly of me. You have my gratitude."

"And the punishment?"

"That was the punishment. For being a good sidekick of course."

"..."

"Midoriya." She snapped fingers in front of his face, given no response. "Midoriya. Are you alright? Please say something."

"..best, punishment, ever."

Chapter 9: Midas Touch

The Ryukyu plush with golden wings was being caressed by the real version of the doll. Kneading the ultra suave material with her fingers the heroine continuously growled warmly through her vocal chords. Her slit eyes fixated onto the shine of the wings and her own headpiece with original black wings was laying onto the flat surface of her desk.

"Ughhhh." Ms. Hoshiko groaned as she spun in her own office chair that she brought into Ryukyu's. "*Sooooo* bored. I've done all the paperwork, collected all the calls and even replied back to all the emails you didn't get to."

The Dragoon Hero chuckled at her secretary's boredom. She had to admit secretly that she was also in the same pool. "Yes. There does seem to be a drought of activities to do doesn't there?"

"You're one to talk, you're a hero. At least you're able to go out and do a patrol."

"Unfortunately not today. Neighboring agencies are taking their sidekicks out for training patrols and I wouldn't want to deny them of their experience should something happen. Plus I doubt I would be needed considering the likes of Endeavor and Rock Lock are currently out there."

Sputtering her lips like a horse Ms. Hoshiko reached for the remote control of the nearby television. She changed it from the news to station to look for something, anything.

CLICK

"CELLLLLL! Once again you have taken for granted, the powers of a TRUE Saiyan warrior!"

"Father no!"

"Hit the deck!"

"FINAL FLAAAAAAASH!"

"Nope."

CLICK

"There's no beef in here...so you really wouldn't call it bell peppers and beef."

"Yes. I would."

"Well it's not!"

"It is when you're broke."

"Too old."

CLICK

"Jotaro! The secret of his Stand, Za Warudo is time! It's a Stand that stops TI-"

"ZA WAAARUDOOOO!"

****BZZZT****

"Boring."

CLICK

"This is the greatest day of my, LIFE!
-
Ocean Man, take me by the hand
Lead me to the land,
That you understand."

"Aw man." Ms. Hoshiko whined. "We just missed it. I love this movie."

"What do you think Midoriya is up to right now?" Ryukyu asked.

The secretary perked her eyebrows up at the sound of the sidekick's name. She did a quick glance over to the clock on the wall and shrugged. "It's not exactly lunch time yet so more than likely still in class. Why?"

"Just curious about him is all. I'd like to know how he acts in a classroom environment."

"Um, more than likely acting like a proper student would act. Basing that off of his clean grades of course."

"Yes but as time goes on students become more liable to different forms of entertainment." Ryukyu added. "Cell phones, music, laptops of their personal use. All are acceptable forms to distract themselves from the undoubtedly boring lessons. No offense to the instructors of course, especially Midnight."

Ms. Hoshiko guffawed at the statement. "If I EVER walked into a classroom at U.A and saw a student on their laptop not paying attention to the material, I'd think the world was turned upside down."

"Eh, well. Midnight can be a bit aloof at times. So I wouldn't be surprised if some of them got away with it underneath her nose."

"Well you could always just pay them a visit yourself, have lunch with them. I'm sure Principal Nezu wouldn't mind if a hero came to take their sidekicks out for lunch."

"Hmm." Ryukyu hummed. "That does seem like a pleasant idea, especially considering the lack of activities to do. Care to join me?"

"Me having to get up from this office chair, go to U.A to have lunch with your sidekicks while probably stopping along the way to grab something that is not in any manner convenient to me because I'm extremely lazy and bored right now. Yes."

...

"Augh man." Midoriya groaned as he frisked his hands through the running water, an over abundance of soap completely obscuring his skin on all angles. "This sucks."

"Still not coming off?" Kirishima asked. He, Midoriya and Sero were all in the male's restroom attempting to clean off the successor's hands after a mishap in the classroom.

"No. It doesn't appear to be."

"Let's see it." Sero requested. Midoriya removed his hands from the running water, taking off a bit of the soap to reveal the skin underneath. Both he and Kirishima leaned in to check the status with the former chortling. "Ho-hoo man. That sucks."

"Damn. I'm sorry about that Midoriya. I'm so stupid for messing around with Ashido and her makeup like that." Kirishima apologized. "Why does she have so much makeup anyways does she even use it?"

"She obviously uses it for something." Sero commented. "Definitely not for this though heh. You tried both hot and cold?"

"Yeah." Midoriya answered. "Both of them didn't look to be any better."

Sero and Kirishima winced their teeth at the situation. Walking around for seemingly the rest of the day with hands tainted in makeup was something they definitely didn't want to go through. Unfortunately for Midoriya that would be his case on this day. An accident regarding his untied shoelace, a desk with makeup strewn out and hands stretched outwards to catch himself earned him his current predicament. Now he'll have to walk around with his hands dipped into an eye-catching sight.

Being completely, entirely, 100% honest with himself meant admitting the fact that throughout the entire day his mind had been elsewhere. If he had actually concentrated on what he was doing then his shoelaces would be properly tied. Where has his mind been that took the focus away from him?

Still stuck in the past of yesterday while being wrapped by Ryukyu's arms.

Ever since that one special moment he has never been able to regain his true focus. The beautiful scent of her perfume clogged his nostrils.

Her soft hair tickling up against his cheek. Albeit firm and strong, her grasp was so gentle and plush it made him feel so warm inside like a cookie. If that cookie had emerald green chocolate chips instead of their usual dark cocoa color. To think a punishment can make him melt like butter made him want to do even more bad actions. Hoping he would receive a hug in the end.

But there was *one* thing that took his concentration for a roller coaster spin. Starting from that event and happening at every occurrence he noticed his heart would, *flutter,* whenever her face popped up into his brain. Putting it onto the table is the known fact that Ryukyu is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful people he's ever seen. EVER. Her smile was so symmetrically perfect and cute in every way that it was almost as if now, it's starting to grow on him. At a very rapid pace if he might add.

"Huhhhh." Midoriya sighed.

"What's wrong?" Kirishima asked.

"Nothing. Just thinking." Knowing he wouldn't make any more progress with the makeup over his hands he finished rinsing off any remaining soap. Turning off the faucet he dabbled his hands in the sink and doing one last check of his palms. It was still there. "Hopefully it'll wear off by tonight or within the next few hours."

"Well luckily it's time for lunch so we ain't gotta go back to class. Time to eat!"

"Man I'm starving over here." Sero commented, already heading for the door. "Still have leftovers from that take-out place I got last night, WHOOO man! That hits the spot."

"Man I finished mine. Damn it, kinda wishing I hadn't." Kirishima left the male's restroom with just the two boys left inside.

"Hey, uh, Midoriya?"

"Huh?"

"Listen, I'm sorry about what happened yesterday." Sero began. "If I had known Ryukyu is where you're doing your Work Studies at-"

"It's okay Sero." Midoriya interrupted knowing the Tape user would've still said something regardless. "Just keep stuff like that in your own head if you don't mind. It's already bad enough that I'm constantly hearing Mineta behind me say something about Midnight's body."

Sero nodded his head before dipping out of the restroom.

BZZT

Reaching for his phone in his right pocket, he retrieved the device and answered. "Hello?"

"Hello Midoriya."

"Oh Ryukyu-sensei. Hello. Did something came up?"

"Yes something did come up. Lunch, came up. Would you like to join us?"

"Us? And where?"

"Hoshiko, Hado and myself. You as well should you accept, which I hope you do. Your company would be most enjoyed."

"Uh sure. I don't mind."

"Excellent. Principal Nezu was kind enough to grant us one of the many faculty rooms to have lunch in with just the four of us. Make your way to the second floor, past the cafeteria into the main building, and it's going to be the door closest to the staircase. We'll await your arrival."

...

"This, appears to be the right room." Midoriya said to himself as he stood outside a door labeled 'faculty room.' A few students were passing by and giving odd looks to him since he was just standing out in the open. To be honest he was waiting for somebody to come and open the door for him until he realized stupidly,

He hasn't even knocked on the door.

Midoriya raised his knuckles up to the door and was about to knock

when he remembered that his hands were still dusted with effects. Not wanting to appear dirty or messy in any manner he reached into the largest compartment of his backpack to swoop out a roll of white bandaging wrap. The last time he's needed to use this personal adhesive was during the commando rescue regarding him and four other classmates. The bandages issued to him by the hospital kept falling off, and luckily for him Yaoyorozu was kind enough to create this roll for him. He's just forgotten to remove it from his backpack ever since that night.

Wrapping his hands completely with the white wrapping he finished it off by tucking the loose end into his cuffs from dangling out. There was just a little less than half a roll left should he find the need to use it again, though he doubts that need will come for his own use at least. As he stuffed the wrapping back into his bag the door in front of him opened inwards with a voice becoming audible at the end of their sentence. "-see if he's out here. Oh! Here he is!"

Midoriya finished zipping up his bag to find his senior beaming at him. "Hado-senpai."

"Hey Midoriya! Took you long enough!"

'I've been standing out here for five minutes, I just forgot to knock.'

"Midoriya." The voice of Ryukyu trailed from within. "Your presence is required. To have lunch of course."

Stepping into the room he found it was the same layout of the room in which he and All Might tend to have their secret conversations in regarding One For All. Quite exactly the same layout with furniture placement and window pane replacing the wall. Ms. Hoshiko and Ryukyu were both seated on one side of the coffee table in the middle, with Hado presumably assuming the couch on the other side where he will also be seated. Drinks of various colors in plastic cups populated the table, and he noticed each of them were colors that resembled to the people in the room. There was a light purple colored drink, a golden colored drink, a green colored drink and a white colored drink.

"Lose yourself in your own school?" Ms. Hoshiko teased.

"Sorry for the delay, I was trying to fix an accident that happened in class." Midoriya was making for the couch before a hand wrapped around his right one. Tensing at the immediate sensation he found Ryukyu inspecting his newly wrapped limb. "Ryukyu-sensei?"

"What happened, when and who?"

"Oh! Uh, myself heh. I was uh, trying to cook in my dorm this morning when I accidentally grabbed a hold of a very hot pot. I didn't hold on to it for long so luckily it won't result in any long term damage. It doesn't hurt that much."

Ryukyu slightly glared up to him. "Midoriya."

"...y-yes?"

"You wouldn't *dare* to lie to me in front of my own face...would you?"

"N-No! Of course not sensei! I would never lie."

Ryukyu held her death glare at him as she rose up from her seat to be at his height level, just 1/4 an inch shorter than him. Although she's extremely beautiful she was also extremely scary at this moment with this feeling she seemed to create in the room. It felt like Death was ringing his door bell with a clipboard in hand for Midoriya to sign his life away. Something about the cold judgment of silence made it a hundred times scarier than a barrage of angry yelling or scolding. Her slit pupils staring past the barricades of his own and into the soul. If she was going to kill him for lying then he begged it would be painless.

Instead, she flipped the mood entirely with a loving smile. From underneath her top lip he spotted the adorable tooth just barely poking out from it's hiding place. Her entire aura changed from the images of death and destruction to the images of rainbows with bunnies running around. "Wonderful! I was worried you might have injured yourself extensively to not be able to attend the agency for a short time."

Midoriya chuckled awkwardly and tried his hardest not to gush about the tooth sticking out.

"Sit sit. We were talking about a very interesting topic."

"Oh, really?" Midoriya asked as he took his spot besides Hado on the couch.

"Interesting for her of course given her physiology." Ms. Hoshiko commented. "A bit biased honestly."

"Hush now. I think this topic can pertain to everybody interested in this material." Ryukyu stated. "Wouldn't you agree Hado?"

"Mm-hmm!"

"My thought exactly. In every sense of the manner it's so perfect yet at the same time dangerous."

"I'm sorry, what, exactly were you guys talking about?" Midoriya questioned.

"Gold. Both material and color."

Slowly nodding his head he remembered how dragons held a tendency to be drawn towards gold and other high worth items. Which made sense as to why Ms. Hoshiko said it was biased in Ryukyu's favor. He then did a quick draw towards his wrapped hands before deciding not to say anything.

"This drink here." Ryukyu began while holding up the golden colored beverage. She then pointed at the green colored one still on the table. "That's yours by the way Midoriya."

"Oh, thank you."

"In Greek mythology it was King Midas that held the blessed sin of being able to convert anything he touches into solid gold. If he were to touch this drink it would turn into an object of high value and sustenance of greed. Gold represents so many different ideas and emotion that contradict against one another it draws people to it regardless of what they think.

In one sense gold can represent the well known presence of greed and envy. For it was pirates, knights, and bandits in the old days that

sought after this rich product to increase their status in this world. Kings would pillage entire towns just to get their hands on gold, pirates destroying entire fleets for a mere coin. When deprived of combat and duty even knights would break their code of chivalry just raid the nearest village in the search for gold. Having this substance alone was like having a target painted over one's back in the brightest paint known to mankind. It can bring prosperity to your life of course with so much money and worth, but at what cost. How high is the cost knowing others would be willing to take your own life for something simple such as gold.

That cost would become known to King Midas. After kindly treating the wandering satyr of the entity Dionysus, Midas was granted one wish to which he wished everything he touched would be turned into gold. Trees, flowers, even items of no more worth were all turned into items of the heaven with just a mere graze of his fingers. Everything appeared to be that of a blissful life for him, until the ultimate I in price became apparent to him. Food was no longer able to be eaten and he grew mad from the inability to touch anything at all lest it turned into gold. Distraught he turned to his daughter which by that point was the only thing he had left in the world until she to was turned into gold. Forever lost underneath a blanket of immovable color.

Yet even with all of this history surrounding gold we as people still find ourselves drawn to it. In today's society, well in every past society honestly, the ownership of gold is seen as the ticket to a successful life. Watches, necklaces, piercings all garnished with this beautiful metal. The metal and color have different representations on their own. The color gold represents illumination, love, compassion and courage. The *metal* is represented as grandeur, sparkle and glitz. Both of them contrasting each other through different ways. Glitz does not accompany love unless through sin, and grandeur does not accompany compassion. As evident by the tyrant kings of the Dark Ages."

Ryukyu propped an elbow onto her knee with head leaning onto the same fist, still admiring the beverage in her hand. "Everybody can have arguments about what gold means, but in the end it all trails back to the same history. Midas, the Dark Ages. Trials and

tribulations etched into the coin itself with a mark forever staining the material. I find myself attracted to the color gold for what they mean from an emotional standpoint. Though, I don't turn a blind eye to the material either. How could I?"

"...Ryukyu-sensei."

"Hmm?" She hummed. "Midoriya?"

"Can I, speak with you about something outside in private really quickly?"

"Oh. Of course, come." Ryukyu placed her beverage down onto the table and made for the door. Midoriya slung his backpack off of his shoulders, leaving it onto the couch as he followed his hero mentor. Both Hado and Ms. Hoshiko watched the two leave the faculty room, curious as to what they could be speaking about out there.

Holding the door open for him to leave he once again broke down in his mental workings, squeezing himself in between her and the door to hold it open for Ryukyu instead. He felt like the biggest idiot in the world for doing so but the pay off was much more worth it in terms of a warm smile from her. Both of them out into the halls of U.A they found that both of them were alone due to the student population in the cafeteria or somewhere else. "So, what is it you'd like to speak with me about?"

Clasping his hands and rubbing palms together slowly he twiddled his thumbs against each other. "Sensei, I'm sorry for, lying to you earlier."

Upon hearing the word lying she dropped her eyebrows into a tense look. "So you lied to me, about not lying to me, *Midoriya?"*

"B-But it's not that I lied to you for my own enjoyment of course. It's just that I got into an accident in class that made my hands dirty and I couldn't get it off so that's why I wrapped my hands in the bandages to not be a distraction for anybody. I didn't want to make it look like I was dirty or couldn't keep myself clean."

"So you're not injured? You didn't burn yourself by holding a pot?"

"No. I just, lied about it." She crossed her arms at him and he could tell he was pushing the wrong buttons. "BUT um, after that conversation inside about the metal I thought that maybe, you'd, want to see this."

Unwrapping his right hand of the tight bandaging he allowed the cloth to drape down from his fingers loosely. Ryukyu kept a keen eye on him, hoping that whatever it is her student is about to show her better be worth lying to her face. Lying is a poor habit in which she hopes he wouldn't grow accustomed to. What sort of *accident* did Midoriya have that he feels the need to show her after having a talk about the color...

"Um, here. This is what happened to me. I accidentally fell in class and my hands got dirty from my friend's makeup which left me with this. I hope you don't min-"

"Shh". Ryukyu hushed him as she gripped his right hand tightly with both of her palms. She gently twisted the hand in each angle enamored by the reflective color on his digits. The instinct within her clawing and scratching at the inside of her mind to claim and to protect just by the sight of it. The palm side of his fingers were dipped into it, running all the way down the base of his wrist. It was so beautiful, so calling to her that it made her heart flutter. So illustrious in it's gifted color.

So golden.

A warm growl vibrated in her chords as she continued to inspect Midoriya's golden hand. There was a sparkle to it that reflected underneath the light of the building so perfectly she couldn't seem to take her eyes off of it. With her right index finger she placed it against the base of his wrist, dragging it roughly along his palm, and up his ring finger to the top. Unaware that his face is currently turning into that of a cherry red color. In doing this action she was able to barely collect a small amount of the makeup onto her finger to which she eyed it.

'How, marvelous.'

Switching her gaze over to Midoriya she found he was trying his

hardest not to quiver like an earthquake. She's already thought about this before, but maybe with this finger of makeup it'll help him. Just for today at least. Stepping closer to him she leaned in and applied the dust of golden makeup onto his left cheek. His warm skin pressing underneath her touch with a wholesome bounce she adored. The gold was streaked across his face like an effect that she enjoyed so much. Whether it was because of the gold itself or because it was on her own sidekick she didn't know. Hell, maybe even it was both. But she did know this for certain.

"You look very handsome Midoriya."

Chapter 10: More About You

PING

"And this is the floor in which I use to spar or have personal HIIT workouts."

"Whoa." Midoriya awed as he stepped out into a room with the floor exchanged completely for a blue padded surface.

The entire room was just a massive area used for personal hand to hand training just like Ryukyu had said. An enormous mirror replaced the entirety of the wall to his right, a window for a wall in front of him, and on the left is where the good stuff was located at. A large wooden weapons rack held a cool looking assortment of bladed and blunt weapons such as nun-chucks, a bo staff, double handed sword, spear and a pair of Sai with the handles a crimson red just like her Qipao. The painted mural of a dragon similar to the one in her personal office was spread out across the weapons rack in majestic glory.

Midoriya knelt down onto the floor with his right hand drifting across the surface. It was firm solid yet held a slight bounce in it to partially nullify the force of a body being slammed onto the ground. Standing back up he did a few hops in place, the sensation of the surface echoing through his shoes. "This is definitely a better surface than the training grounds at U.A. That's for certain."

"Indeed. This room is appropriate for our rough housing sparring in which I intend to not hold back against you Midoriya."

"Yes, Sensei...*I don't think fighting against her is the only thing I'm going to have difficulty with.'*

Ryukyu's clothing was of a typical workout attire, but considering her body it was going to be extremely difficult to not find himself

attached like glue. A solid black workout bra was the only thing going for her upper torso as it did it's best to hold back the bountiful pillows that she called breasts. The top line of the bra was spilling with flesh as each of her breaths rose with the inhale of her breath and sank with the exhale of it. It wouldn't be so hard to look at if it weren't for the canyon of a cleavage line they revealed. Her entire stomach area was exposed to the lighting, revealing a very toned abdominal line with quite curvaceous hips rounding out her waist. Solid black spandex covered her lower body as they too did their best to conceal the plush thighs and ample rump.

Midoriya had a feeling that his teacher was athletic, but he didn't think of her to be this athletic. More than likely it was because of her rather loose Qipao that gave her body a more slender appearance than a stacked one. He didn't find the beauty in a woman to be a factor of how big or how round their assets were. But Ryukyu definitely had that factor going for her without question. In their first official encounter she had told him that if his mental stability was ever in question he should immediately resign the position of sidekick to preserve himself. Was now a good example of that? Because if his young hormones kept going in the manner that they were currently going in, he's going to have a hard time.

LITERALLY.

What's ironic about this current situation is that days ago he had gotten angry at Kaminari and Sero for speaking about his teacher sexually. The fury that coursed through his brain at the time he could never forget, even now fading somewhat tilt his senses. Now however it feels like he's going against his own self because of the raw beauty standing right in front of him.

"Now then." Ryukyu said as she stretched both of her arms upwards. Instantly he looked away towards the abundance of weapons on the rack. No, not that rack. "Let's begin with some simple stretches to increase the blood flow. Otherwise it wouldn't be as fun fighting you if your leg decided to cramp up in the middle of our bout."

"Sure, okay." Midoriya sat himself down onto the floor with legs kicked out in front of him. He placed the limbs together, bending his upper body forward to place his hands on the toes of his feet. A

soothing burn immediately made itself home on his hamstrings. Slowly he took deep and steady breaths in to fill his lungs with rich oxygen.

"Excellent. Though try going a little bit more deeper, like this."

"Eh?" He squeaked before a body's weight pushed up against his upper back. From behind him Ryukyu leaned majority of her weight onto him with breasts pushing into the bottom of his neck. Her hands guided themselves onto his elbows as she maneuvered his own onto the balls of his feet for a more intense burn. *'EH?!'*

"Ooh. This U.A track jacket they supply you with is rather soft now that I'm in contact with it." She spoke softly. "The material must be made of a cotton blend. Is it?"

"I-I-I don't know, Sensei. I'll have to look at the tag when I get back."

"Yes and please notify me of the materials when you do. I'd like to see if I can refurbish my Qipao with the same makeup." Ryukyu took a deep breath of her own right beside his ear with a cozy scent filling her nostrils. *'His scent is rather pleasant as well. I wonder what sort of conditioner or shampoo he uses for this handsomely ruly hair of his.'*

Oh. He's quite handsome for a first year.

You look very handsome Midoriya.

'Oh dear.' Ryukyu continued to hold her position on her student as her eyes drifted to the side of his face.

In concentration with the intense stretch he slightly furrowed his right eyebrow which was the side in which her head had been closest to. The word 'handsome' always decided to pop in whenever she thought about his facial features. It was there all along and while some might consider it to be lecherous for an adult to think it so, she was telling the truth whenever it called for it. With her foot down she could confidently say that Midoriya was in fact a rather 'handsome' first year. Without question for her.

Though, it was beginning to grow on her like a flower in the garden during the spring time. Over the short amount of time she's starting

to find him somewhat more attractive looking with each passing day though couldn't pinpoint why exactly. Now granted one of those occurrences was due to the fact that a streak of golden makeup had been playfully applied to his cheek which obviously tickled her draconian side in the right manner. But the other occurrence as well as this one, there was no golden streak nor accent applied on him. And also stating the fact she was talking about his hair and not him generally.

Still though. It's like there was something that beckoned to her for wanting to know just a little bit more about him. What does he do in his free time?

"-ensei."

Is he normal like the other students in his class who more than not are probably out and about? Shopping, going to the movies, everything in that sort.

"Ryukyu-Sensei."

Well she does have his phone number after all so it's not like she wasn't completely able to communicate with him daily. She'd find it interesting to see how long the two would be able to have a conversation with each other without stopping.

"RYUKYU-SENSEI."

"Hmm?" Ryukyu snapped out of her thought as she blinked several times to disembark the train. "I'm sorry did you say something Midoriya?"

"Are you okay? I've called your name several times now but you didn't answer."

"Oh, I apologize about that. I got caught up on my own train of thought I wasn't paying attention. Done with this stretch?"

"Well that too, but I wanted to ask you something if you're okay with it."

"Of course. Though let's switch positions before you do so." Ryukyu

removed herself off of his back as he rolled out to the side. Taking his spot on the floor she sat with feet kicked out to the front. Just like him she placed her hands onto the balls of her toes for a good stretch. It was now Midoriya's turn to place his weight over her back to give a better burn onto her legs. He kept his hands to himself though for reasons unknown to her. "So, what is it you'd like to ask me?"

"Oh um, this might sound dumb honestly." He said awkwardly.

"Questions are meant to be dumb. It saves us the point of embarrassing ourselves whenever we blurt them out as a statement. Don't be afraid."

"Could you, um, talk a little bit about yourself?" She raised an eyebrow at the question. "I-I KNOW that you and I aren't really the closest to each other considering we're just sidekick and pro hero but I think I'd like to know more about my teacher. Not even the media knows much about your life so, could I? It's okay if you don't feel like sharing I'm just curious."

She chuckled at his cute nervousness. "Well curiousness can either land you in good or bad situations so it doesn't hurt to be so. Though, I doubt you'll find anything about my life story interesting at all.

Growing up I was never truly a social person nor an interesting person for that matter. In my childhood I kept to myself as I stuck my nose into the topics of literature and art. Not because my household exposed me to such things, but because I found it difficult to interact with those of my age. They were all interested in modern technology and trends while I liked to explore the natural beauty around me. The butterflies and birds were more intriguing to me than a screen attached onto the wall. For that reason people found me to be somewhat boring or dull. I don't blame them since everybody just wants to fit in with their friends around them. Considering I didn't really have friends, I had nobody to fit in with but myself.

My life took a drastic turn when my Quirk manifested at the late age of five. It occurred randomly one day as my father, mother and I were playing outside when suddenly I transformed into my dragon

state. There were no signs or pre-emanating feelings either before it happened. It just did, right out of the blue in our own backyard. I was so scared I didn't know what to do, I could see the neighbors looking at me with odd faces as they stared in shock at the sight of a dragon. Not that mythical beings in today's standards were bizarre but the size of it was what supposedly took them by surprise. I had no idea how to change back at all, and if it wasn't for my father's guidance I would have ended up causing severe damage.

Could you ease off for just a moment? I'd like to switch positions."

"Oh sure." Midoriya lightly pushed himself off of Ryukyu's back as she shifted her legs inwards. Crossing them she placed the flats of her feet together with arms propped behind her.

"Do me a favor," She requested. "Place your palms onto my knees and push down please? But not with too much force."

Hesitantly as can be, Midoriya looped his arms underneath her pits to reach for her knees. He could've done this from the front but if he did then he'd have to say hello to her two friends comfortably sitting on her chest being held back by the sports bra. His head hovered over her right shoulder with his hands pushing down onto her knees to stretch the groin, hips and inner thighs. A stray waft of her hair managed to sneak into his nostrils. *'Strawberry?'*

"So, even further I isolated myself from those around me to dedicate my time in honing my Quirk." Ryukyu continued. "Since a portion of my animalistic strength continued to reside in my humanoid form, that meant I had to be careful in how much pressure I placed into my hands. Even a little bit of force was enough to snap the pencil in my hand so it took extreme amounts of concentration just to hold it in my grip. Let alone holding it correctly. Not just in my hands but in my legs as well. A light kick in the early morning once shattered the bed frame in which I used to sleep in. That wasn't so fun.

Transforming between humanoid and draconian was a completely different feat entirely. For that I looked into heroes who were gifted with animal-type Quirks that allowed them to switch between forms.

There were quite a few to choose from, a cheetah, an eagle, a lion. A Komodo was interesting but I found something a bit more relatable. An anaconda since snakes and dragons used to belong in the serpent category back in the mythical days. The hero described that it was easier to switch between forms by thinking what that animal would think of or the type of mindset in which they would normally display. Tell me, what do you think anacondas would have going through their minds?"

"Hmm." Midoriya hummed as he thought about the intimidating snake. "I haven't really put much thought about it. The only thing I know really is how they consume their prey. Sorry, animals were never my focal point in life."

Ryukyu patted his right hand with her own. "Don't be. You are still young so there is much to learn about still. I think you'll find that learning about how animals work may be an interesting topic to indulge about.

Anacondas while contradictory to popular media do not hunt that often. In fact albeit the largest species of boa constrictor on the planet, they lie in wait for their prey before sneaking up on them. The rest is history as you know. They don't use venom instead opting to use their massive bodies to paralyze the food by constricting them tightly with immense strength. Thousands of powerful muscles coil around their prey to squeeze the practical life out of them, stopping the blood flow and the ability to expand their chest to breathe. It's very cruel to think about knowing an animal out there is probably succumbing to one of these dangerous creatures right now. But that's how they think and behave. It's only nature.

So, taking all of these into account I looked up on how dragons would've behaved. The most obvious factors were the infatuation with gold and jewelry, territorial behaviors in protecting property claimed as their own, and another factor in which I don't really find useful at all when it comes to switching between forms so let's not discuss about that. I took a few of my toys from my younger days to paint them completely golden for the simulation of high valued objects. The toys served as two of the factors. The first being the gold aspect obviously, and the second would be territorial aggression to protect my own property. My mother helped me with this by acting

like a thief to do away with my toys, and after several weeks of trying without result I was able to transform at will. I had finally cracked through the barrier and into the free world.

It was like that all through middle school, then into high school at Ketsubutsu Academy. It wasn't until my second year that I decided to truly enter the field of heroics once I felt like I had a comfortable enough grasp on switching between transformations. I was able to contain my strength with my hands and feet normally, so I took up an internship as a sidekick for a year and a half up until my graduation. Once I graduated Ketsubutsu I broke off from the agency to become independent...but..."

Midoriya picked up on the waver of her voice, barely tilting his head to her face. A far off look clouded her slit pupils as she fell into the hurricane of the past. "Sensei?"

"Being...Being independent made me realize the one thing about myself that I've never noticed before. It was during one patrol on a regular day when I wanted to have a discussion with somebody that I realized this fact. I've allowed my own solitude to completely shroud myself from the outside world that when I saw it with my own eyes, it hurt me more than it really should've. All around me there were other heroes that had this going for them and I can see it in their work and how they behave. They're practically fueled by one singular emotion that I've never experienced for myself. I've never known it's touch or what it's like to feel this way."

"What is it?"

Ryukyu took a deep breath as she somewhat slumped in her posture. "Midoriya, I want you to be completely honest with me. All the way through. Okay?"

"Yes of course." He assured. "Always."

"Do you know what love is?"

He was slightly taken aback by the question about a controversial idea. "L-Love? As in, loving somebody?"

"Yes. Love."

"Well, I love my mom, if that's what you mean."

"No, not like that" Ryukyu clarified. "I'm talking about love for, somebody else. Somebody you just see something so special in that you can't get enough of."

"...oh. Um...n-no. I, I can't say that I have."

"I see. Then, you and I are one in the same in a weird way."

"Ryukyu-sensei, are you, saying..."

"Yes, heh. Yes, it's true. 26 almost 27 years old, and I've never been in a relationship. How pathetic of me, isn't it? Though I guess I really shouldn't blame others for not seeing anything special in me whatsoever.

I was bland in high school and never did anything to stand out much. My clothes were somewhat baggy and loose since I didn't like the way clothes clung onto my skin back then. Now I could care less but, there were days where I just wish somebody would see, something. Something anything at all in me that would make me feel attractive? I-I don't know how to really describe it in depth but even I wanted to know what life would be like with just a little bit of romance. Unfortunately, I never knew what it was like.

I feel like being the number 13 hero doesn't really mean that much to me anymore. Even if I wasn't in that spot I'd still try my best regardless of the situation because that's what I must do. For the citizens of our society. But, at the end of the day I don't have anybody to go home to. No person to share my frustration nor vent to whenever it becomes too heavy on my shoulders. All because I decided to push away the sentimental worth of emotions for a stone cold one. It would be nice to at least, get a hug every now and then. You know?"

Midoriya turned away from her as he understood her words completely. He can 100% comprehend why somebody would feel that way after 26 almost 27 years of going in life without having a

significant other to call your own. He's heard the stories about how much emotional support one could provide for the other when their knees start to buckle, when the water becomes too high on the risk of drowning. Heroes were still human in the end after all so of course they too would need somebody to just feel comfortable with. Maybe go so far as to have an intimate relationship with them.

Ryukyu was a beautiful person with such a beautiful and nice persona that it truly baffled him about the fact that she's never been in a relationship. This person right in front of him, this person that took him under her wing, this amazing person that gave him the chance to learn from her has never held a significant other. That alone sounds like the universe itself was breaking a law. She is in no manner 'boring' or 'dull', and even though their time together has so far been short he feels comfortable in saying that she deserves only the best people around. Her heart must have been laid by a goose and protected by a dragon because in itself was a golden sheen of purity and truth. All she wants to come home to is a hug. That's it. Nothing more, nothing less.

A hug.

"Well, enough about my boring self then." Ryukyu said as she took a quick breath in. "Let's move on-"

"Ryukyu-sensei."

"Hmm? O-Oh!" The heroine felt his hands as they suddenly latched onto her stomach. His forearms crossed at the center point of her abdominal with hands grasping onto her sides. He was firm yet soft enough to feel absolutely comfortable in his grasp. She looked to find him completely red in the face and resolve shaking like a leaf. "Midoriya?"

"Uh, i-is this um, is this hug, good enough?" He stuttered while trying not to completely faint of embarrassment. *'She's so soft, my fingers. They just melt right in and so warm too.'*

"Yes it's fine, though you don't have to do this for me it's okay-"

"No. It's not. I know what you mean by saying you'd like a hug every

now and then. Because, well, I-I've never been in a relationship either."

'Whaaat?' She thought. *'But, he's so kind and gentle.'*

"I can see how hard working heroes like you would want something simple. You go out there and, try your hardest but don't have anybody to go home to. No boyfriend or girlfriend, no husband or wife. I can see in a way how that can eventually grow on you. But, it's not because you're boring Sensei. It's not because of the fact that you see yourself as dull or maybe even unattractive. Um, I don't, really know how to say this but, I guess I'll just go ahead and spit it out.

I...*u-um*...I think you're really, b-beautiful, and interesting. Somebody who can transform into a dragon to save others is somebody worth being of interest. To me at least. So, please don't call yourself boring Sensei. Otherwise I'll, um, *p...pu*-"

'He wouldn't.'

"Punish you."

Ryukyu stared into his eyes silently as all can be. Not only was she able to hear his rapid heartbeat beating aggressively into his sternum, but she can feel it too. It was up against the upper left area of her back. The amount of speed and force it had was slightly worrying but was completely offset by this mysterious feeling of elation towards him. He put aside his own embarrassment just to make her feel happy with his so called 'punishment.' Ah yes, the punishment to end all punishments known to mankind. A simple hug.

She felt a warmth begin to bubble up in her core the longer he held this embrace on her. Who knew that despite being so hesitant he was also very brave in doing something like this. He didn't seem to be stopping either which proved pleasant for her since his hold made her feel somewhat safe and protected.

Slowly in an effort to not cause alarm or make it seem like she wanted to break away Ryukyu placed her legs out in front with a slight bend in them, forming a ramp of her thighs into her hips. She

leaned back into his body with hands placing over his own. His breath slightly colliding against the skin of her neck on the right side. A comfortable growl emanated within her chords as her back melted into his front. *'So, this is what it feels like. To just be warm and embraced at the end of each day. How lovely.'*

"R..Ryukyu-sensei?"

"Hmm...Tatsuma."

"Eh?"

"Tatsuma-sensei. When we're not out on the field of course."

"Oh, okay um, Tatsuma-sensei." Midoriya said. "Weren't we going to spar?"

"Mmm, we were. Though I think this is definitely better than being thrown about and repeatedly hitting the surface of this floor just to walk with sore bruises." She turned to smile at him, her tooth barely sticking out from the bottom of her top lip. "Wouldn't you agree?"

"Yes. Yes I do. I-I think it feels, perfect to hold you like this."

Chapter 11: Goodnight Tatsuma-sensei

"Whoo, that's refreshing." Midoriya exhaled as he exited the showers and into the common room. The cool breeze of the air conditioning system battled against his previously heated skin, creating a warzone of goosebumps on his exterior layers. He ran a light blue towel all around his damp hair to remove the stray droplets hanging on the very tips of his locks. *"Ahhhh."*

"Oh hey! Didn't think I'd find you down here so late." The bubbly voice of Ashido chimed from the common room lounge. She removed both of her earbuds and sat up from her previously laid out position on the couch. "You're usually locked inside of your room by now."

"Oh, Ashido. Hello. And I don't lock myself in there. Actually, I don't lock it at all."

"Oooh~. Is that an invitation, wink wink?"

"Please don't."

"Haha! I'm only teasing Midoriya. Hey! So is it true you've been doing your Work Studies with Ryukyu?"

"Yeah, that's right." Midoriya replied as he took a seat onto the solo recliner. He draped the towel around his neck and did a swipe of his face with the cloth. "Why do you ask?"

"How's that going so far?" Ashido asked. "Being able to train with the number 13 hero? Ooh I bet the training is rough!"

"Well..."

(2 Hours Earlier)

"ARGH!" Midoriya grunted as his back slammed against the floor for the 14th time. Sweat ran like a bulletstorm down his face, nose and into his U.A track uniform clothing. Heavy puffing of his chest made it rise and fall in an effort to catch gasps of air. "Augh, man."

"Hm-hm, is something the matter Midoriya?" Ryukyu asked as she popped into his view from the top down angle. Her face was upside down to his and parallel due to being bent over for a closer look. "I may be mistaken but it almost sounded like you wanted to give up for a moment. Unfortunately you surrendered that option when you decided to study under my wing."

"Sorry, Sensei. It's just now I'm beginning to realize how much I've been lacking in the close quarters department. Up until recently I've been letting my Quirk do majority of the fighting for me with high powered air bursts and strength enhancer. But now that I'm sparring against you without it, I think I've become weaker."

"Not weaker, but too comfortable with your Quirk. You may not notice it but whenever you aim to strike me with a punch or kick you seem to ease off at the very end of the blow's path, the potential damage immediately beginning to suffer from falloff. It's because in your mind you still think that air waves are going to be pushed out at the final moment but since they don't, you become vulnerable for me to counter against you. Hence you're current position."

Sighing in defeat Midoriya sat himself up and rubbed his eyes to rid the irritating sweat that managed to enter. "Just kind of hoping I would've been able to at least take you down just once throughout this session. But your strength is so amazing even in this form. You can practically throw me across the room with a single hand I think."

"Indeed I can. Though just because my natural strength is superior to yours without the use of your Quirk, do remember that it's because majority of it comes from a small portion of my dragon form. Without it I wouldn't be anywhere near as strong as I am. Which is why it's always best to study up on the more tactical maneuvers such as grappling and wrestling takedowns. This first session I just wanted to see where you are, and if you would implement some of those techniques against me. Don't be too hard on yourself just because it ended in a loss. Be happy that it did, because now you can go back to your dorm and reflect on where you'd

like to change up some of your thinking."

"Yeah. I guess so."

Chuckling Ryukyu stepped around to his front and sat down with legs crossed. She studied her disciple as he looked to the floor in defeat of his own personal skill. She knows how he feels because she too has been in this very position before. It's not always easy trying to swallow the hard hitting pill that even with the amount of training one has gone through, there is still much for them to learn and to overcome. So much more. As a student it's in his description to learn from her, and as his teacher she's more than willing to go the extra miles in order for him to do so. He just has to be ready for it with a high held noggin.

Inching herself closer to him, she placed a gentle palm on his right cheek and tilted his head so that their eyes were locked with one another's. "Midoriya, you are young. A young student with a mind that I know is capable of producing wonderful results with the right ingredients. It's my job to provide you with those young ingredients so that whatever you may produce can flourish in this world and not spoil over with the coming years. But I can't show you the resources that are right in front of you, if your head is looking down to the ground.

Like I said, today was just an opportunity for me to see where you are right now. Point A is now, and Point B is where I'd like to get you to soon. There will be many defeats to come your way but from the ashes of those defeats come the everlasting phoenix of victory. I'd like to see that phoenix for myself alongside you, but your head must be up in order for you to do so. I'm here to teach, and you to learn. One of the many beautiful factors of youth is the ability to learn so much inside of the brain of yours. And the first thing I'd like you to learn is to keep that smile on your face even when it feels like you've lost. Okay?"

"Yes...I guess so Ryukyu-sensei." Ryukyu lightly pinched his skin in between her index and middle fingers. "Ow-ow-ow! I-I mean of course! I'm ready for what's to come!"

"Hm-hm, good. Because for starters I should throw you against the floor again for forgetting what I've told you earlier."

"Huh?"

Ryukyu let go of his skin and returned her gentle hand against his cheek. She held an endearing smile to him that his eyes couldn't seem to escape the sticky glue in which they were held to. It was such a warm smile, making his heart feel encompassed on all angles by the gaze of a myth. Her slit pupils glimmering just a tad underneath the lighting of the room. "It's Tatsuma. Tatsuma-sensei."

/

In real time, Midoriya rubbed the underside of a hand against the area where his teacher's palm used to lay on his face. It was so warm and soft, just like her skin when he nervously embraced her before they began sparring. That moment he didn't remember much of since his brain partially fried in overload because of how nervous he had been just thinking about it. The way she had been talking about wanting to go home and to just be embraced by somebody she could call her own, it made him feel sad for her. Ryukyu's a wonderful person who deserved only the best in his eyes.

He can relate in a manner, but on the other side. Many nights has he stayed up thinking about what life would be like as a hero if he didn't have somebody to return to and embrace knowing he's fighting for them. To walk through that front door tired, exhausted beyond all belief but still being able to muster the strength to just loop his arms around somebody? It made him feel some type of way that he couldn't describe it clearly. Hugging Ryukyu the way he did made him feel that way again, and he didn't want to let it go.

'Sensei...she was so soft and warm.'

"HEY MIDORIYA!"

"AHH!" Scared like a cat the boy shrieked out of his seat completely, falling to the floor beside the recliner. "Please don't scare me like that Ashido. I'm really tired."

"Something happened, didn't it?" Ashido teased as she prodded both eyebrows up her forehead. "Wellllll?"

"N-No. Nothing happened. Ryukyu and I were just training that's it."

BZZZT

"Ooooh. Sounds like you might wanna take that. Goodnight. Don't stay up too late thinking about a certain someone~."

Midoriya awkwardly reached for the phone in his pocket as he walked away from the common room lounge. From behind he can feel the weight of Ashido's mischievous gaze as it followed him towards the elevator. He had no idea why she was making assumptions about something happening between a teacher and student considering it would more than likely ruin their reputation if word got out. He didn't want to ruin anything for Ryukyu after she's waited for so long just to have something be thrown into the fire of no return.

Answering the device he placed the phone up to his left ear. "Hello?"

"Greetings Midoriya."

"Oh Sensei. Hello. Is there something you need?"

"No not at all. I was just calling to see if you were managing okay after our session today."

"Yeah I'm fine. Just a little bit exhausted is all but nothing too major." He pushed the button to call for the elevator, doors instantly opening at the button's command. The air made a slight shiver tingle up against his skin due to the mainly metallic interior of the elevator as he stepped inside and tapped the option for his floor. "Are you okay Sensei?"

A faint chuckle can be heard on the other end of the line. *"Well, you didn't exactly damage me that much during our sparring. So I think I'm doing just fine."*

"Oh...yeah."

"Though believe it or not you did make me quite tired after all of that. If we kept going any longer no doubt you would have gained the upper hand and take advantage of my exhaustion."

"Don't lie to me Sensei."

"I'm not. I wholeheartedly speak the truth when I say that you're determination to at least get something in was beginning to wear me out. After around the, 10th, time that I threw you down I can feel the fatigue beginning to settle in my muscles. Which is something I must commend you on Midoriya. You are a very determined student which will take you to places higher than the clouds themselves, and I can't wait to see that for myself."

PING

"Well I don't want to be stuck in my position considering I can be out there saving others with my power." Midoriya said as he stepped out of the elevator on his floor. "If I don't manage to increase my strength then what good would I be doing if people's lives are on the line? I don't want that."

"Which is exactly the sort of mindset I want you to have for as long as you're under my wing. It's through that determination that will create a new and improved you that can spread the wings of success and rise to the challenge above you. My training is a mere staircase that will bring you to that challenge with sufficient growth and confidence in yourself. I believe in that Midoriya."

Tiredly shambling for his room he managed to find it with eyelids half open. Exhaustion with the combination of sleepiness was beginning to grow on him like an exponential graph making his steps all the more heavy and weak. Loosely turning the knob of his door he made his way inside the dark domain, not even bothering to turn on the lights knowing he's about to enter the sleep dimension within the next few minutes or so. Finally making it to his bed he turned around and flopped backwards like a dead fish on the surface with phone nearly bouncing out of his hand.

"T-Thank you, Sen...sei...*uwaaaaah*."

"Hm-hm, sleepy are we? Well I don't blame you. Your efforts were sufficient for today, and I am grateful for it. Goodnight Midoriya. Until tomorrow, please have a wonderful sleep."

"Goodnight Sensei. Sleep well."

"...goodnight, Taaaa.."

"Hmph, goodnight Tatsuma. Tatsuma-sensei."

"There we are. It has a wonderful ring to it don't you think? Sweet dreams."

CLICK

Before he had a chance to ask what she meant by that, the line hung up per her end. Now instead of her voice he was left with the dead tone of an unoccupied line and the darkness of his room. As the unlit environment of his domain began to grow more apparent it mixed into the already hot crockpot of his need for sleep forcing itself into his body. It's been a dreadfully long time since he's been this tired, the last occurrence he can remember being his personal training with Tiger at the Pussycats' outdoor camp. That one was a bit of a weird one in all honesty but nonetheless it helped in building him up.

Dropping the phone beside his head he rolled onto his right side and found one of his pillows. He was so tired that his mind had taken a turn down crazy lane, and there was nothing he can do to stop it. Reaching out for the pillow he gripped it tightly with both hands and pressed the soft object up against his body. It wasn't soft like her, warm like her. But it was the only thing close enough to replicate it so it'll have to do for now. Maybe, just maybe in the future his fingers will be blessed with that sensation again. Maybe.

Snuggling up into the pillow he closed his eyes for the final time that night. Drifting away into the peaceful hold of the Sandman.

...

The sound of what appeared to be crying called to him, yet all he could find in this world was emptiness. Just a complete void of black emptiness that held no signs of life anywhere nor light. It was just an empty dark plain with a mysterious fog that even as he walked through the misty thickness, found nothing on the other side. What is this place he wondered. Was this Hell, it didn't seem like Heaven. Nor was he in any eternal form of punishment. At least not at first glance.

The crying began to grow louder as he continued to walk through the void. Picking it up with close attention the crying didn't sound to be human, not at all. It was rough with a slight guttural emotion behind it's sad wailing amidst the dark. Nonetheless he couldn't help but find himself drawn to it with a sense to at least help whoever, or whatever, is out there. What being in this being-less world calls to him with a cry of pain and heart break? He needed to know lest his heroic sense finally snapped into insanity.

As he continued to push on into the emptiness, a faint sight began to grow more visible in the distance. Along with the image becoming more visible so too did the broken sound of wailing. Eventually he noticed that the image wasn't actually a human image, but a mythical one. A baby dragon was sprawled out on the floor crying in an endless waterfall of tears. Around it's body was a miniature red Qipao that he recognizes immediately. It's cries almost deafening his ears as the baby looked all around it for assumingly it's parents yet none were in sight. There were no heavy thuds of gargantuan footsteps coming closer nor any sight of the majestic creatures. It was just he and this baby dragon alone in this empty world.

Continuing to cry it's animalistic pain the baby didn't seem to be stopping at all. It's emotions of sadness flooding past the gates of human resolve as he knelt down beside the creature. It was no bigger than a giant stuffed animal he figured, but would it weigh the same too. That's a question he'll eventually find out for himself. The wings were above their body with claws nearly scratching him at random times. This poor baby beast was out here all alone for who knows how long, by their lonesome with nothing but the black to keep it company.

Being as slow as he possibly could he carefully, juuuuuust carefully, picked up the dragon in the cusps of his arms. Instantly the beast ceased it's wailing and looked to him with a curiosity in it's eyes. The slit golden eyes of the draconian race staring back into the emerald orbs of the human race. Somehow and seemingly a connection of comfort was made between the two since the baby became malleable to his desire, similar to a human baby. Sitting himself down comfortably with legs crossed he held the baby dragon in his arms like it were his own. A warmth seeped through it's body into his as it curled up in his gentle embrace, rocking it slowly to and fro with care.

"Shhhh." He swooned with a barely audible voice level. "Shhhh, it's okay. It's okay. I'll hold you for as long as I have to. It's okay.

Goodnight Tatsuma-sensei."

Chapter 12: Puzzle Pieces

The sound of a very large group causing a ruckus in the common room had drawn Midoriya downstairs from his room. He had just finished slipping into his dragon hero outfit and was about to make for his agency's office, until the noise caught his attention. It was loud enough to seep through the floors of the U.A dorm but as he grew closer it wasn't loud enough to be any cause for concern. He didn't hear anybody yelling or angrily shouting at each other but more so just speaking in high volumes. At the final descent of the staircase he was able to discern the more rowdy voices such as Sero, Kaminari and Ashido above everybody else's.

"I wonder what's going on down here." Midoriya said to himself.

"Stop that you bastards! Don't touch my damn cupcake!"

"Kacchan, talking about, cupcakes...WHAT IS GOING ON DOWN HERE?"

Pushing the door open from the staircase outwards he arrived on the base floor of his dorm, the combined noise of several students growing louder in person. He spotted a large mass of his classmates all stationed around the kitchen area like a singular horde all focused on something. The sound of the staircase door closing behind him loudly was able to silence some of the population volume and turn their heads his way.

"Oh hey it's Midoriya!" Ashido was the first to speak. "Ooh nice little outfit you got going on."

"Uh thanks. It's supposed to resemble Ryukyu since she's my hosting agency. I like the wings. A lot, heh."

"Hmm." Yaoyorozu hummed as she walked her way over to him and inspected his new form of hero costume. "I think this design is

actually quite lovely as a tribute. Though, you don't usually leave for her agency until two hours from now. Why so early today? Something important you must attend to?"

"Well I was kind of hoping of using the training grounds for a little bit before I head to her agency. Just to practice using one of my new moves until I heard the commotion down here. What's going on?"

"Oh well-"

"WE'RE MAKING CUPCAKES!" Ashido interrupted.

"Yes. That. Care to join us?"

"Oh no I'm fine. I wouldn't want to take up any of your materials." Midoriya politely denied.

"Don't worry there's plenty of stuff to go around!" Sato said from the bunch. "I ordered this stuff online for my own personal baking use but when it turns out there's a lot more than what I originally thought I would get. On the website it looked to be like a single use kit, until I got there at the store to pick it up and it came with all of this! I don't really need this much stuff for my own self so I figured I'd just let you guys use it."

"Okay but, how did Kacchan get looped into this?"

"Well it was mainly Ashido that did so but she somehow convinced him into making a cupcake as well. She kept telling him that even if he tried his hardest he wouldn't be able to make a better one than her."

"And he can't." Ashido proudly beamed. "Nobody can beat me when it comes my cupcake making skills. Not even you porcupine!"

"SHUT IT! I'll make a whole damn batch better than all of you just watch morons!"

"Hmmm." Midoriya hummed as he surveyed over the kitchen area. An abundance of cake batter boxes ranging from chocolate, to vanilla, strawberry and much more littered the counter top with a trash bag nearby. Cooking trays with a few batches already inserted

into the oven gave off a pleasantly warm aroma that flooded the room at all angles. Different colored sprinkles, various flavored icings, and wrappings were strewn about the table itself after majority of 1-A had massacred the resources. Poor cupcake ingredients never stood a chance.

Looking in between his classmates he spotted that some of their products were already done. Kaminari held a light yellow cupcake with half a swirl of mustard yellow icing sitting over the top. In his other hand was the tube in which the icing is dispensed from, a few splotches staining against his solid black T-Shirt messily like an amateur tie die cloth. Funny enough he was wearing a cooking apron for this exact reason yet still managed to completely miss the apron and hit his shirt without flaw. It sounded completely ridiculous but Midoriya figured that if anything was ridiculous, then anything was possible when it came to the human charging port. Whey.

Turning over to Jiro, her cupcake was a lot cleaner and more delicately made as opposed to the previous cupcake owner. Her base consisted of the chocolate batter, a purple lick of icing sitting neatly over the top and leaning towards the darker end of the color spectrum. A pink wrapping encased the base of the batter with a singular black line running around the wrapper. At random points the mine would zig zag out of shape and resemble the lightning streak in Kaminari's hair. Whenever her peers asked for the reason she would always deny such claims as a mere coincidence, she did so with a faded but still obvious blush on her face.

Within the crowd he also spotted a guest that wasn't in 1-A at all, sitting in the common room lounge with feet kicked out lazily. "What the, Kendo?"

"S'up."

"Were you told about this?"

"Nah. I ended up here through a different reason." She replied. "Mainly came to talk to Yaoyorozu about something, but then they started busting out cupcakes so I decided to stick around."

"You wanna try making some Midoriya?" Sato asked. "There's enough

materials for you to use."

"Don't bother." Bakugo growled. "They won't be better than mine I already know it."

"Eh I don't know." Midoriya said with an unsure tone. "I'm not really that good in baking, plus I can't really eat much since I don't know what today's training will hold."

"Ooh I know! Why don't you make one for Ryukyu?" Ashido suggested. "I bet she'll be very appreciative of the gesture, plus we can beat Bakugo and his stupid little clumps of cake batter he's got going on over there."

"Hmm, actually. That doesn't sound like a bad idea. I guess I could try to make something for Ryukyu."

"Awh yeah! Time to run that stupid porcupine head into the ground where it belongs!"

"JUST TRY IT YOU PINK BLOB! I DARE YOU!"

"Now then, let's see what the nefarious Dr. Mina can cook up this time in her evil laboratory of cute cupcakes hehehehe, HAAAAAAAAHAHAHAAHAHAHA!"

"A-Ashido?"

"Right, focus!" Ashido clasped her hands together while simultaneously rubbing the palms against each other. Her tongue was sticking out in between her lips like she is currently putting a tremendous amount of thought into the process. "*Lemme see, lemme see. Ryukyu, Ryukyu.* Hmm...Bingo! Midoriya grab uh, that box right there."

The boy followed a pointed finger to a box of red velvet batter. "This one?"

"Yuh-huh! You work on that batter while I work my magic with *let's see*, the filling which can be this color. And the icing, can be...*hmm*...this color! Oh yeah. It's all coming together. Mwahahahahaha, AAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAA!"

Unsure as to what madness could've possibly taken over the mind of Ashido, Midoriya decided to just pay all of his attention towards the cake mix portion. He opened up the package, and threw out the plastic parcel of red while discarding the empty box into the nearby trash bag. Reaching for a nearby mixing bowl there was also an open carton of eggs for him to utilize, to which he did by grabbing a single white oval. He figured that while he's at it he can make four in total, one for Ryukyu, that's me for Ms. Hoshiko, another for Hado and the last being for himself should he decide to eat it. Spilling just enough of the powdery mix into the bowl he cracked the egg over the rim with the yolk seeping through the opening in the shell. He added a cup of water though had to add a little bit more per Sato's advice, and began stirring the mixture via handheld whisk.

As the volume of his surrounding classmates began to pick back up he lost himself in the realm of his thoughts. Luckily he wouldn't have much to think about since throughout the entirety of this school day he's been thinking about one thing and one thing only. The dream. That very, truly bizarre dream that woke him up at the dead of night and prohibited sleep from ever returning. The vision combined with the seemingly real life touch of his arms around the baby dragon felt incredibly authentic. The slightly rough touch of scales rubbing up against his fingers, the weight in which the baby placed on his lap. Everything about it felt like it was all completely real. Completely, perfect.

A single piece of clothing within the dream instantly gave away as to who the identity of this creature was. It was Ryukyu, her Qipao shrunken down to be comfortably worn by the spawn. Upon immediate sight of the Qipao he felt this oddness tug at him with a desire to just hold them. That's all he wanted to do. To hold them in a simple embrace as their warmths created a little pocket of safety between themselves. Because in that realm of darkness in which the two of them were in, they both felt safe with just the company of each other. At least, that's what he hopes the dragon was thinking.

Now, every time his mind or ears picked up on anything related to Ryukyu, his heart would gladly skip over a beat. Which made him worry as to what this could more than likely mean. In the short amount of time that he's attended the agency everything he's

encountered and learned thus far was beginning to add up. Her kindness to teach, the eye-popping beauty that she exhibits, her cute little tooth sticking out from the bottom of her top lip, and the snippet of her backstory that she shared with him. Everything was beginning to form together like puzzle pieces that he couldn't wait to see what the end result was. Though, he thinks he has some idea as to what it all might mean.

Is he beginning to... or was he already?

-

"Cause every little thing,
Gonna be alright!"

"Rise up this mornin, heyyyyy. *Smiled with the risin' sun."* Ms. Hoshiko sang along as she snapped her fingers in unison to the beat. The speakers of her computer softly boomed within the secretary office walls, reminiscing back to her high school days not too long ago. When the only thing she had to worry about was whether or not she'd be late to catch the bus. *"Three little birds,* ooooh~, *Perch by my doorstep."*

"Someone appears to be giddy today." Ryukyu said as she stepped out from her personal office. Dangling in the hold of her left hand was the headpiece with wings and dragon claw formation. Showing the world her oh so perfect beauty that one of her student sidekicks seemed to be infatuated with.

"Today, was an eeeeeasy day." Ms. Hoshiko responded, her posture in the office chair completely laid back and relaxed. She took a sip from a nearby iced coffee cup before continuing. "Barely any emails to answer back, already went through all your missed calls, even found the time to order pizza while I was at it."

Ryukyu chuckled at the last portion. "Yes, because ordering pizza is one of the human race's top priorities."

"Of course! That is how the universe itself designed it to be."

The heroine warmly sighed as she looked out the window of her

office. Any minute now and her student sidekicks would arrive for another beautiful, sunny day of learning. Today however would be different in terms of what they were doing. It was a patrol, but in reality the patrol was just a disguise designed to cover up a targeted search for an HVT. This case that she's working on along with Fatgum, Sir Nighteye, a hero by the name of Rock Lock and several others, requires the upmost crucial assistance of the students in order to succeed. They may not have the definitive years of experience like the pros do but regardless of the fact Ryukyu knows that they will be excellent support assets. Especially Midoriya who she has high hopes for with her new training routine that she finished today just for him.

It wasn't too difficult to create since majority of the workout focused on strengthening a major muscle group, his legs. Going back to his entrance exam she reviewed over the footage of the moment when he jumped into danger just to save his future classmate. The manner in which he bent his legs was very similar to a complete crouch on the floor before he pushed off with incredible force. The posture reminded her of the grueling Duck Walks which just so happened to be the first routine on the list. Duck Walks engaged majority of the leg muscles so strain-fully due to the awkward manner of traversing so low to the ground that in time will build and mold the loose fat, if he had any, into chunks of hardened muscle. That way there can be sturdier support and extra force the next time he leaps up again.

Normally she would consider the legs to be one of the harder if not *the* hardest group to train, but looking over the routine for his upper body she'll admit it's definitely not going to be on the fun side. What it contains she'll leave as a surprise for him though whether or not he'd like this surprise is a question in itself. Probably not she thinks. It's not gonna be as easy as wrapping the arms around somebody for an embrace that's for certain...embrace.

I think you're really beautiful and interesting. Somebody who can transform into a dragon to save others is somebody worth being of interest. To me at least.

'Midoriya.' Ryukyu thought as she felt a mysterious warmth begin to fill her face. *'Did you really mean all of that? On top of that you even went out of your way just to give me a hug. It was so, lovely. Oh dear what...what is this? Why do I feel so...*Hoshiko."

"Hmm?"

"May you please check to make sure the A/C is on? It feels a bit stuffy in here."

"Really? I don't feel anything." Ms. Hoshiko swiveled her chair over to the wall closest to her where the thermostat is located. She did a quick check of the setting while shrugging her shoulders. "Mmmyeah. The A/C's on, 70 degrees."

Ryukyu light patted her cheeks quietly with each pat taking notice of the still-present warmth. *'Oh goodness me.'*

PING

"Hey hey look!" Hado exclaimed as she happily bounced out from the elevator and into the office. She pointed to one of her hands holding up a delicately and prettily made cupcake. "Midoriya made cupcakes!"

"I didn't really make them all by myself." Midoriya commented as he held a carton holding three more cupcakes. "Some of my friends helped me in baking these so I can't take all the credit."

The boy walked over to the desk and placed the carton neatly onto the surface top. "Here you go Ms. Hoshiko, Sensei."

"Awhhh these are so cute." The secretary swooned as she took her baked delight from the student. Ryukyu in turn took her own, inspecting it in the hold of her thumb, middle and index fingers.

It was a really pretty looking cupcake of simple colors blending together to make a simple masterpiece. The wrapping was solid black around a red velvet base that from the outside looking in appeared to be exquisitely moist. Sitting in a neatly done swirly like it came from an ice cream machine was a glob of a perfect golden color, obviously being the first trait that she noticed. Topping it all off was a dragon pin embedded into the icing, teeth snarling to show the world it's ferocity.

"Mm! Oh, *oh my gosh*." Ms. Hoshiko said in between her chews. "I should've saved this for later. This would've been so perfect after the

pizza."

"*Mm-hmm, mm-hmm*!" Hado cutely nodded with her own mouth filled in the cupcake delight.

In the corner of her eyes Ryukyu noticed that Midoriya held his eyes on her ever since she took the cupcake. *'Is he waiting for my reaction above everybody else's?'*

"Sensei? Your thoughts?" He asked curiously. A glint in his eyes completely gave away the fact that he was indeed waiting for her reaction over the other two's.

"Hmm." Ryukyu hummed as she sniffed the icing. "Well it certainly smells wonderful. And I'm sure it will taste that way as well. Ahhhh-"

'HER TOOTH!'

Taking a light chomp out of the base Ryukyu hummed with pleasure as her face filled into one of delight. Midoriya found himself unable to look away from his mentor that chewed away at the cupcake morsels. Her behavior combined with womanly looks made it all the more adorable to look at without failure. And it was in the moments like this which made him think back to the re-occurring question.

Is he beginning to... or was he already?

Her beautiful short hair? Her perfectly symmetrical smile with tooth sticking out? The cute sounds she made as she nibbled away at the cupcake made for her? Just like Ashido said-

"I like it Midoriya. I like it very much."

...oh yeah. It's all coming together.

Chapter 13: Downplay

"Keep your eyes peeled out here Deku." Nejire-chan ordered to her junior with hands raised in a karate chop fashion. "There's baddies out here, and we gotta take them down! Wa-pow!"

"Yes but, Hado-senpai-"

"Nejire-chan."

"Right, Nejire-chan." Midoriya corrected. "Wouldn't it be better if we all went through the alleys and hidden pathways?"

"Actually, that would be contrary to our plan." Ryukyu added. She stood behind the two students as the trio observed their city surroundings to act as a faux patrol. "Remember what I said earlier, we cannot give away the fact that we are actively searching for the Yakuza leader. This is a mere patrol, just like any other day. So if any other heroes come to you and ask what you're doing just respond with that. Understand."

"Yes ma'am/Yes Sensei."

"Good. In time the full details of what we are up against will be known in a singular meeting. All of the agencies working in conjunction with one another will unite and discuss this operation. It is of vital importance that you do not try and stick out so much that you're noticed like a sore thumb."

"Speaking of being noticed." Hado said as she squinted to a scene in front of them.

"Huh. Why are there so many press?" Midoriya asked as he looked at the swarm of photographers. There were at least more than 40 press members all circled around one point on the sidewalk, the loud ruckus of multiple voices all asking questions that he couldn't quite

clearly distinguish. The group was so big that passing citizens had to walk around them and onto the street for several moments before returning back onto the sidewalk. "It's like a whole mob!"

"Yes." Ryukyu commented dully as she blatantly stared at the group with a bored look. "Though, only to be expected considering who exactly they're all surrounding."

"Hmm?"

"Ah, Ryukyu!" A female's voice called from the press group as one section of the mob began to open up. In doing so Midoriya spotted the trio of snakes sitting atop a head of blonde hair that followed into a beautiful face. Eventually the face led into a woman's well-kept body in a lavish dress and confident standing of another serpentine hero. "What a pleasure to see you again."

"Greetings Uwabami." Ryukyu said as she lightly bowed in respect. "Surprised to see you here of all places. Were you not supposed to be holding another commercial about hair products?"

"Not until the next week dear. Until then I'm just like any other hero am I not?"

"Yes. I suppose so."

"Wow, it's the Snake Hero Uwabami!" Midoriya geeked as he repeatedly shook his fists up and down in excitement. "The same hero that managed to save twenty survivors all trapped underneath 30 feet of rubble!"

"Oh. Somebody knows what they're talking about. Usually the media tends to downplay the amount as 25 or even 20 feet. But you know exactly where the facts lie. Clever kid."

"Um, if I may. My mom is a big fan!" The boy frisked himself for a small notepad in one of his utility compartments, though he couldn't find one compartment it was in exactly. "Can I have a signature please-"

'Hmm, this may seem like a perfect opportunity.'

"Hey Uwabami!" A press member asked as they held up a camera. "You've worked with Ryukyu in the past. What do you think of her new sidekick?"

'And the perfect timing.'

"Uh, me?"

"Yes. I've yet to give my thoughts on this charming little fellow that Ryukyu has acquired from U.A." Uwabami answered as she went to loop an arm around his back and onto his shoulder. "You see-"

SMACK

"Eh?"

"Uh?"

"Hmm?" Hado hummed. "Ryukyu?"

Everybody turned at the sound of a hand smacking the back of another, with the culprit being none other than the Dragoon Hero. Her right hand was frozen, held out with palm slightly downwards as Uwabami's was retracted back to her body. An awkward face of null emotion being displayed on Ryukyu's face as she repeatedly looked left and right in nervous tension. "U-Uh, a, fly! Yes that's what it was! There was a fly on your hand and I wanted to get it. You're welcome."

"Oh. Okay." Uwabami responded while softly rubbing the area where Ryukyu had once slapped. "Strange. None of my snakes seemed to give alert that a fly was on my person, though I guess that's not what they're trained for. Eh. Oh well. Anyways back to what I was saying."

The Snake Hero again looped her arm around Midoriya's back with hand being placed over his left shoulder. Hado watched as Ryukyu kept the most intense stare on the hand like she was going to tear it right off of her body. And if one paid close enough attention, the faint, very very faint sound of growling emanating within her vocal chords. *'Oh she's never been like this before. I wonder what's wrong with her? Maybe she's just a little cranky today. Not enough nap time. She needs a treat.'*

'WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?!' Ryukyu internally screamed at herself after the sudden action. *'Why did I do something like this she just wanted to grab hold of Midoriya...ugh, goodness me. Why do I feel like thisssss?! I've never felt so, envious of the fact that somebody else is holding one of my students. Even worse it's, Midoriya. No, wait. That shouldn't make it even worse. Hado's my student too so it won't be fair of me to hold one as more favorable than the other. But, still.'*

Ryukyu glared at the hand over her disciple's shoulder. *'I don't like this. I don't know exactly what I don't like but I just, don't. I don't like it at all. Please make this interview or whatever it is end already.'*

"-think that Deku here is a fine choice for a young sidekick." Uwabami continued. "I mean look at him. He's very smart, very capable as we've all seen during his Sports Festival. And might I add handsome onto that list?"

"...grrrrrr..."

The low rumble of a growl caught Midoriya's hearing as he turned behind him to the source. A small glare on Ryukyu's face towards the Snake Hero was noticed for a brief instant before it disappeared in sync to him turning around. Her glare was replaced with a soothing smile his way, but the boy knew something was wrong. The smile seemed forced and tight on her face like she didn't want to smile at all. It's as if she was uncomfortable with the situation before her and just making faces to make it seem as if everything was okay. He of all people, would know that better than anyone.

"Hmm."

"What do you think Deku?" A reporter asked. "Do you think Ryukyu has been a decent teacher so far during your short time?"

"Hmm? Oh, OH-OH. Um, I, uhh.." Now it was his turn to feel uncomfortable. Interviews with the press that will undoubtedly show his face to the news if not the entire world? He can't handle that! Stuff like that isn't what he's wanted to become a hero for! He wanted to become a hero for personal reasons that are too many to count, not be shown all over the world as a media pop star like Uwabami or even All Might. He knew what he wanted to say, he just didn't have

that level of confidence to say it.

At least, not by himself.

"Uhh, decent is not the word I would use for my time at this agency. I think the more appropriate w-word would be um, fun. Y-Yeah. Fun. I've been having fun."

"Fun?" Another reporter asked as several of the press members jotted the info down onto their notepads. "Could you describe what exactly has been fun?"

"Um. We've been to, an arcade together. To enjoy each other's company."

"Just the two of you?"

"NO. Nonono n-not just the two of us, Nejire-chan was with us as well. Alongside our secretary."

"It sounds like you've been having more casual moments than actual hero work."

"We've gone on a patrol before! It wasn't, much honestly because of me but, regardless we were still there. And also she's been helping me with training. Getting stronger with my Quirk and all that."

"Deku we'd like to know personally, from your own honest opinion." A female reporter chimed in. "I do not mean this in a rude or disrespectful manner by any means, but there are times where young sidekicks such as you begin to wonder about this same thought. Do you think that Ryukyu could've chosen someone better than you-"

"Yes."

'So quick.' Hado thought.

'Midoriya, no.' Ryukyu internally ached. *'Midoriya no what are you saying-'*

"I, I get that too. I can see how some sidekicks might feel...useless." That word. That single word, opened the floodgates of memory lane.

The cold, horrible, depression filled memory lane.

"They feel like they've been chosen for a pair of shoes that are too big for them. That they have no hope of filling with their tiny little feet because society has no real expectation laid out for them. I know that sensation, because I've turned that corner of the street many times in my life now. And since I'm only just beginning in my hero career I already know that same corner will continue to show up nonstop. I think it's because of the fact that we're young these sort of 'expectations' are placed inside of our head. Or maybe it's because we're actually working alongside a real pro hero that we don't want to disappoint them. I mean, look at her."

He turned back to Ryukyu who in turn was starting back into him. A bit of a shocked face was what he found in her, combined with the small tint of sadness underneath the blanket. He had a feeling that his words may not sit well with her, but better to say it now lest he hid it from her forever. Just like all the other secrets he currently hides from her. Both Quirk-related, and life-related.

"This is Ryukyu. THE real life Ryukyu, one of the top heroes in all of Japan. She's known throughout this country as having this cold and stone attitude that at times can scare people away if they're not too familiar with. But in reality she's really nice and friendly, and always willing to put her best on the line to save the people behind her. Like that one time when she was too exhausted to transform into her Dragon form but still continued to fight three super powered villains all by herself. Those sorts of feats, they kinda raise the bar honestly for me.

She's really smart, and whenever she explains something to me she describes it accurately and in a way that makes sense to me. Before our first patrol I didn't even know that heroes got paid just for being out there. I thought it was only whenever they actually do something big like stopping a robbery or confront loose villains. Though, I guess that's probably my fault watching everything All Might related. Ryukyu's shown me the somewhat fine detail of the regular patrols though I know there's probably a lot more than my head will be able to wrap around. I'm hoping I don't disappoint her in the next patrol."

"Deku is it true that during your first patrol, you failed to stop a mere

purse thief because you froze on the ground after being shoved by the assailant?"

Midoriya sighed as he turned back to the group of reporters with a slightly dipped head. "Yeah. That's, that's true. I just, froze. I thought I'd be able to just go in there and save the day but after he sent me to the ground my mind just froze. I wasn't scared or anything, wasn't because they were stronger than I thought. I, I don't know. It just happened. And it's stuff like that where it reminds me that I'm not all what I originally thought I was. And it goes back to the idea where I wonder about the many other candidates that are a much better option, than me.

I've only known Ryukyu for such a short time, but already I feel like I know a lot about her. The rumors about her being silently mean or cold towards her sidekicks are all false. All of them. Because she's actually a much better person than that. She's been so patient with me because in reality her interest stems all the way back to my Sports Festival. She actually entered inside our waiting room and asked for me, even though it was just to ask me a single question. But then I found out that she's been keeping an eye on me and watching me grow with my Quirk. That was months ago. Months go by and other heroes would more than likely drop that interested candidate for somebody with much more potential. Not Ryukyu, though. Not her.

Honestly, what with the training sessions I've undergone with her, both of them had me severely disappointed in myself. The first session made me realize I could've been using my Quirk through a different manner, and the second session showed me I still have a lot to go when it comes to hand-to-hand combat. I may be fast and powerful with my Quirk active but without it I'm not that much. I wasn't even able to land a single hit in on her. So, I get it. I get what other sidekicks my age might feel like because I've been there. I've been in that same boat. The same boat that makes me say,

Yes. I do believe, without a doubt, that Ryukyu could have chosen someone better than me...no."

You're nothing Deku! The fact that you're still here makes me want to puke my guts out!

I'm sorry, but you can't be a hero without a Quirk. If you want to work in the line of duty, try being a police officer. They normally don't get a lot of credit since they mostly just take the bad guys away. But it's a fine job.

Your stuttering habit coupled with brittle mindset was everything she needed to know about who you truly were.

"Should have."

"THAT'S NOT-"

"OHHHH dear would you look at the time?" Uwabami interrupted with a deafeningly loud question. "It seems we've taken up more than enough time from the lovely trio of heroes. Why don't we, *uh,* head over to the neighboring Mt. Lady agency? Yeah that's a good idea!"

The press members began to converse one another at the potential to get 'money shots' of the titanically tall heroine. Eventually, they began to move away from Ryukyu and company with Uwabami remaining in the group. She whispered into the right ear of Ryukyu that was furthest away from Midoriya, the boy staring off in the abyss at who knows what. *"Figured you might want to speak to him about that. That sounded, a bit too personal."*

"I will, thank you Uwabami." Ryukyu responded. The Snake Hero took her leave from the trio, rounding the corner and in the same direction where the mob of press members took off in.

Now, it was just an empty, awkward circle of three heroes. The boy merely stood in place as he stared down the path in front of him. All the way down his cone of vision and into nothing. The memories of his past years were now in full effect, alongside his habits of keeping quiet unless spoken to. If spoken to at all. Useless. Wasn't that just another word, for Quirkless. Oh wait a minute, he knows a much better example of a word that translates to the dirt on the bottom of somebody's shoe.

"Deku-"

FWOOOOOSH

Before Ryukyu could even have a chance of saying another word, he

took off into a green flash down the street and away from his partners. The green streak of a human disappeared within seconds and away from the situation. Not even stopping even if his own mentor called for him to just have a talk. To try and help him float amongst that scary sea of his own mind. Such was the downside of youth where everything felt ten times worse than what it actually is.

"Whoa!" Hado awed as the wind made her hair blow wildly in all directions. A few strands of periwinkle blue falling onto her face messily. "Talk about speed!"

'You can run Midoriya.' Ryukyu thought. *'You can run as fast as you want, or as long as you want. As far as you want, or as hard as you want. But you can't escape, whatever that was. Not by yourself.'*

...

PING

"No I wasn't flirting with that guy that can turn into a Komodo!" Ms. Hoshiko yelled as she quickly hung up the phone after hearing the elevator doors opening up. But instead of finding Ryukyu, she found the sulken down trodden sidekick of a young man with dragon mask behind his head. "Midoriya? Back so soon?"

"Hey, Ms. Hoshiko." He quietly replied while lumbering past the secretary's desk and into Ryukyu's personal office.

"Is everything okay you seem kinda down. Did something happen out there?"

"No. No, nothing happened out there. Just, thinking. Is all."

"Mm looks like a little bit more than thinking. Do you want pizza or something to drink? I can get you something from the vending-"

"No, that's okay. Thank you though."

CLICK

The door to Ryukyu's personal office was shut behind him with a near silent click, leaving Midoriya on one side by himself in the

dimmed room and Ms. Hoshiko on the other where the light poured through a window generously. She scratched her head wondering just what in the world is going on for him to return so quickly. No less by himself and not with the others.

"This is so bizarre. I should call-"

PING

"Or, not."

Midoriya sighed as he waddled over to one of the chairs in front of Ryukyu's desk. His lone presence inside of this room wouldn't be long as the knob behind him turned, the door hinging inward. He winced knowing just who it was exactly that decided to join him but continued on his path for the seat. Preparing himself for what might be an earful he tried to come up with the possible emotion running through her mind right now.

Was it angry? Shocked? Disappointed? Or maybe even, sad? He could only give a ballpark guess as to how Ryukyu might see him now. Though the feelings of the past were blocking the way for any rational thought to move through the river. So in truth, there was only feeling he might think is on her mind. The feeling of utter disappointment in knowing she probably chose a non-worthy sidekick.

Slumping down into one of the chairs it didn't take long for the hero to catch up, swiveling to his front and crouching down. Ryukyu's head was below his as he avoided any and all eye contact with her. From the peripheral of his vision, her mouth neutral but a worried look was bore onto her face. "Midoriya?"

No answer. He knew this talk was going to be very, awkward. And difficult considering he doesn't have these sorts of conversations with his own mother. He didn't know exactly what *type* of conversation it was exactly but he just knew it wasn't going to be the most fun on the planet. Far from it. Continuing to remain quiet for now, the soft feeling of something entering his left palm was taken into notice. The feeling enveloped his hand with a warmth before he stifled the choking embarrassment upon realization. The soft warmth on the

sides of his hand, the tenderness of the now apparent grip on him. The fingers against the back of his hand. She isn't just comforting him.

She was holding his hand.

"Midoriya. Please look at me."

Knowing he wouldn't be able to escape from 'the talk', he reluctantly rotated his head to meet hers, eyes locking with one another's. Her once concerned palette switched into a more caring one with mouth barely curling upwards. Her slit pupils were softly dim in the unlit room with the only light just barely pouring in through the shuttered window. The thumb of her hand gently rubbing against the center of his palm.

"Please. Don't shy away from me. It is always worse to hold something in, than to spill it out. If there is something bothering you, or you think you want to get something off your chest, tell me. I am here to teach, and to listen. For you."

"Sensei it's just, *ughhh*. I know you probably have other thoughts about what I said earlier." Midoriya started. "But, I still think that you could've chosen somebody better than me."

"Explain."

"Bakugo. Katsuki Bakugo, a guy in the same class as me-"

"No."

He piqued an eyebrow. "No?"

"I've read up on Bakugo's profile, and all answers to my questions point to no. His attitude is similar to that of his Quirk, short tempered with a high explosive yield who only does more harm to himself because of his mouth than any good. The results of his Quirk Apprehension Test are marvelous as to be expected, his grades substantially acceptable as well. Physically fit for a young man his age and when it comes to combat is a force to be reckoned with."

"Exactly! So-"

"So no. Did you forget I just mentioned his attitude? The ego of a young fool coupled with the brawn of an exceptional Quirk will only define his own down fall in a not long-lived career. Even Best Jeanist himself who I asked a couple of questions to said that Bakugo still has a long way to go before anybody should consider him as an official sidekick. If he can learn how to hold back that hair trigger temper of his then perhaps he'll get somewhere. Perhaps.

Would you like to try again?"

"*Um...uh...*" Midoriya ran through the list of options that popped into his head. So many were a much better pick than he could even account for that it made his tongue all twisted. "Um...Yaoyorozu! Momo Yaoyorozu."

"The girl that you mentioned to me during our first training session. Yes. Care to explain?"

"She's smart, way smarter than me and majority of our classmates. Her Quirk is practically one of the most universally capable abilities that with the right speed of mind can do anything."

"With the right speed of mind." Ryukyu repeated. "I'm sure you have more reasons as to why you're suggesting Yaoyorozu but those exact words are why I'm going to stop you. The day after your training, I called her personally."

"Oh. Really?"

"Indeed. And she declined my offer respectfully by saying 'I don't think I'm quite ready to enter the field of Work Studies just yet. While my Quirk is one of the most versatile in my grade I just don't feel confident in myself that I'd be able to think on the fly like some of my other peers can do. And I think it's because I grew up in a pampered state that I'm not yet accustomed to having the mindset where one simple mistake I do can lead to the loss of a life or many others. It takes time for me to create something and honestly, I don't think I have the right speed of mind to be something worthy such as your sidekick Ryukyu.

So I apologize respectfully but I'm afraid I will have to pass on the

offer, considering you have somebody much more capable such as Midoriya within your agency'."

"She didn't say tha-AAHHHHHHt!"

"Are you stating that I am a liar?" She asked coldly with an iron squeeze on his hand.

"N-No! Owowowowow you're not a liar Ryukyu-sensei!"

"Good." Ryukyu released her death grip and returned to the more soothing touch of a caress. "I was worried you were inferring that. And, it's Tatsuma-sensei. Remember?"

A light flutter emanated in his heart with the sound of her name, causing a slight bit of fear to course through his veins. He's already this previous feeling that something was beginning to bubble inside of him but now...now he might just be so adamantly bold to admit it within himself.

Adding more sticks into the campfire was her beautiful self right in front of him. He knows, he knows. Every time his eyes washed over her sculpture the same thought was always in his mind when doing so. *'She's. So. Beautiful.'*

"I don't know why you have a tendency to let emotions such as those flood your mind, but I ask that you please, stop." Ryukyu pleaded. "No matter what the media might say, or what you might think, or what sort of dream will tell you in your sleep. But don't ever think that you are not worthy of being alongside me. Because the fact that you told the press that you are not, means the exact contrary. I am thrilled to have you as my student sidekick and I couldn't feel any different even if the world was paid to me.

You have a brilliant mind that just needs a little push. That's all it needs. A teeny little push into the great beyond that is success. From there, there is no limit to what sort of wonders you can achieve. Your potential is just so, vast. It's amazingly vast to what you will be capable of in the future! Just think that with the proper amount of training, your 'Dragon Step' can be used continuously and much more efficiently over larger distances. Or the theory I've been thinking

where you might be able to 'Air Bounce'."

"Air...bounce?"

"I-It's not really the best name for it since my creativity isn't really the greatest. But it's just an idea where you use the shockwaves of your Quirk to 'bounce' in the air mimicking the idea that you'd bounce in a ground scenario. So, picture this room right? If you utilized your Quirk in this room you'd be bouncing all over the floor, walls and even the ceiling correct? Well, what if you did that, but in the air?"

"But instead of using the non-existent walls or ceilings," Midoriya continued. "I'd be using my Quirk instead! And with the right training, maybe it'd be much easier and prevent a greater strain on my body!"

"And while doing so you'd be able to combat against aerial opponents-"

"Making me more versatile in the air-"

"Not limiting your capabilities to just the ground level-"

"And I'd be up there with you Tatsuma!"

"Which means that-...eh, Tatsuma? You mean, Tatsuma-sensei?"

"U-UH I MEANT TO SAY TATSUMA-SENSEI NOT JUST TATSUMA I-I DIDN'T INTEND ON LEAVING OUT THE SENSEI-"

"Midoriya."

"OF COURSE NOT THAT I'M SAYING THAT TATSUMA IS B-BETTER THAN TATSUMA-SENSEI YOU'RE MY TEACHER SO IT WOULD BE DISRESPECTFUL TO LEAVE OUT THE HONORIFIC-"

"Midoriya you're turning purple-"

"SO IF THERE ARE PUNISHMENTS THAT YOU WISH TO SUBJECT ME TO I'M READY-"

"MIDORIYA TAKE A BREATH!"

"*HUHHHHHHHH....hahhhhhh."* The smooth flow of oxygen entering his nostrils and exiting his mouth refilled his burning lungs for the surprisingly rapid tangent of his. A bead of sweat even managed to trickle down his forehead and down his left cheek. "Sorry."

"That was quite the word spree you managed to spit out." Ryukyu noted. "Have you ever thought about becoming an auctioneer?"

Midoriya chuckled at the thoughtful joke. "Sometimes."

"Well you'd be quite adept at it." She answered playfully. And before they knew it a warmth surrounded them on all possible angles.

It was cozy, comfortable, and safe. Just the two of them within her personal office. She continued to stare into his emerald circles as he nervously fidgeted in his seat underneath her gaze. Until he decided to bring up a still obvious subject. "Tatsuma...Sensei?"

"Yes?"

"Um." He pointed to the hand where her own was still clasped onto his. "You're still..."

"Oh. I'm sorry is it bothering you?"

"Um...no. No not, not really. It makes me feel, *um*, comfortable?"

She stared at him for a few seconds before softly chuckling with tooth barely peeking out from her lip. "Good. I wouldn't want to make you feel any other way. And can you promise me something Midoriya?"

"Yes?"

Using her free hand she reached up to his cheek and placed the palm up against his squishy face. If his senses had gone completely out he window he would've placed all of his head weight onto the hand and fallen asleep right there and then. Her fingers gently and softly caressing around his freckles.

"Please don't ever downplay yourself when you're alongside me, or

anybody else for that matter. You're a wonderful young man and nobody will take that away from you. Promise me that if there is any moment where thoughts such as those appear again, you'll tell me. I will always be there to listen for you."

He sighed.

"OW!"

"Something tells me you won't just based on that little exhalation." She said with a bit of his skin pinched in her fingers. "Would you like to try again?"

"I...promise."

Ryukyu was still a bit unsure of that response but at least it was something. She let go of his face and again caressed the area around his freckles. *'He's unbelievably warm and soft.'*

'She's so gentle with her motions. I don't think I've ever felt anything so sof-what the?' Midoriya's train of thought was halted when a stray graze of his eyes darted to the door and found something odd.

It was barely open with the smallest opening possible, but enough for a head to squeeze through. More specifically Ms. Hoshiko's head to squeeze through. The secretary was repeatedly blinking in rapid intervals, her eyes shifting from white to a deep pink, back to white and then pink again. When she was spotted she dipped back into the main office and disappeared from the sight.

"Um, Sensei?"

"Yes?"

"I'm curious, what is Ms. Hoshiko's Quirk?"

"Oh her Quirk is a rather interesting one." Ryukyu said with a finger pointed upwards in a teaching method. "It's called Emotional Observation. Basically she targets two separate people, and by using her Quirk she can identify how they feel about one another through the usage of a vibrant color palette."

"So, what are the colors?"

"Red means they are hostile or angry with each other. Yellow means they are ecstatic with each other and want nothing more than to enjoy their company. Green means they are envious or jealous about the other. Blue means they're sad or hold pity for the other person. Orange means they are happy and content with the other.

And pink means they are falling in love."

Chapter 14: Mine Now

'I wonder if he's okay.'

"Tatsuma."

'He hasn't been to the agency for several days now, and every attempt I've made to contact him has been the same response that he's sick.'

"Oh *Taaatsumaaaaaa."*

'But Hado tells me that he seems to be okay, emotionally at least. Even having a conversation with him once after coming up to him to ask about his Quirk...regardless, I hope he's okay. I miss-'

"RYUKO TATSUMA."

"Oh!" Snapping out of her thought, Ryukyu slammed a finger onto the table. "I'll have your special soba please!"

"We already ordered." Ms. Hoshiko answered, fiddling with her straw inside the glass of a margarita. The two women were sitting in a booth at a restaurant, the location inside of a shopping mall not too far from Ryukyu's agency. Classic rock music softly boomed over built in speakers as a fan swiveled over their heads. "Like, ten minutes ago."

"Oh...my apologies I was, spaced out."

"Clearly." The secretary took a sip out of her straw before smacking her lips lightly. "Something on your mind?"

"Just thinking about the case is all. Tomorrow is the day where all of the participating agencies will group up to discuss what we have so far. It's going to be a big step for our sidekicks."

"*MM!* Do you think they'll be okay? I mean, this is a BIG case."

"I have complete faith in Hado, she's been on other operations before remember?"

"Okay. Aaaaaaand.."

"Midoriya...*Midoriya...huhhh."*

"Uh-oh." Ms. Hoshiko chuckled. "That doesn't sound too good."

"Listen I truly believe it when I say I trust, him." Ryukyu started. "Okay? I trust Midoriya, that he will be able to perform at his fullest when the time comes. He has the right experience to know what it's like when his life is in danger. But, I would be lying if I said I'm not worried about him."

"Worried how?"

"His mind is just so... discombobulated. He can be brave at times yes and even manages to put it all on the line to save a child from the shadow of death yet at the same time, I think the greatest harm inflicted is the one that comes from himself. He can be so critical about his own standing that he doesn't see what's right in front of him. His own eyes are blind to the masterpiece that he can truly become."

"You think that's why he hasn't come to the agency for a while? From what you told me, what he said to the media sounded intensely personal and deep."

"Perhaps, I guess it would be correct to assume he probably needed a small break from the facade of being a hero. Still." Slumping down into her seat, Ryukyu formed a small nest with her arms and dug her head into the nest. Mouth muffled from her forearms. *"I just wish he would talk to me about any issues that he may have. Anything. I mean, I'm here for him. Even if it's just something small I wouldn't mind having a conversation with him about it."*

Silently grinning like an idiot, Ms. Hoshiko had to turn away slightly and drink from her margarita to conceal the wide smile. But it was so massive even Ryukyu was able to notice, squinting a bit with suspicion. *"I have a feeling you are thinking about something sneaky.*

That grin says it all."

"Oh it's nothing Tatsuma relax...but juuuust a teeny tiny question for you?"

"What?"

"You've never painted your nails before. Ever. Not once during my time at your agency have I seen you paint your nails. So tell me, as your first time painting them...why the color green?"

"U-UH." Shooting up into a straight arrow Ryukyu placed her hands underneath the table and onto her lap. "It was the first color I could think of heh."

"MMMM. The FIRST color huh?"

"That doesn't mean anything. It's just green there's nothing out of the ordinary with it."

"Sure sure whatever you say. It also doesn't have to do with the fact that you're wearing a green sweater-"

An emerald green zip up hoodie exposed a soft white T-Shirt on Ryukyu's upper body, the logo of a chibi dragon dead center in her chest.

"-you have the medallion of a dragon around your neck with it's eye also the color green-"

A silver chain looped comfortably around her neck, a dragon with wings outstretched and teeth being shown. Half of the face was covered but the left eye of the beast was also a light green marble of a shiny object.

"-the little stripe on your phone case was switched from gold to green-"

A solid red phone case protected Ryukyu's device with a singular diagonal stripe going from the upper right corner down to the lower left. That too. Was green.

"-and the black shoelaces that you thought worked perfectly well with your white shoes and white leggings have been changed to green."

"OKAY OKAY." Ryukyu interrupted. "S-So?! I-I like the color green who cares? It doesn't matter."

"And when have you picked up the habit of stuttering so much?"

"MM...*tchgrrrrr!* You're far too observational for a secretary. Nosy."

"Not nosy, just being honest is all." Another sip from her margarita. "Soooo. Ready to be honest?"

"Honest about what?"

"Honest about why you're *really* worried about Midoriya? Is it because you truly think what you just told me? Or is it possible you might see him as something a little bit more than just a student? HMMMM?"

Ryukyu tapped her index fingers together awkwardly, biting her bottom lip in doubt and hesitation. Her heart was going at a bajillion miles per hour with her mind going at the same speed if not even faster. She'd been caught. Brushing aside her hair and doing multiple takes around the restaurant Ryukyu leaned into the table with a hand covering one side of her mouth. *"Please don't tell anyone about this. I beg of you."*

"Pinky promise." Ms. Hoshiko answered while holding up her left pinky. The Dragoon Hero sighed and crossed their pinkies together, as childish as that may seem.

"I...um...I've uh...been having some, thoughts, as of lately."

"Mm-hmm. Keep going."

"A-And, those thoughts always pertain to...to Midoriya."

"Yeahhhh."

"It's been only a short amount of time and I think this may be too soon

but..I-I think I'm willing to admit that maybe...maybe..."

"Yeah, YEAH? GIMME GIMME GIMME."

"...I have feelings towards him."

"HEEEEEE-YOWWWWWW SADDLE UP BOYS SADDLE UP!"

"SHHHHHH! QUIET!"

"Oh sorry, sorry." Quieting down from her excited outburst Ms. Hoshuko brushed a few strands of hair behind her hair and leaned back in. *"So when did it start?"*

"In truth I don't know." Ryukyu said. *"I honestly have no clue as to where exactly these feelings came from but, they just showed up. The first clear and concise piece of evidence was that day when the media came up to us. Uwabami. All she did was try to place her hand onto his shoulder but then I just, moved. I just moved! I slapped her hand before I even realized that I did."*

"Oooooh~." The secretary perked her eyebrow twice. *"Our dragon is a teeny bit jealous."*

"Silence. I'm not jealous. Ugh anyways, when she put her hand on him I just felt so ugly inside. It was this really, disgusting feeling of a burning sensation in my chest and it lasted for as long as she kept it."

"Uh, yeah. That's called jealousy."

"Oh...so moving on. The day after when he didn't appear at the agency I felt a bit missing, like something wasn't there in correlation to him not being there either. I didn't pay any attention to it at first so I just took Hado. But then as he continued to miss out in attendance and by the start of this new week, that feeling grew stronger and I hate it now. I hate not seeing him there at the agency and I just want him back so badly.

His cute face that can be devilishly handsome at the same time, his unique little pattern of freckles on those soft mounds of his own cheeks. And his hugs hoh my goodness." Ryukyu subconsciously hugged her own body, remembering the feeling of warmth and safety she was given when he hugged her from behind. *"He gave the best hug I think I've ever felt in*

my entire life. So tender and caring, like he really wants you to know that everything's okay. He does his best to learn and try to improve and honestly that's what I think can make him so admirable. Not that his hugs are the best part of course...well, maybe."

"Looks like I was right again."

"And I think the cutest part about him...wait. Again?"

"Hm? Oh yeah I already knew you had feelings for him. I did a little sneak peek that day when you two were talking. It was so obvious I probably didn't even need to use it."

"..."

"You know I'm honestly kind of surprised you were so forward to admitting it. I thought you'd be-"

SMACK

"Ow!"

"You-"

SMACK

"Nosy-"

SMACK

*"Little-**

SMACK

"WEASEL HOSHIKO!"

"Ouch! Look I'm sorry okay?" The secretary pleaded while rubbing her forehead where Ryukyu had smacked with a palm. "I just wanted to see if maybe this would be the one for you and it is! You finally have somebody to love!"

"Hoshiko I am not going to date my student let alone a student of U.A. That sort of decision could ruin their own reputation or even

worse land them in serious consequences. Besides, he doesn't like me in that manner."

"Oh my-did you not just hear what I said? I said I did a sneak peek that day, which meant I checked BOTH of you. You BOTH have feelings for each other."

*"*GAAAASP*. Oh my goodness, I-I forgot about that. Wait but, me?! Why me I'm not anything special."

"Well clearly there's something about you that Midoriya likes about very endearingly. Plus what do you mean *you?* You're pretty Tatsuma."

"Ugh stop. Please don't attempt to flatter me. I don't think I'm attractive or anything like that. In all honesty I think I'm just plain."

"Eh, whatever you say. Just know that your little sidekick thinks you're a lot more than just plain."

"That's...true. He called me beautiful one time."

"MM-PBBBBT!" Sputtering her drink out of her mouth Ms. Hoshiko reached for a nearby drink to cover her lips. Once she downed the alcoholic liquid down her throat she wiped away at her cheeks and mouth of any remaining splotches. "*AHEM*. *Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-dooo. Mimimimimiiii.* She sells seashells by the seashore. Peter Piper had a peck of pickled peppers *Peter Piper had a peck of pickled peppers.* Right. So,

WWWWWWHAAAAAAAATTTTTTT?!"

"Yes, I was, a bit surprised as well when he did so. He seemed so nervous and so uneasy just by telling me but I could hear that he really wanted to say it. Still, if he does in fact have feelings for me and you're not lying about what you saw I partially would like to know what he sees in me specifically."

"Go ask him then."

"Don't be ridiculous Hoshiko. I'm not going to travel to U.A just so I can ask my student what he sees as attractive in me."

"Suit yourself, but I bet he's talking to all the pretty girls of his class right now in his dorm building. ***GASP*.** Wait a minute, I...I sense a disturbance. Yes a disturbance has been made in the life flow of our universe. I think...I think a girl just went inside his room-"

SLAM

"CALL THE NUMBER OF THE NEAREST TAXI."

"You're a dragon. Just fly."

"Oh. Right."

/

"Hey Deku!"

"Oh." Midoriya looked up from the desk of his room towards the door where his brunette friend stood at the base of the frame entry. A large caramel sweater draping down to her waist with light pink shorts and slippers. "Hey, Uraraka. What brings you around?"

"Oh nothing. It's just your door was open and the TV could be heard from all the way down the hall so I thought you left it on. I came by to see if you accidentally left it running but turns out you're here."

"Oh is it too loud? Sorry about that. Guess I wasn't paying attention to the volume." Reaching for a nearby TV remote Midoriya pointed the device behind his shoulder and turned down the noise. Once it was at a much quieter level he placed the remote back down onto the desk. "There. Hopefully it doesn't disturb anybody else."

"What are you watching anyways?"

"Oh, uh-"

"And now, ladies and gentlemen of Japan's favorite hero show! Tonight, we have a very special guest coming in today! She's a young hero with tough skin and an even tougher sense of criminal judgement. This young lady is always willing to go out there and let the bad guys know who is in charge of these streets AND the one responsible for keeping them safe. Presenting, the Dragoon Hero herself,

RYYYYYYYYYUUUKYUUUUU!"

"Wow that's an old interview." Uraraka commented. "Wasn't that around two or three years ago? I remember watching that one."

"Yeah, it was two and half years ago." Midoriya responded. "Three weeks after the incident where she had to fight off three villains by herself until other heroes arrived."

"Oh yeahhhhh! I remember that too! Man, Ryukyu's a lot cooler than I originally thought."

"Ryukyu's amazing, and I'm glad that I was able to choose her for my Work Study. She's really nice and when it comes to teaching she knows what she's doing. I can't wait to see how far I can go underneath her guidance." He picked up a flat pink eraser and erased a tiny error on the notebook he currently was working on. Putting the eraser aside he brushed away the shavings and returned to his pencil.

"Hey I'm also curious, you haven't been to her agency for like, a while now? Is everything okay? You look like you haven't slept in like a *really* long time. Kinda got the Aizawa bags going on."

"OH uh, yeah. Yeah everything's fine I just don't, feel so good. Yeah. A little bit under the weather." Of course, it's not like he's going to just blurt out the fact that after a new revelation had been made to him, his heart suddenly becomes infused with the strongest nuclear energy known to mankind and kept him up until four in the morning for the past nights. Just talking about Ryukyu made his heart beat so fast that it hurt. It legitimately, hurts. But in a good sort of weird way of emotional expression.

"Everything's okay with me at the agency." Midoriya assured. "Ryukyu's still my teacher, and she checks up on me every day through phone calls to make sure that I'm okay. I like her for that."

A bizarre, and very surprisingly painful twinge echoed inside the walls of Uraraka's chest. Strangely enough it came from his praise about the Dragoon Hero but, she didn't know why this feeling had come about. They were just student and teacher, not like anything serious could *ever* happen between the two. Glancing down at his

trash can she spotted a crumpled up flyer that wasn't completely balled up and partially sticking out from the can. She picked up the paper and straightened it back out. "You're not going?"

"Hmm?" He hummed.

"The dance. You're not going to the dance?"

Midoriya sighed as he looked to the paper she held in her hands. "No, I don't think so. For one, dancing isn't really my type of thing, I'd probably just make it awkward for the person I'm with. Two I don't really have any ideas as to who I would even take to the dance. Well, actually. There is *one* person but...mm. I don't think she would go with me."

"Oh. So...you do have somebody in mind. If, you do go?"

"If, yeah. And that's a pretty big *if* honestly. The more I think about the more I'm hesitant on thinking about it any further. I guess the only aspect about the dance that keeps me coming back to it is the person I've been thinking of taking-"

"I'll see you later."

"Oh." Midoriya watched as Uraraka disappeared from the frame of his door and down the hall where the elevators were located. "Uh, okay. I'll see you, around...*wonder what that was about."*

Placing his pencil down onto his notebook he observed over his drawing with a tired exhale, his hand slightly cramping up from working on it for nearly the entirety of the day even during class hours. It wasn't exactly the most detailed drawing nor the most appealing but, it did seem to somewhat quell the rapid rabbit of a heart he's got going on.

GRRR

"I should probably go get something to eat real quick. I am pretty hungry."

Walking down the hall and turning the corner, Uraraka planted herself up against the wall and placed a hand up to her mouth.

'WHAT DID I DO?! I don't know what came over when I shouldn't even have worried about anything at all! Deku said if, not when. He said if he's even going to consider going to the dance but WHO is that person? Who does he have in mind that keeps him on the fence?'

PING

Lifting her head up she spotted Midoriya entering the elevator, tapping a button then disappearing behind the set of closing doors. *'I wonder, who could it be that has Deku unsure of whether or not he's going? Is it, Yaoyorozu? She's really pretty so I guess that makes sense. But at the same time I never see the two of them talking to each other so, unless Deku has a secret crush then I don't see it happening. Ashido? Nooooo, no way. Ashido always says he's really c-cute but other than that I don't think she would go with him. Not that it's a bad thing but, I think she's already going with Kirishima?*

Who is it?'

PING

'I wonder if the dance is the reason why he hasn't been to the agency of R...RYUKYU?!"

"Oh, greetings." The Dragoon Hero smiled with a small wave of her left hand. "I was wondering, am I on the right floor of my student, Izuku Midoriya?"

"Uh, yeah. His room is, four doors down. That way."

"Thank you. I'm just going to check up on him to see if he's doing alright." Waving again, Ryukyu took her departure and made for his room. Uraraka watched as the hero traveled down the hall to her friend's open room, curious beyond all reasoning as to why they were wearing...green.

KNOCK KNOCK

"Midoriya." Ryukyu said after knocking on the frame of his door. "It's me Ryukyu. Your teacher gave me permission to check on you, may I come in?"

"..."

"Midoriya." Gently pushing on his door it swiveled in on it's hinges to reveal an empty room with the television left on. The lights were off with the only source coming from the TV, immediately recognizing the program as an interview she did years ago.

Ignoring the possibility that he was binge watching old programs that featured her performances, her eyes darted down the sighting of a gold color. It was a notebook in the middle of his desk but out of her reach and at an angle to where she couldn't see it clearly. She didn't want to disturb his sanctuary, so she bit her tongue to hold back the urge for the color gold. But, it was right there. It was *just* several footsteps inside of his room, and there was nobody around that might be able to see her.

'Maybe just a peek. Please forgive me Midoriya.'

Sneaking inside she quickly scurried over to his desk and picked up the notebook, her emotion and desire for the golden color immediately washing into shock. The best kind of shock.

It was a drawing of a heart, golden in color with a reflection of the light over the top. It was round and perfectly shaded to match the contour of a light source. Wings. The same black wings, no, the same HEADBAND accessory that she wore for her outfit was given to the golden heart with black wings outstretched beautifully. It had the same scaly pattern going around the band as well. Behind the heart drawing was a small fuzzy circle of a golden hue encompassing the entire focal point with a cozy feeling.

THUMP THUMP

"Oh goodness." She said while placing a hand over her beating heart, thumping against the cage of her chest with an affectionate rhythm. "He, does-"

"SENSEI?!"

"SORRY!" Placing his note book down quickly she bolted for his door to leave his private property. "I WAS JUST CURIOUS PLEASE

FORGIVE ME-"

BONK

"OOF/OUCH!" Two foreheads colliding into each other were equivalent to dense bowling pins knocking into the other. A heavy thud of two bodies falling onto the floor could be heard on the floor below with a heavy weight.

"Ow, owowowow. That's gonna sting later. Sensei are you-MMM!"

"*Ooooh*, that will leave a mark for certain heh." Ryukyu softly chucked while rubbing her upper left forehead. "Midoriya. Are you alrigh-..."

She stopped. Froze. Completely stiff when she spotted her student underneath her body, face up and nose dug into her,

Breasts.

His hair was still visible but the only portion of his face that can be seen were his eyes going up, completely turned into the color of a cherry red. Emerald pupils shivered with embarrassment and tried their hardest to not steal glances every .5 seconds at the mounds on each side of his face. Soft, lush, natural weighted, warm, wonderfully scented, mounds. Drowning him in their growing heat.

They remained motionless against each other, just staring into the other's eyes. Hearts were thumping loudly as she could feel his beating against his chest where her right side currently lay over. His right hand was placed onto her left hip in an attempt to catch her when they fell over, now sinking into the skin underneath her shirt.

'She's not moving...'

'He's not moving...BECAUSE OF ME!'

"I-I'm so sorry! Here I'll move-"

"NO DON'T-"

Too late. As Ryukyu pushed off with her hands to sit herself up she

ended up onto his lap and froze once more. Not because she wanted to keep her body weight in the position that could be seen as rather lecherous and risky given their status with each other. If any other student were to walk by right now then this whole situation would be blown into the frying pan of a media hot take. No, it wasn't because of that. It was because she was sitting on something, else.

Something that...*poked,* her.

Pushing his mentor off of him Midoriya scurried backwards across the ground, his back flat against his drawer. His chest huffed and puffed rapidly in fluid motions with his entire body shivering out of absolute disgust at him. "I'm...I'm sorry. I shouldn't have...I should go."

Scrambling onto his feet he sprinted for the door.

"No-hey stop. Wait!" Reaching forward and grabbing onto his left hand Ryukyu held him in place. "Midoriya stop."

"Sensei please let go. T-That was rude of me and I don't like this."

"Midoriya stop, right, now. Just breathe."

He pulled harder to free himself from her grip but her hold on his hand was strong and iron bonded. "S-Sensei!"

"STOP. JUST, STOP PLEASE. We can talk-"

"There's nothing to talk about! I-I did something dirty and it was wrong of me I-I don't deserve-"

"IZUKU. STOP!"

And he did. He completely stopped the frightened state of his body, and remained in his spot with Ryukyu still holding on. A small tint of a pink line was shaded underneath her eyes as she held fast with her intent. "I...I apologize for using your first name, but I needed you, to focus. Please. Take a deep breath, and let's talk."

Her words were soft and quiet in their pronunciations, smooth enough to make his heart begin the process in calming down.

Following her order he sat down onto the floor slowly, legs crossing in front of him with head slightly dipped into his shoulders. He was nervous and wanted so badly to just remove himself from the area after that embarrassing moment. He cursed himself for his own hormones for ever letting *that* happen. Let alone to his own teacher.

"Breathe, Midoriya. Just, breathe. That's all you have to do. And when you're comfortable, let me know so we can talk. Please. Let's just talk."

He took several deep breaths in, and out. In...and out. A weight of uneasiness clouded his mind and pushed down onto his shoulders heavily. A sick feeling beginning to grow into his stomach like he wanted to churn and throw up what he had for lunch earlier. But at the same time Ryukyu's presence seemed to give off a peaceful aura of safety and comfort. Her draconian slits of a pupil staring into his own, piercing the softest part of his soul without flaw.

The image of a golden heart with black wings flashing in his mind.

THUMP THUMP

"I..I think I'm ready. Tatsuma, Sensei."

Exhaling for herself she gave a small smile and let go of his hand. "Thank you. This will help, I'm sure of it. Let me start by saying that what just happened..it's my fault."

"Wait but-"

"Silence. I won't allow you to interrupt me while I'm speaking, Midoriya. Those are rude manners and ones that I prefer you didn't grow accustomed to if you wish to continue studying under my wing. Am I understood?"

"Sorry."

"It's okay. Just allow me to have a chance of speaking out first. And I mean it when I say that it's my fault. If I hadn't been inside of your room without your permission, it wouldn't have led up to me bumping into and us falling together. In addition I didn't even remove myself from your body immediately hence allowing your,

um, *hormones.* To kick in and do, that."

He placed his hands over the groin of his shorts in embarrassment and shame. "I'm sorry."

"There is nothing to be sorry about when it comes to your body. It's just natural. If you continue to blame yourself for the reactions of your natural form then eventually you will begin to grow a hatred of yourself. And that isn't healthy. Whatever happens just, you know, happens. Whether that be a sudden growth spurt out of nowhere or we stop growing and remain the same height. Or just, an erection. It's not your fault. Understand?"

He nodded, though a portion of his answer was a lie since he still felt guilty about his lower area acting on it's own. Stupid Hormones For All.

"I want to get to the main reason as to why I came here, and I just wanted to know why you haven't been appearing at my office as of lately. But judging by these horrible, horrible bags underneath your eyes it looks like you haven't been getting any sleep." Lifting up her left hand to caress the right side of his face she gently thumbed the area underneath his eye, the darkness of his skin highlighting how exhausted he is. "What's wrong? Why haven't you been taking care of yourself?"

'Her hand is soft. I could fall asleep right now...' He thought, slightly planting his head into the surface of her palm. His cheek squished against her hand slightly, making his face all the more puffy. Eyelids were beginning to droop down onto his pupils and the fatigue of not getting enough sleep finally catching up to him. Goodnight-

"Midoriya."

"*Mm*...mmm? Oh...sorry, guess I dozed off there." He answered. "I haven't been sleeping much as of late."

"Yes I know. I just addressed that issue."

"Oh, heh. Oh yeah."

"Care to explain?"

"I've uh, I've just been thinking is all. After that day with the media I was just thinking about my past mistakes and what I could've changed. Not that I could change it now. I don't have that power."

"Unfortunately nobody does." Ryukyu said. "But our past mistakes is what makes us better. We can learn, improve and react much quicker thanks to our past experiences."

"Yeah. I know."

"Is that why you haven't been to my office?"

"UH, well that too. But it's mostly because of another reason...emotionally, that is."

She slightly widened her eyes, heart shooting through the roof. "E..Emotionally?"

"Yeah. I've been thinking about my feelings as of lately and how they've, changed."

"Changed, how?"

"...it's not a big deal. More than likely I'll just ignore them and move past it-"

"DO YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT THEM? *U-Uh...*"

He slightly shot awake at her sudden suggestion to speak about his feelings. If he did, he had a gut sensation that something probably wouldn't go his way. More than likely ending up in rejection and heartache. It doesn't matter what Ms. Hoshiko's Quirk would summarize about their feelings. He just doesn't believe in the fact that somebody like RYUKYU THE FREAKING DRAGOON HERO could EVER end up in the same relationship with him. EVER. He's almost certain that not even a FAN-FICTION could change that fact.

"Sorry for blurting it out." She apologized.

"That's okay." He answered. "But, if it's alright I think I'd like to keep it personal. Just for now?"

A sad look of a painful pang washed over her, slightly upset that he was holding back information from her when all she wanted was for him to trust in her support. "I see. Well, I wouldn't want to push you so, anytime you feel like venting please notify me first. I'm here for you."

A tired smile was formed with his lips, grateful that she took the time out of her day to pay him a visit. Any moment where it held the presence of Ryukyu is a moment burned into his memory forever. "Thanks, Tatsuma-sensei. I'll keep that in mind."

She softly chuckled and removed her hand from his face. The warmth of a cozy environment being immediately noticed from her palm as his cheek cried silently for more. "You're welcome Midoriya..."

"Sensei?"

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry but, I'm curious as to something you've been doing this entire time."

Uh-oh.

"W..What is it?"

"Why do you keep looking at my neck?"

Her breath was cut short and her hand was practically painted red into a metaphor. He was right. Every now and then Ryukyu would take bullet speed glances at his neck then look back to make eye contact. Then his neck, back to eyes, neck, eyes, then neck again. It was always in the same spot just above his collarbone on the right side. The glow of his skin tantalizing her inner urges to claim, property.

He didn't see it but on the inside of her mind was fighting an all-out civil war over the decision of one action. One action would either make things completely fall apart between the two of them OR, it would strangely connect them in a way she doesn't think would work. The desire of her draconian nature clawing and ravaging every rational thought into sunder, slowly losing the battle to make a mark.

Like all other natural animals dragons had a tendency to claim their property by marking them in different manners. Males were thought to secrete a substance of a strong scent letting others dragons know that this is their piece. Nobody else's. And while not much is known about how females go about doing so, she thinks it relates to the sudden urge to perform the action in her mind.

"Sorry, I didn't realize that my vision was that obvious." She said. "But, u-um. It's because I've been thinking of uh, *muh*...marking, you."

He slightly straightened up with nerves going buck wild. "Marking?"

"Yes heh. You know, how dragons like to make their property by marking it? I'M CALLING YOU PROPERTY BY ANY MEANS but, you are my sidekick and I'd just like to let others know that you belong to my office."

"O-Oh." He scratched his left cheek with a finger, curious as to how it might feel. "Well, I guess, I don't, mind."

"Really?" She asked with a perk of her head and the dragon within her going crazy.

"Yeah I mean, I guess it makes sense. Wanting to let other heroes know that Hado and I are your sidekicks. Hado agreed right?"

"U-UH, OF COURSE. Yes she was very elated to it, extremely happy to this moment."

"Huh. Okay then. Um..." Slowly tilting his head to the left and exposing his smooth neck he pulled down on the collar of his shirt just enough to give some space. "Is, is here a good spot?"

"Perfect."

"Oh uh, if you don't mind could you close the door? I have a feeling that if somebody spotted us it wouldn't be good."

"Oh. Oh of course, that would be quite dangerous." Ryukyu crawled over to his door and pushed with her hands, shutting it completely and muffling the noise from the inside going out. Unaware that for the entirety of the time, somebody had been listening in.

Crawling back over to him on all fours Ryukyu kept her gaze on the exposed part his neck. Struggling and trying her DAMNDEST to not just rush him and get it over with. The savage nature inside of her beckoning and slashing her human mind to get out. The only thing holding her back from doing so was how nervous he appeared to be, hand shuddering over the grip of his collar and eyes diverted to the ceiling. This sign of uneasiness and vulnerability allowing her to restrain her dragon strength and urges, replacing it with a need and desire to just look after and protect.

"I'll, I'll do my best to make it painless for you." Ryukyu said as she stopped right in front of him. "Please notify me if it hurts."

"I-I will." He answered quietly, wanting to get this over with.

"Please excuse me." Placing her hands onto his trapezius muscles she used his body as a balance to hold herself up, leaning into his neck and focusing hard. Her breath drifted against the curvature of his body as she swallowed and opened her mouth a bit to expose her razor sharp teeth. "Here it comes."

"Mm-hmm."

Planting her front teeth onto his skin she adjusted her position into a more comfortable standing, this time moving her hands down to his chest with palms flat against him. Barely, *juuuuust* barely, she clamped her jaws down slowly and felt the digging of his skin under her teeth.

"Ahh."

"Sorry!" She said while shooting away from him. "I'm sorry I didn't mean to harm you. We don't have to do this if you don't want to-"

"No. It's okay. Your teeth are a bit sharper than I thought they would be but, that's okay. It just took me by surprise. You can, ***AHEM***, you can keep going."

"O..Okay. Please excuse me once more." Leaning back into the same spot she could see the beginnings of her teeth imprinting into the skin, having the appearance similar to a shark. A bit of pride welled

up inside of her knowing her job was already beginning to be seen. Knowing that the mark of a dragon will claim him.

Biting down gently again, she put a bit more force into the area so that it would remain that way for a while and not just fade into the disappearing air overnight. His warmth combined with the heart thumping madness between the two of them created this wave of a very bizarre pleasure. The smallest trickles of a moan exiting from her throat but being able to catch it at the last second. That was, new. Which also caused her to bite down even harder.

"Sorry, but, it hurts Tatsuma-sensei."

"Mm!" Breaking away from his body she wiped away at her lips for any wetness. "I'm sorry."

"That's okay." He answered while rubbing over the spot where she bit him. Midoriya winced every now and then whenever his finger would roughly graze over the sensitive area until removing his hand. "How does it look?"

And there it was. The marking of a dragon, claiming him as her property. Each separation between the teeth was clearly evident with a reddening color starting to flood in the area. A feeling of heat and territorial control hijacking every emotion she had previously. "It's, there. It might be a bit sore for a while but, it's there. You're mine now, in a weird way."

He chuckled at the weird statement though admitted that it's true. He was hers, just through an unofficial manner. "I guess I am."

"I placed the marking in an area where I'm certain it won't show from the collar of your school blazer. That way you can keep it a secret if you wish to do so. I have a feeling that if anybody sees it they're going to mistake it for something else. Something much more intimate."

"Yeah. You're right about that."

Ryukyu uneasily squiggled on her knees, hugging herself even though she was completely unaware of it. The sensation of his arms wrapped

around in a sweet hug was now more evident than it ever could be. She could just ask-

"Tatsuma-sensei."

"Hmm?" She hummed. "Yes Midoriya?"

Red tinted circles encompassed the entirety of his cheeks with a cute embarrassment as he scooted himself towards the edge of the bed. She watched with a confused mind as Midoriya leaned up against the bottom of his bed frame, knees formed into a ramp with a space in the middle. A space large enough to fit somebody comfortable. "Can we, u-u-uh-"

He said nothing, instead gesturing with his arms out to her and keeping all eye contact to an absolute none.

Perfect timing. "Of course, if you'd like."

Turning away from him, Ryukyu fell back onto her rump from her knees and also began to scoot towards his bed frame. She looked back every once in a while to make sure her trajectory was correct as the Ryukyu boat came into docking of the Midoriya harbor. She settled herself cozily into his front side, back leaning into him as his head hovered over he right shoulder. "Is this comfortable?"

"Y-Yeah. Yeah it is. Um, what about-" He moved his arms towards her stomach, wrapping them around her plush and super soft sculpture that seemed her warmth into his own. His chin rested over the connecting area of her right shoulder and neck as he pulled her in closer. "This?"

"Perfect, thank you. Any, reason why you wanted to do this? I mean, I don't mind at all. I actually, quite like this. It's comfortable."

"It makes me feel safe."

'Safe?'

"Safe how Midoriya?"

"..."

"Hey." She rotated her body slightly, right shoulder leaning up against his chest and staring into his blank face. With her left hand she rotated his head by the chin so that he was face to face. "Answer me please. You're my student, and as your teacher it is my obligation to make sure you are mentally okay."

"...doesn't this bother you?"

"What bothers me?"

"This." He shrugged his shoulders upwards to give a general point. "What we're doing right now. You said it yourself we're teacher and student, stuff like this is, risky. Not to mention the fact that you're a hero with a very high standing in all of Japan! I'm sitting here, in my room, with THE Ryukyu. And she's in my arms right now which is basically on the verge of c...cuddling. Doesn't this somewhat worry you that you might get in trouble?"

She bit her lower lip to think about her words. Yes it's true, what he said was all true. This 'cuddling' is practically their downfall in a nutshell. Even the slightest word of mouth being enough to cause a wildfire. Still, she would be lying if she said that this was something she didn't like. For the past several days now many times has she thought about being in his arms like this because, well, she too feels safe. It all went back her original statement of just wanting to go home to somebody and have a moment such as this current one. Something that for 26 about to be 27 years of her life, she's never felt. And her parents didn't count.

"Midoriya. I don't care about my standing in the leaderboard because-"

"Wait what?! But you're one of the top-OWWW! OWOWOWOWOW!"

"Rude," She said while pinching his right ear. "Manners."

"Sorrysorrysorry it won't happen again OUCH!"

"I hope you ensure that it doesn't. But, I mean it. I could care less what my ranking number is because the only thing I care about is being the hero that those people need me to be. Not some egotistical

maniac with an obsession to look at how high they are in the rankings as if their life depended on it. The people don't care about your status, they care about whether or not you have what it takes to have the bragging rights of calling yourself a hero. If you aren't able to protect them when they need it most because you're too busy pertaining to the media, are you even a hero? Of course not. And that's not who I want to be.

I want to be somebody that doesn't care about being #1 but rather care about the ones I swore to protect. The people in this country of mine. And you, you're a part of those people. You Hado, Hoshiko. The three of you. I want to make sure that you three are safe, even if that means being the hero to you younger ones. You students are underneath my wing for as long as you attend my office, and that means I will take care of you. If this, this cuddling, as you say, is what helps you mentally or emotionally then by all means. We can cuddle all you want.

The same goes for Hado, if she ever needs me to just be there for her or help pick up some food in case she's having a bad day then yes! Yes that is what I will do for you two. Please just don't ever forget the fact that above everything else, I will be the ear you so desperately need to talk to. Plus, I don't mind being like this every now and then. It, makes me feel safe too."

"Safe? From what? Who? What happened-"

Ryukyu chuckled with a palm pushing into his shoulder. "Slow down, hero. Need I remind you that this visit is dedicated to you, and not me?"

"Sorry. But, what do *you* mean by safe Sensei?"

"Well, every now and then I do feel a bit antsy about what the media tends to say about me. Again I don't really care too much about what those nosy vultures have to say about me, a few words won't stop me from being the hero I need to be. But, it doesn't fall on deaf ears either about what they have to say. I can admit that some of their comments can be a bit bothersome or even annoying. So at times I

just wish I can have a sort of getaway from the limelight of a hero and just be cozy. Like this."

He tightened his embrace on her slightly. "Oh. I can understand that, I guess. I mean I don't know what it's like to be the main focus of a media conversation but in a way I can see what you mean."

"Am I clear now, Midoriya? Is there anything else I need to do to prove that you can always rely on me to be the shoulder that you could lean on if the time requires it?"

"*...ZZZZ."*

'Out like a light! Amazing. When was the last time you slept.'

SNAP* *SNAP

"Midoriya."

"***SNORT*** It's 21! 9+10 is 21!"

Ryukyu giggled with a cute hand over her mouth. "Yes it clearly is isn't it?"

"Sorry, did I fall asleep? I'm really tired."

"Well, sleep."

"What? No, I can't." He answered. "Sensei I'm not going to use you as a pillow that's, rude."

"You just were several seconds ago. And I didn't mind."

"You...you don't?"

"No of course not. Midoriya we're in your own room. I'll just tuck you in when you're completely out and take my leave after that. Just promise me that you'll be at my office by tomorrow morning after getting your rest because we have a very important meeting to attend to with the other agencies. I will not tolerate you being absent any longer. Am I clear?"

"Okay, I understand."

"Good." She leaned her head onto his chest and snuggled herself closer. "Sweet dreams Midoriya. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Goodnight, Tatsuma....*ZZZZ."*

'No Sensei suffix. So tired he couldn't even finish his own sentence hmph Mm well, I guess it doesn't sound too bad without the suffix. It's just my name after all. I mean I did call him I...Izuku...oh goodness I called him Izuku. I did it to grab his attention but my own heart felt like it was going to explode after that! So much for trying to be the calm teacher.'

The soft vibration of his snoring sounded over her head, where his left cheek rested against the top of her scalp. She giggled silently at the cuteness of his stasis mode while taking a glance at the clock on his wall.

4:31 P.M

"Still pretty early...*Uwahhhh*...oh dear. I didn't even realize I was a bit tired myself. I did wake up a bit earlier than usual so it's to be expected...I guess a little nap won't hurt. I'll be gone before his curfew settles in."

Reaching up with her hand towards the area where she marked him, another giggle exited her mouth with a bit of pride and excited nature. She did that. She was the one who made her stake on him, nobody else. This mark was the 'brand' of Ryukyu. No other marking is on his body. And that's how she intends to keep it.

"You're mine now...Izuku. Sweet dreams."

Chapter 15: Late Night Dance

'THIS....THIS IS SO BAD!!' Midoriya panicked internally and trying his damndest to not burst physically from how risky this situation is. Though any normal person would wake up from the sheer force of his shivering, right now he's not exactly trying to deal with a normal person. Right now he's trying to figure out what to do next such as moving or even breathing for that matter. Why?

Well...it's not everyday, or night, that he wakes up with a living dragon in his arms.

Curled up in the cradle of his body, Ryukyu leaned up against his front side with head resting over the location where his heart is. Most likely using the organ as a soothing tempo to drift herself away into the Sandman's realm. Her left hand was placed over the area on his neck where she marked him with his teeth, clinging onto him as if she might float away into the eternal void. Her right arm sometime during his sleep had looped around his back and hugged him tightly. He wasn't completely bothered by the hold on him since she was so soft and warm, their bodies perfectly meshing like a lock with key.

It wasn't loud per say but he could hear the soft, rumbling coos of her snoring. And it was the exhale of her snoring that he felt the two masses of her chest gently pushing into his stomach. They were heavy he's already known this, but the warmth that soaked into his body made them feel all the heavier. His heart was going past the speed of sound itself but he tried his best to stabilize his breathing. No dice. It was broken and staggered with no sign of slowing down naturally.

'Relax, let's just...RELAXXXX.' Midoriya thought. *'Hoh man, this is really bad. I need to wake her up so she can get out right now. It's gonna be somewhat risky but still. Better than waiting until the morning when everybody's awake and for her to leave in the broad daylight.'*

Using his left hand he gently patted it against the side of Ryukyu's body for the first attempt. "Uh-heh, S-Sensei. Wake up please."

"Zzzzzzz..."

"That didn't work. Tatsuma-sensei." Midoriya have a light rock of his arms, causing her to squirm in his hold. He smiled at first thinking that managed to do the trick but was deflated when she settled into him even more with head rubbing against his heart. Her right arm brought their bodies closer to one another with bliss and sleepy comfort.

"Mm...Mmnoooo...wake me up when Midoriya gets here Hoshiko...Zzzzz..."

"Hoshiko?" Midoriya asked himself quietly. *"How often do you fall asleep at the office?"*

He hummed to try and think of other ways to wake her up. He really didn't want to just make any sudden moves as to startle her. Ryukyu didn't really give off that sort of vibe but he had a feeling that she could lash out at anything that scared her out of her sleep. If there was anything he could take away from Togata, those nails of hers...*eesh.* That could do some serious damage that he prefers not to take. Not to mention those sharper than he thought teeth of hers. They weren't exactly big or long by any standards, they were just sharp at the very tip of them.

Part of him wanted to wake her up so she can slink away under the cover of darkness. But the other part of him wants to stay like this, forever. Just to hold her as she held onto him. Staying like this? With nothing but the presence of each other? It was bliss. Eternal, bliss. And it made him think back to the day when he spotted the secretary peeping on the two of them and revealing a big secret at the same time. She liked him but, the insecurities of his mind didn't allow him to fully believe it even if there was legitimate proof via Quirk. And with the thought of his insecurities came the past striking back at him right now.

He looked up to meet eye contact with himself in the mirror, and how unattractive he found himself to be. Yes it's true that Ashido

would at times randomly tease him with comments calling him 'cute' or a 'good looking green puff,' but he didn't really see himself that way. If he didn't believe himself how is he going to believe others? Not really the easiest obstacle to overcome. Just looking over the physical features of his face he didn't see...anything. It was just, him. And he didn't like the look of just him in general.

"Does Sensei..like me for, what I look like?" Midoriya unknowingly whispered to himself as he tilted his head to the left in observation. *"I don't, really see anything special. Ashido keeps making those teases at me but in the end they're just jokes. She doesn't really mean them. I'm not...I'm not that good looking. Actually, now that I think about it-"*

"Zzzzzz...Zzzz.."

"-I don't really think I'm anything special at all. Yet, Ms. Hoshiko used her Quirk on us the other day and her eyes were pink. Sensei said that pink meant the two people were falling in love. But how can Tatsuma-sensei go for someone like, me? There's an entire world full of guys out there and yet it's me? I don't, I don't really see what she could ever fall for.

I'm not, 'sexy', as some girls usually say. I don't really think I can call myself charming either. Mom says I am but I guess that's just her being Mom. What does Sensei see in me that she likes? All the other girls in my previous schools have never said anything about my looks even if it was just as a joke. Then again, nobody said anything about me anyways. All because of the fact that I was Quirkless, and useless. Like the dirt on the side of the road that Kacchan told me I was."

*"Zzzz-**!**"*

"It's always you Deku." Midoriya began to monologue the tapes of his past to himself, the image of his reflection in the mirror warping into the image of his younger being. *"It's always you. The same Quirkless idiot that manages to stick around through the sheer power of being completely useless. You always talk about being a hero knowing damn well you can never be one, but luckily for you I know of a sure fire way to become the hero you've always wanted to be. Try taking a swan dive off the roof and hope for better luck in the next life.*

And you know what, maybe I should've.

Maybe I should've done what you told me to do, Kacchan. I wasn't of any use back then to anybody so it's not like anyone would've cared in our schools. You don't know this, but...I actually tried to one time. After school when you asked me if I preferred to be buried inside of a trash can or a shoe box since that's the best anybody's going to offer to me. And when you left, I walked over to the bridge crossing that we used to cross when we were younger in order to reach that shop with the All Might merchandise. I looked over the railing to see if the height was big enough should I jump. It was, and there was nobody else around too. I was so exhausted from the encounter with you that it led me to climbing onto that railing without even thinking so I could jump-"

"NO!"

"EH?! S-SENSEI?!" Surprised by the sudden intrusion of Ryukyu, he yelled but quickly obstructed his mouth due to the late night hours. He looked down to see that she too had covered her own mouth rapidly with eyes as wide as can be, both of them listening for the sound of any approaching footsteps. Nothing. No sign of an oncoming intruders from what they can tell, but that was due to his room being built with sound-proof insulation. So listening from within wasn't going to help much at all.

"Please excuse me." Midoriya whispered as he gently pushed Ryukyu away from him and hopping onto his feet. Running for the door he quietly opened it and peered out into the halls just by his head. The messy and ruffled set of green hair shaking as he frantically skimmed left and right for any sign of anybody. Luckily, there was nobody here. And unless Hagakure slept completely nude with the tendency to sleepwalk then the coast was clear. *'Looks like I'm safe for now.'*

"Izuku Midoriya."

'Or, not.'

"Come here."

Sighing and knowing full well he's probably about to receive another earful Midoriya pulled his noggin back inside with the door closing shut. He turned around to make for the bed but was ambushed with Ryukyu closing in on him and gripping onto the back of his head.

"Sensei."

"Tell me, and be completely honest with me lest you want to know the true punishment for lying." Ryukyu said coldly as she stared into his eyes. "Did you attempt to commit?"

"That was a long time ago Sensei when I didn't have much to live for."

"Answer. The question. Immediately."

"I...Yes. The answer is yes."

Her shoulders tensed up at the answer with her fingers readjusting behind his ears. She bit the bottom of her lip in perplexion before continuing. "Do you still have those thoughts? Even if it's just a fleeting glimpse in your mind are you still prone to having such flashes of depression? As small as it may be."

"Yes."

"How badly?"

"It was worse, back then. Now it's just these small snippets that I sometimes think about that I've had before. They're not new or anything, just old memories."

That was a little bit better. Not completely prefect since the topic of suicide is never a laughing matter and long lasting depression can still be harmful. But they were old pieces of memories from the past, Ryukyu can somewhat ease up a little. Not by much since the effects could still be lingering around inside of him, and the possibility that he may fall into that void again is always present. She exhaled deeply and patted his neck in comfort. More so just trying to ease her own nerves that plucked with the desire of protection. Ever since she marked him many hours ago she's felt this invisible rope connecting the two of them.

"If ever those thoughts came back again in force," Ryukyu started. "If ever. Please, just please-"

"I know, Tatsuma-sensei." Midoriya reassured. "I know-OW."

"Rude..."

"M-Manners yeahyeahyeah I know! OUCH."

"And in all honesty I'm pretty certain you *don't* know." Ryukyu said after letting go of his ear, then caressing it immediately after to help ease the pain. "Because if you did know then you would've told me immediately when you first had a single one of those thoughts. Also, I have a feeling that now I'm well aware of your past thoughts, you're going to actively try and not bring this up to me which is the counter action of what I just told you. Am I correct when I say that?"

"..Uhhhh-"

"As I thought."

"Look, Sensei. I know this isn't really the best time but can we not focus on my thoughts and more so focus on how we're going to get you out of here?" Midoriya asked. "It's one in the morning! How are you still here?"

"I uh, decided to take a quick nap and accidentally overslept...by a lot." She answered while tapping her index fingers together nervously. "I apologize."

'She's so cute when she's nervous.'

"Do you, have any ideas?"

"I was gonna suggest going through the front door but Mr. Aizawa's room is down there so that's not gonna be possible." Midoriya informed with his hand up to his chin. A serious face along with a complicated processing going on in his mind. "Honestly I think the best option is just taking the stairs and going up to the roof. Oh but what if other students in other dorms are still awake and they see a giant dragon flying away from the campus? That could raise *suspicionalongwiththefactthatsomeofthosestudentsmightevenstartaskingaround-*"

'Oh my.' Ryukyu chuckled as she thought to herself. *'He seems to go on quite the tangent whenever his mind really gets going. Honestly I think it's very adorable and unique of him. Hmm?'*

As Ryukyu looked around the room while Midoriya continued on his muttering spree, she spotted the sliding window at the back of his room. Giving the perfect view of the most obvious escape route that he's failed to notice. She stared at the window for a few moments before chortling and giggling with a hand covering her mouth. *'Oh Izuku. Quite the aloof one aren't you?'*

"-so I guess we'll take the stairwell going up. Okay. You ready Se-...uh, Sensei?" Midoriya asked upon viewing his teacher laughing silently. "Is something funny?"

"Yes, yes something is quite humorous indeed. Can you tell me what that is Midoriya?" Ryukyu asked while pointing to the window.

"Hmm? Oh that's a balcony...."

"Okay. Aaaand?"

"*...huhhhh."*

*"*PBBBT HAHAHA!"

"Hey quit laughing." Midoriya requested with Ryukyu breaking out once more. "I'm tired and I don't exactly think straight at one in the morning Sensei."

"Ohhhh, goodness. That was a good laugh. Yes but even still you must have at least taken a moment to look around your room-"

KNOCK KNOCK

"Midoriya?"

"Who is that?" Ryukyu asked.

"I-I don't know!" Midoriya stammered. "Y-Yes? Who is it?"

"Ashido. Dude are you okay it sounded like somebody was yelling in your room?"

"U-Uh yeah! Yeah everything's fine just uh, had a nightmare. Is all."

"Oh well, can I at least check to make sure you're okay?"

"Sure one second. *Sensei hide please."*

"No need. I'll just take my leave immediately." Ryukyu latched herself onto his body for an embrace, squeezing him tightly. *"Sweet dreams Midoriya. Until the morning."*

"Yeah. Goodnight Tatsuma-sensei." Midoriya returned the embrace with his arms looping underneath hers, pulling their two bodies closer together as did the same.

For a brief moment in time they forgot about the world around them, just focusing on this small moment between the two of them. It was a simple hug yes but to them and their feelings for the other, it meant the entire universe. Their two warmths well, four with Midoriya ultimately failing to ignore the two other large warmths pushing into his chest, colliding and meshing with each other created the perfect safe haven. Ryukyu nuzzled her face into his shoulder as he further tightened the hug around her. So perfectly soft.

KNOCK KNOCK

'Shame.'

'Awh man.' Regretfully breaking away from each other, Midoriya locked eyes with Ryukyu and gave a sad sigh. "I forgot she was out there, heh."

"As did I. Farewell for now." Ryukyu gave one last squeeze on his forearms before turning for the balcony as he turned for the door. The distance between grew larger, along with the mysterious feeling of sadness and heartache.

Just before Ryukyu placed a hand onto the sliding handle, something caught her attention from the lower left corner of her vision that ceased her progress. Looking down at the object it was a crumpled up piece of paper that was golden in color, tossed into an All Might themed trash can. Obviously piquing the interest of the draconian woman. Forgetting the urge to escape she went for the crumpled up paper and quickly unfolded it to reveal that it was a flyer for an

upcoming event. The silhouette of two images dancing with each other and a floral design encompassing the entire flyer.

'Oh. This is the school dance that Hado told me about. I wonder...'

CLICK

Gasping by surprise and not able to go out the window lest the student outside saw her, Ryukyu ducked down behind Midoriya's bed and lay flat across the floor. Her body pressed itself into the carpet as much as she could, holding her breath tightly to not make any sort of noise.

"Hey, Ashido. Sorry if I woke you up or anything I just had a nightmare like I said." Midoriya assured.

"That was a pretty loud nightmare if you had to ask me." Ashido said. "What with the yelling and all. Who's in here it sounded like there was somebody else here too."

"U-Uh, nobody. Nobody's in here it's just me." Midoriya opened the door to his room all the way for Ashido to have a complete view on the inside. He too looked to the balcony, the sliding window closed as it was before. *'Sensei made it out in time. That was pretty quick.'*

"Okay well, at least you're not being attacked so that's good. Actually you know what, as a punishment for making me get out of my oh so precious beauty sleep, you're gonna answer my question."

"Um, okay. Sure what is it?"

"Who you taking to the dance?"

"EH-"

'He's going to the dance?' Ryukyu thought, her once neutral expression angering. *'Who? What girl is he taking?'*

"Spill it you green puffball."

"Heh, Ashido I'm not going to the dance." Midoriya answered. "For several reasons."

"Awh what? Why not?"

"For starters I'm, not that good at dancing. Even if I-"

"Easy! I'll teach you right now!"

"Ashido keep your voice down, and it's one in the morning I really don't think now is the best time-"

"Yes it is it's perfect here I'll show you!" Ashido pushed Midoriya back into his room and closed the door behind her, not even bothering to worry about his private space. And not even knowing the third occupant still inside the room.

"A-Ashido I really don't think this is necessary." Midoriya said in an attempt to dissuade her. The pink skinned female scrolled through her phone for a slow tempo melody, finding it after several minutes of searching.

"Of course it's necessary." Ashido responded as she put her phone on top of his dresser with the slow dance music playing softly. "Cute guys like you are even cuter when they know how to dance. You learn from me and you'll have those ladies come crawling to your feet!"

Unbeknownst to the both of them was a set of eyeballs just barely poking out from the edge of the bed and remaining hidden as best to the ability as they could. While still trying to catch a glimpse of what's going on of course. Ryukyu observed silently as Ashido grasped Midoriya's shaking hands and placed one of them onto her hip with the other holding one of her own. She growled protectively but ceased immediately after as to not give away her location. *'That fiend!'*

"This good enough for ya?"

"S-Sure. Yeah it's good. Are we done now?"

"What? Not even close we haven't even started dancing yet you goof. We're gonna start slow and easy, just a simple left to right 'kay? So you're gonna go to your left-" Ashido nudged Midoriya for him to lean towards his left as she followed his weight motion.

"-then right." He leaned towards his right side.

"Left-" To the left.

"-and right!" And to his right. "See not so hard right?"

"I never said it was hard." Midoriya said. "I just thought it would be awkward if I put my hands on a girl in places they wouldn't want me to."

"Dude. It's a dance."

"Yeah but, still. I think some girls don't like it when people put their hands on their hips. I guess they don't like being held like that, and I don't wanna make them uncomfortable."

'Oh goodness you're so precious.'

"I mean I guess, if that's your reason for not wanting to go." Ashido shrugged, the two continuing to sway with the motion. "But if you do decide to go, who you gonna take? Uraraka?"

"Why does everyone always connect her and I together?"

"I don't know, probably for the obvious fact that you two have a thing for each other. It's so obvious dude."

"You're wrong." Midoriya stated. "Unfortunately I don't hold any feelings for Uraraka, and if she holds any for me, well. I'll cross that bridge when I get there."

"So what's the main reason? The big bad boss on your reason list of not attending the dance?"

"There is someone specific I wanna bring but, due to the limits of who is able to attend I'm not able to bring her."

"What? The rules state that the minimum age of attendance is 17 which is first years obviously, and the oldest is 22. And you're still not able to bring them?"

"Yeah. They're outside of that age limit."

Ashido hummed as she squinted at Midoriya, causing him to glance side to side in confusion. She slowly leaned into his face with a suspicious look and a sweat bead trailing down his face. *"Hmm...you don't seem like a pedophile to me."*

"WHAT?! Ashido no, that's not what I meant in terms of age." Midoriya defended. "I'm talking about over the limit."

Ashido gasped with a happy grin taking over the suspicious look. "No way! I knew you were secretly a player on the inside! These cheeks of yours are just a disguise."

"Uh, right heh."

"Grrrrr..."

"What was that?"

"I don't know." He said while turning his head to inspect the room. "That sounded like something, creaking? Probably the building settling in."

"Probably."

Behind Midoriya's bed, a dragon was covering her mouth tightly and balled up into the fetal position to minimize exposure. *'THAT WAS TOO CLOSE. Focus Ryuko focus.'*

"Who'd you want to bring you slick rick?"

"I wanted to bring Ryukyu as my dancing partner but, she's 26 so I'm not able to."

"Aww." Ashido swooned. "That's so cute. It would've been nice to bring your teacher to a dance."

"Yeah, yeah it would've. Especially Ryukyu considering how amazing she is."

"Don't be a tease. Start talking."

"She's so beautiful." Midoriya started. "So, so beautiful. Her eyes are

so amazingly unique and they just seem to captivate you the second you look into them. The golden color of her slits is such an amazing sight to see and I can't get enough every time I look into them. It just makes you want to back for more. Her hair is really nice, a lot of people don't like girls with short hair but I think her hair is perfect for her. It's really sweet and short, I like it that way. It compliments her eyes in the best way possible too. Really makes them pop out in a unique way.

And then there's her smile. Ryukyu...I'm willing to believe whole-heartedly that Ryukyu has the best smile ever. In her own way it's even better than All Might's. When her lips curl up into a smile it just makes everything completely weightless. It really hits you in the heart with such an effect too, and it has you thinking that the world is absolutely perfect. Because when she smiles like that, it definitely seems that way. Combining her smile, with her eyes, her pretty face and the short hair? *Huhhh.* I can't even describe it with words properly. That's the best I can come up with.

A lot of guys talk about Ryukyu's body and how it's sexy or hot. I hate that. I'll admit that she's really athletically fit, maybe even up there with Miruko if she tried. But I don't think someone's beauty lies with how big their breasts are or how big their backside is. I think the true beauty lies inside of them because that's who they really are. And just like I said in the beginning, she's so beautiful. She's really nice and makes sure to speak in a way that you understand her clearly. Even repeating it if she has to which doesn't bother her. Putting it together in a simple little sentence,

She's perfect."

"WAAAAAHH!"

"What the-hey!"

"Midoriya!" Ashido cried with massive spouts of tears flooding from her ears and onto him. "M-Midoriya! That was so cuuuute!"

"Ashido cut it out! It's too late for this." Midoriya broke away from the crying girl in an attempt to avoid being hit by the tear-cannons. Failing of course with his head being soaked from the liquid. "*Argh.*

Awh man."

"***SNIFFLE**** That was the cutest thing I think you've ever said so far. And it would only be even cuter if you actually went to the d...Da...MMMMM-"

"Oh no."

"WAAAAAHAAAAA! WHY? WHY CAN'T THEY LET YOU TAKE HER TO THE DAAHAAANCE?!"

As the over dramatic student continued to ball her eyes out in front of Midoriya, Ryukyu lay completely still with her chest unmoving. Yet her heart was going over 9000 MPH. She placed a hand over her chest, her blissfully aching chest with her student's words repeating over and over again throughout her mind. She wasn't able to contain the stupidly large grin on her face, but it's not like she wanted to anyways. Not with what she just heard moments ago. It felt like her entire world was starting to click into place if it wasn't already. Except for one itty, bitty, piece. If that piece was clicked into the proper positioning THEN, her world would be perfect.

'M-Maybe...' She thought, raising her index and middle fingers up to her lips.

"***SNIFF**** S-Sorry." Ashido apologized after her tear outbreak.

"That's okay." Midoriya said. "But it's getting late so, is there anything else you need?"

"No. I'll go ahead and dip out now. Sorry for keeping you up. Later Midoriya."

"Have a goodnight." The male waved to his classmate goodbye as she scurried out of his room and shutting the door behind her, a smile on her face knowing she'll sleep blissfully tonight after hearing such romantic words.

Sighing in relief he fell backwards onto the edge of his bed, running a hand from his forehead through his hair. A huge weight felt like it had just been lifted clean off of his shoulders, and for good measure too. He had been holding that in for a while now. Part of him thinks

it would've been better to wait a little longer and tell Ryukyu directly to her face but another part of him thinks to wait out a little longer. They were still student and teacher in the end, no matter how close they got with each other business such as this will always be risky. More so with a high schooler and official pro hero.

"I probably shouldn't have said all that to Ashido over anybody else but, oh well." Midoriya said. "Guess I'll deal with it later. I need to get some sleep."

Rotating on his bum and leaning back he lied down with his eyes closed at the moment. Unable to see the face hovering over him. "If tomorrow's as important as Ryukyu says it is, I can't afford to miss it."

He opened his eyes. "Just hope I-...EH..."

"...Izuku."

"AHH!" Shooting up into a seated position Midoriya twisted around to find Ryukyu at the helm of his bed with body leaning over where he once lay, cheeks heavily puffed into a dark red. "S-Sensei?! Why are you he-*MMPH!"*

"Shhh." She hushed with a hand covering his mouth, feeling his face shivering underneath her fingers. Removing the hand she immediately went in for the action, and stopped all sort of cognitive function along with thought processing. Focusing on this singular moment of time.

The silence, was deafening. Almost as deafening as the berserker thumping of two hearts pounding against the sternums. Midoriya was held in a stasis mode of complete and utter shock. His mind unable to keep up with the thoughts being shot out, therefore giving him a sensory and mental overload. But over those feelings of immense proportion, it felt great. This moment...was perfect. Ryukyu, was perfect. Everything about her personality and looks, were perfect.

And so were her lips.

Breaking away immediately after two seconds that felt like an eternity Ryukyu bolted for his sliding window, grasping the handle

and sliding the clear pane out of the way. She jumped off of his balcony, transforming into her dragon state mid-air to soar away in the night sky. Not even saying a word nor looking back to her student that was left star-struck on his bed. His chest ached so painfully perfect that it felt like he was on the very brink of dying and going straight to what he considered Hell. Because this place he was in HAD to be Heaven. It just had to.

His cheeks frying with a scorching heat Midoriya fell backwards onto his bed with a stupid smile on his face, mouth wide open with glee. It may have been for just a minuscule amount of time but that time was enough for him to not get a single blink of sleep for the rest of that night.

-

"What the heck was that?" Mineta asked himself as he bolted outside to see what that commotion was about. One minute he was trying to finish up tomorrow's assignment, the next he heard what sounded like a massive whooshing sound cutting through the air. He looked into the night sky to see if he could find anything and around the campus grounds for any signs of intruders. Nothing. Except for a pair of thin red panties laid out on the ground several meters from him...

...

...

EXCEPT FOR A PAIR OF THIN RED PANTIES.

"No way!" Running over to the underwear Mineta reaches out with his right hand to grab the thin cloth, until another cloth wrapped itself around his neck and his body. The cloth binded and pulled him away from the underwear with a force as he looked up to find Sero looking down at him with a face of disgust and disappointment.
"Sero!"

The tape throwing student shook his head side to side and bent over with a finger pointing at Mineta's face. "Your constant harassment of the female gender makes me *siiick."*

Wrapping Mineta up completely with tape, Sero threw the luggage over his shoulder and carried him back inside. So not only was a student in the dorm building brain fried about receiving a kiss from his crush, but now this student will receive punishment for what might be petty theft from the females' rooms.

Perfect.

Chapter 16: May I Have Another?

"Dragon Step!"

FWOOSH

Pushing off with his right leg Midoriya kept himself airborne through the usage of One For All, the power surging through his leg with a burning feeling. It hurt but it didn't hurt as much as what he just went through an hour ago during an excruciating meeting with Sir Nighteye and other conjoining agencies.

Because of his own mental insecurity, he missed an encounter with a little girl.

Togata was the direct victim of a missed opportunity but Midoriya was also placing the blame on his shoulders too. If he didn't let the troubles of his past mind get the better of him, he would've been out there. He would've been out there and had a greater chance of running into the path of somebody who needed help. But no. No instead he decided to be weak minded and feeble, retreating back to the Ryukyu Hero Office in the place of performing his own duty. So much for bearing the power of One For All. He felt sick at the thought of abandoning a young girl to the hands of a Yakuza mob boss named Overhaul.

FWOOSH

But it wasn't just the meeting that racked his brain. It was the events of what happened yesterday that kept his mind busy. First he had a talk with Ryukyu, then falling asleep with her in his arms just to wake up at the dead of night with her asleep this time, then receiving the quickest yet the most blissful of kisses from her. It was his very first kiss but it felt like it would be the greatest in his entire lifetime.

And it lasted no longer than two quick seconds before she jumped out his window and disappeared into the night sky. His heart kept him awake for hours after that as he replayed the feeling he was given. Over, and over, and over again. Such wonder.

FWOOSH

But now that the connection of their lips has been made, what does that make them now? Still student and teacher no doubt about that but would it mean they are now on the path to becoming a full-fledged relationship? The thought of being able to call Ryukyu his girlfriend tingled his soul with a massive amount of warmth and comfort. Being able to hold her perfectly soft hands, cradling her in his arms like he did the night before, and maybe even waking up to her beautiful sleeping face in the morning? It had to be Heaven. It just...it just had to be Heaven. There was no other way to describe it.

FWOOSH

"**Deku.**" The voice of Ryukyu called as she followed her student from behind in her transformed state. "**You must slow down, you are beginning to overwork yourself. The amount of steps you are taking is too much for the little amount of space you're covering.**"

FWOOSH

"**Deku!**"

"I can't slow down Sensei." Midoriya called over his shoulder. "I can't. There's a little girl out there that is back in the hands of Overhaul, all because I let my mind get the better of me. I can't let that happen again. I need to get stronger, faster."

"**Even if there is a need to grow strength wise there will ALWAYS be the need to pace yourself. You must not allow the mental load to cloud your better judgement. So listen to me when I say slow, DOWN.**"

FWOOSH

Ryukyu grew worried by now that Midoriya had entered a state of

mental mixture, putting the goal in front of his own well-being and safety. She could see that with each Dragon Step he performed, his upper body staggered at first due to the weariness beginning to settle in his legs. He knew that he was faltering but regardless he wanted to keep going for the sake of growing stronger, for the sake of a child in need. But the one who needed the most help in the end was him.

The revelation of him being down a dark, dark path in his earlier years wasn't much of a surprise to Ryukyu. It was saddening yes to see an adolescent go down that road of emotional distress. But, it wasn't shocking to her due to his current state of mixed behaviors. It was obvious by his tendency to talk down about himself that he learned this 'habit' from somewhere else. Somewhere that he shouldn't have learned in the first place. Somewhere, or, *someone.*

Who. Is. *KACCHAN.*

That name echoed in her mind throughout a partially sleepless night, with one side of her brain attempting to decipher what it meant, and the other side of her brain still stuck on the replay button about her sudden kiss. Focusing on the first part for now she wondered just who exactly could this Kacchan be. Obviously they've been a part of Midoriya's life ever since he was little as evident by his anecdote. The word seems like a nickname or a tag given to somebody of a close relation, which means that whatever their real name could be is a mystery for now. She was going to do a bit of research as to who the name could belong to but then she remembered something on Midoriya's profile.

After the Provisional Exam and past the curfew hour, he engaged in unauthorized combat against one Katsuki Bakugo.

KA-tsuki. KA-cchan. It was a small piece but maybe just enough to continue her theory. She'll dig deeper at a later time.

FWOOSH

Turning her attention to the other side of her brain was the regretfully short yet blissfully surging experience of a kiss. Admitting it right now, she didn't know what she was doing when going through with it. Her emotions just hijacked the wheel of her vehicle

and drove it into a river of instinct. The explanation he had given to his unexpected classmate during the late night hour held such an alluring essence that it clicked perfectly into her previous feelings for him. Ryukyu has never been in this sort of position before of liking somebody else since majority of her time was spent in handling her Quirk. But now that she's in the realm of her first time, she didn't know what to do or how to correctly go about this. And part of her feels like it was a mistake to kiss him last night.

Throughout the entire meeting she kept giving quick glances in his direction in hopes of at least being able to lock eye contact once. But it never happened. He kept his focus either on Sir Nighteye or whoever was speaking at the time, or the floor beside him. Never giving the smallest of darts in her direction. Could she blame him? No, absolutely not. He probably didn't know what to think about last night's situation given that she just up and left without saying a word. It was probably better for her to just stay for a minute or two and talk it over with him but, she fled in fear that what she just performed was a misplay of emotions.

For a two second kiss it felt as if every sensation of affection known to mankind had been transmitted between them. Desire. Love. Elation. Instinct. Compassion. So many feelings to absorb at once in such a minuscule amount of time, it wasn't possible to take everything in. They needed more time to do so, more time to understand what it felt like as it coursed from one pair of lips to other. In general, they just needed another kiss.

FWOOSH

A misstep from his left leg caused Midoriya to tumble forwards, fall for several meters before picking his height back up in a trio of Dragon Steps. Knowing he would keep going without putting any thought for his own safety Ryukyu decided enough was enough and swooped in from his left side. She snatched the young man in the claws of her feet as he struggled to free himself from her grasp. He punched, kicked and scratched but to no avail, the dragon carrying him to a nearby rooftop where she dropped him safely onto a meshing roof of granite and pebbles.

"*Tch.*" He groaned to himself silently. "Of course."

"Yes, you're right. Of course I would stop you from continuing this reckless behavior... Did you think that your own teacher would allow this to progress?"

"I can keep going." Midoriya shifted from his knees onto a propped leg before a hand was placed on his shoulder and halted him completely. Keeping him in a knelt position.

"You can keep going AFTER, you take a break." Ryukyu ordered. "Or would you prefer to fall to your death because you decided to be childish by turning a blind eye at your body? Your legs are a clear piece of evidence Deku, that it is time for a break. I will not have you go on until I say so. Am I clear?"

He sighed frustratedly, fell onto his back side and bent his legs into a ramp with arms looping around his knees. "Yes, Tatsuma-sensei."

"Besides, I...I think I owe you, an explanation. For last night."

Midoriya's frustration of his training being impeded was immediately washed out and replaced by the emotions of last night. The kiss. The kiss that kept his cheeks hot for hours upon hours into the darkness with electricity surging around his heart, more rapidly than his blood during the activation period of Full Cowling. It was only for a duration of two seconds but even now he still felt the wetness of her lips pressed against his. What he would give to have seconds, thirds, an ENDLESS amount of that same feeling.

Ryukyu sat onto her knees right in front of him as he remained motionless, both of them feeling a mutual silence broken only by the curiousity of their beating hearts. She fidgeted with her index fingers at first before slowly taking off the headband accessory from her face, allowing Midoriya to have the perfect view of both eyes that always captivated him without fault whenever he saw them. Such glitz that was held in her slit pupils. The same pupils that awkwardly stared at him in silence with her mouth repeatedly opening and shutting in hesitation. She wanted to say something, she just didn't know how to go about saying it. A situation he's been in multiple times in the past.

"Tatsuma-sensei?"

"I...I just...I-I just.." Ryukyu failed to even form the beginnings of her sentence, eventually giving up with a frustrated groan and going for it. "I-I'm sorry can we just, kiss?"

"K...Kiss? L-Like, like last night?"

"Please?"

A happy knot formed in Midoriya's throat at the thought of being able to kiss her again, as he looked around to make sure nobody would see it. The building they were currently on was the tallest building in the area and it came with a stone barricade that lined the entirety of the roof's edge. So in short, they were clear. He nodded his twice in a quick succession, Ryukyu exhaling in relief and leaning closer to him.

They awkwardly toyed with their hands in different spaces, unsure of where to put them since they had basically no experience with this at all. Midoriya was unsure of whether to put them on her sides, her shoulders, her arms or even onto her face. As for Ryukyu she tried his neck, his chest, his face, even on his lower jawline. The intersection was so bizarre and goofy looking that they giggled quietly knowing how awkward it must be if they saw it from a third person's point of view. It definitely wouldn't have been the most romantic scene that much was certain.

Eventually they settled with this position, Midoriya having his hands on her sides just underneath her breasts as Ryukyu gently cupped the sides of his face. For a split second he had the thought of feeling asleep due to how soft her digits always seemed to caress him but if he did, he'd miss out on this. No way that's gonna happen. They slowly closed the distance between each other with cautious movements as to not mess it up before coming within centimeters of each other and stopping. Their eyes locked into contact with the world coming into a blur around them. Both of them taking a deep breath in, they punched the shark and went for it.

Pressing their lips together with no more force than a feather.

Fireworks. So many fireworks just exploded and popped into their minds at the second time of this wondrous experience. It wasn't lewd

or anything forceful by any means. It was just a light, very minuscule amount of pressure being placed, kiss. She felt his mouth mold into hers perfectly as he felt hers due the same. There was no movement, no hand roaming no none of that. Just the two of them having the time to absorb every bit of heavenly sensation into their souls. Their hearts were thumping like an angry drum inside of their sternums so much that it hurt, but it had to be the best kind of pain possible for it to come from this. Their souls were magnets attracting the passion from the other in front of them.

After a duration of about 10 seconds they broke apart gently, Midoriya pulling his head back to give her space. Ryukyu tightened her hold on him suddenly and stopped him. "N-NO NO NO, don't. Please don't."

"Sensei?"

"M..May I have another?" She politely whispered. *"Please?"*

This shocked him, if he wasn't already shocked from the experience of having his second kiss. THE Ryukyu just asked him to have thirds, THE Dragoon Hero, THE second highest ranking woman in all of Japan. If this wasn't some form of a wild dream then he didn't know what would be. But luckily, and thankfully, there would be no alarm clock to wake him up. No mother knocking on his door to disturb his surreal vision. This is reality, every little bit of it. From the meshing of the granite underneath his backside to the feather touch of her lips brushing against his, it was all real. And if she wanted thirds? Well, he's gonna want thirds too.

Nodding in his head in a way to show that he would like another as well, Ryukyu smiled with a puff of air leaving her mouth in excitement. This time she instantly closed the distance between them with a blinding speed that he didn't even realize they were kissing again until several moments after they made contact. It was the same amount of pressure and the same amount of force as before but it never failed to captivate him in her trance every, single, time. It was so touchingly sweet and if he had to give it a comparison to something of the same feeling?

Milk and cookies. That sounds weird but to him, it was the perfect

comparison.

For Ryukyu, she's never experienced something like this before. Hence her excitement at wanting to try again. It may seem childish to other adults but to her this was like a rollercoaster, wanting to go again and again again. For 26 about to be 27 years of her life she's missed out on this, and now that it's right at her doorstep she couldn't get enough. It singed into her pores with a warm heat like a summer day where the sun was completely out but there was enough of a breeze to waft against them with a cool temperature. Though, in the end she still had to come out with an explanation for him. Because just like every good thing in life there was a bad thing to balance it out. Their status.

This time she was the one to break off from him, though slowly and hovered right in front of him. As if she was unsure that she wanted to halt the rollercoaster in it's tracks completely. Eventually Ryukyu managed to hold down her urges for another with hands sliding off of his face and onto her legs where she took some time to form her thoughts into words. "I uh, need to address the obvious fact that, I-I have feelings towards you."

Midoriya nodded his head slowly and scratched his right cheek after removing his hands from her person. "Yeah. Yeah I couldn't, I couldn't tell heh."

Ryukyu quietly chuckled and tapped her index fingers against each other. "Right, right. If that wasn't evidence enough. I apologize if last night was just out of the blue. Like I said before, I've never been in a relationship before so I don't know how to go about this."

"So, is this, a relationship?"

She bit her bottom lip while staring at him. She really, really would like to call this little stint between them a relationship. But due to her inexperience of being in one she doesn't know if that's the right thing to do, no less with her own student and so quickly just based off of her emotions. She didn't even know that much about him to call him her best friend let alone her boyfriend. It would probably be better to just wait a bit, familiarize with each other socially and learn the interests of the other before actually going through with it.

So, Ryukyu shook her head. "No, no it isn't."

"Oh." He said with a bit of dejection and sadness in his face.

"I'm not saying we shouldn't attempt to make it happen. It's just, there are many factors between us that we need to go over first. For starters is that you're my student, and I, am your teacher. If U.A or anybody else finds out about this, all it takes is a single travel from word to mouth and everything is blown out of cover. I wouldn't want to place you in a position where you'd be vulnerable to such risks that would deprive you of your dream of being a hero. That wouldn't be right of me.

Secondly, I understand that, I was the one who initialized the exchange. I was the one who kissed you last night and pleaded you today for another. But, now that I really sit back and think about it maybe it's too soon. I've just been going off of my own emotions that I let the thought of pacing go out the window. This is my first time doing something like this, and I think I've rushed the process. Couples usually go through many nights of talking on the phone during late nights, going on dates, spending time with each other homes, breaking down the barriers of intimacy with each other slowly-"

Midoriya furrowed his eyebrows and thought back to where he's heard this process before. "Sensei, are you...basing a relationship process off of, TV shows?"

"...a-aren't TV shows accurate when it comes to relationships?"

"Not, really."

"*Oh.*" Ryukyu smacked her hands against her cheeks in embarrassment. "Oh, how foolish of me. I'm very sorry about that. I just didn't know who to go to when it comes to topics such as this."

"Ms. Hoshiko?"

"Oh goodness no. I trust Hoshiko with my life and then some, but she can be rather mischievous when it comes to subjects as this. I won't exactly listen to somebody who suggested I change my hero name to 'Mommy'. Whatever she meant by that."

"***AHEM*** I wouldn't know what she meant either..."

"Anyways, back to the subject at hand. I think I've been too quick on the draw with this entire situation, and I apologize for that. I should've at least consulted with you first about what you think before doing anything reckless or sudden."

"Well, even if you did consult with me Sensei, I still think what you did was the easiest way to go about it. I've never been in this scenario before either and even though it was pretty sudden it was still enjoyable. So, you're not entirely the one to blame."

"It's just, the events of yesterday happened so quickly. First I marked you, which by the way may I see it? If that's okay with you?"

"Uh yeah, sure." Tilting his head to the side and lowering the collar of his outfit he brandished the mark she made against his skin. The imprints of teeth digging into him sent waves of pride into her heart. That's hers. Nobody else's. Ryukyu's brand on the sculpture of his body.

"Amazing."

"Really?"

"U-UH, amazing, in the fact that it's still clearly visible like that." She said with her left finger circling around the mark. "Then, after this I accidentally fell asleep in your arms, woke up in the middle of the night, eavesdropped on your conversation then, kissed you for a short moment. I just feel like we missed so many steps like holding hands or something of that nature. Something I think I would've liked to experience as well."

"Do you...wanna, hold hands, Sensei?"

"Huh?"

"I don't blame you for not knowing what to do because I don't know anything about this stuff either. But, I can confidently tell you that your feelings for me are reciprocated for you if not more Sensei. I really, REALLY like you I mean who wouldn't? Look at you. You're so beautiful and nice, and-and such a wonderful teacher that I can't

think of any reason not to like you. Everything about you is just so perfect and I can't stop thinking about you. When you think of gold you probably think of the metal or the color of it.

But when I think of gold, I think of you."

'Oh Izuku.'

"I understand the risks of what we are right now." Midoriya stated. "Anything slips up and it's just a whole mess of gossip and front page covers. But, if you wanna try it, then I do too. I don't wanna be the person who shoots down your feelings if I'm in the same boat as you are. Whatever your process to go about this is, I'm all for it. I mean you're the teacher after all and I'm the student. I basically have to listen to you."

"I see." She said. "Well, in that case..."

Ryukyu lifted her left hand into the space between them, Midoriya following with his eyes before doing the same with his right. They connected with each other in the middle as their palms were flat against the other and warmths flowing from one hand to the other. They reveled in the pleasant feeling for a short moment before shifting their fingers into the space of the other's webbing. And interlocking their fingers to hold each other's hands.

'Huh.' Midoriya thought. *'I would've thought it felt weird since some people have different finger positionings when clasping their hands together. Some people do right thumb over left and others do left thumb over right. But, this actually feels, really nice. Sensei's hands are so perfect.'*

He caught the sound of a faint rumbling, looking up to see that the rumbling wasn't actually a ground tremor or anything. It was Ryukyu. Her chords vibrating in her throat with a pleasant growl and a smile practically breaking her face. The tooth poking out from the top of her lip which he was completely head over heels for. She was absolutely encased with the simple experience of holding hands, that he couldn't help but do so as well.

"So, what exactly are we?" Midoriya asked. "Aside from teacher and

student."

Ryukyu hummed for a short while to give it some thought, before she smiled at him and shrugged her shoulders. "I wouldn't know more than you would know, but, if it were me I think this is a simple testing phase? Just so we can get comfortable on how to go about this. Together."

"Oh, um, okay. Yeah, I think I'm okay with that. This is definitely something we might want to keep under wraps. I don't know if you would want to tell Ms. Hoshiko and Hado about this."

"I'll put some thought into it. For now, don't say anything. I'm not calling Hado gossipy or a loud mouth by any nature, but there were times where she can be just a bit too excited and spill something she didn't mean to spill. There was one instance where she was speaking about economics and somehow ended up saying Hoshiko's credit card number inside a restaurant full of people. I don't have any clue as to how she managed to do that but regardless she did."

"Oh wow." Midoriya chuckled. "I don't know if that's impressive or weird. Or, both."

"Either way allow me to decide who knows what. You just have to be cautious about this when it comes to your classmates. Especially with that marking."

"Well the blazer of my uniform does a pretty good job in hiding it so there's that covered. In the locker rooms it's easy to hide too since everybody's focused on changing into their outfits. The dorms, I just wear a sweater all the time."

"Hmm, how pleasant." Ryukyu said. "Seems I don't need to worry about much if you've got it covered."

"Oh um, before anything else there is one thing I'd like to ask you Sensei."

"Of course."

"Last night...last night you called me, Izuku."

She widened her eyes in remembrance of that fact. "Yes, yes I do recall that. I was so caught up in my emotions that it just slipped out."

"I don't, mind. You can call me that if you'd like."

"Oh. Well then, thank you for allowing me to call you by your proper name. Izuku. In exchange for, one thing. Well two actually for now just one."

"What is it?"

"Can you, say, my name?"

He cocked his head like a curious dog to the left. "Uhm, Tatsuma?"

She giggled with her free hand covering her mouth, the sound of her laughter dancing into his ear canal. "No. I meant my first name."

"OH." He squeaked at the realization of his mild stupidity. "Oh, heh. Right. Sorry about that...Ryuko."

The teacher and student warmly smiled at each other in silence, swimming in the pool of the comfort between the two of them. This is a new experience for them, and they both wanted to see this through to the end. It may be just a simple little testing phase but regardless they would both give it their all for the optimal goal in the end. The prize of calling each other their own. But, for the mean while, they'll take the little bits of pleasure they can take whenever they could.

"...Izuku?"

"Hmm?" He hummed in question as Ryukyu stared at him awkwardly and nervously fidgeting on her knees. "Yes, Tatsu-I-I MEAN, Ryuko-sensei?"

She chuckled at his polite manners. "You can leave out the suffix if it's just us two. After all, if this is going to work we may as well get adjusted to calling each other by just our first names."

"Oh, yeah you're right. Sorry. Uh, what is it Ryuko?"

"U-Um.." Using her free hand, she placed her index and middle fingers onto her lips and patted them gently. Begging and pleading.

"May I have another?"

...

KNOCK KNOCK

"Come in!"

With the door sliding open into the Support Studio, Uraraka stepped through with one of her bracelets in hand. She heard the clanging of metal against metal to her right and found the friendly neighborhood mechanic being the source. "Hey Hatsume."

"Oh heyyyyyyy!" The mechanic happily yelled, hopping off of a crate that gave her a boost in height to reach what she needed to reach. Hatsume hopped over to the brunette with a bright grin and focused onto the bracelet. "Now what'd you do to my baby?"

"Oh it's not broken, it's just that Power Loader asked that I bring one of these in so they can have a base model for the next version of my costume that's being developed. Is he here?"

"Nope! BUT, I know exactly what you're talking about which means I can help. It's just a remodel with the same configurations right?"

"Yeah." Uraraka replied and gave the accessory to Hatsume who immediately took it over to a nearby work bench to begin her work. "It's basically going to be the same thing with just a few minor changes here and there."

"Yes yes yes, minor though undoubtedly going to be one of my next biggest babies." The mechanic scoured through a pile of blueprints for the one pertaining to Uraraka's, finding it at the very bottom and unrolling it to show the details. "Though I think what I'd like to do is install a system where a series of nanobots are planted into the victim and explode!"

"U-UH, please don't Hatsume. Just the preferred details is fine."

"Hmm, shame. Though I guess if that's what you prefer."

"...hey, while I'm here, can I ask you something?"

"What's up?"

"Do you plan on going to the dance?"

Hatsume froze in her position of a hammer being raised above her head with accessory on the bench. She lowered the hammer onto the surface and spoke hesitantly. "Dance? Oh of course not, why would I take the time away from my babies that need constant caretaking?"

"So then...why were you outside Deku's room when Ryukyu went in there?"

Chapter 17: Growing Web

"-when setting up your home for your partner to have dinner in, even more so with these candles! They are rather simple but are enough to capture the mood for you and your loved one. Just make sure to evenly space them out on the table and carefully light the wick-"

"Carefully..." Ryukyu whispered to herself as she hovered a lighter over a velvet red colored candle, a golden colored contained with illustrious designs holding the hardened wax. Her hand shivered over the tip of the wick that had been slightly charred already due to multiple attempts of lighting it once. Just once. That had been her goal for the past half hour now. Her evidence?

The huge amount of lighters in the garbage bin nearby that were all crushed due to her having nervous hands.

Today marked a special moment for her, in that she and Midoriya will be having dinner at her apartment. Six in the afternoon was the agreed time slot. She's had dinner before obviously, but not with somebody that she's had serious emotions for, which meant that this night can not in any way allowed to be ruined. She wanted it to be perfect. Which meant she planned ahead with decorative cloths on her table, did a deep clean of her already clean apartment, and spent about two hours trying to decide which clothes she should wear. The entire apartment smelled of a lovely beach fragrance that she had sprayed frantically thinking that any less would make the home smell like a garbage dump.

Ever since she and the student have come to terms yesterday on what they are, they both have been improving their communication skills with each other through texting. Constant, constant texting. Ryukyu has never been one to attach herself to a device since it was simply just that. An electronic device that was used to make or take calls, write emails, take photos and send messages. But within the duration

of less than a day she's become utterly attached to it with her entire being. Bringing it all around her apartment and answering all incoming messages at the drop of a pin. Those messages being Midoriya of course who she loved talking to no matter the subject.

As the two of them began to know each other more and more of their personal lives, eventually the idea of having dinner was brought up by Ryukyu herself. It took a lot of nail chomping and lip biting to ask for a simple request. More so because she's never had a partner over to her apartment for dinner before. She's invited Hado and Ms. Hoshiko over in the past sure but, somebody who she's fell into a deep emotional affection for? This is a first. And a first that she wanted to be flawless for. Because as long as he's happy with the result of the dinner then she's happy too.

Though at the current moment, things may not be going her way in terms of preparing for the guest. She was freaking out BECAUSE of the fact that she wanted it to be perfect. And hence her frantic mindset to have everything set up flawlessly has given her shaky hands, sweaty palms and hesitant thinking. Ironic how she was able to maintain her focus underneath the pressure of losing her life, yet couldn't focus when it came to having a simple dinner date. Ryukyu took to the internet for tips that were so blindingly obvious to her but due to her shaken up thinking process it didn't occur to her to think simple. More so worried about everything going correctly. Videos on what to make, news articles on how to go about setting up the table. Anything and everything.

"Steady.." Ryukyu said, wiping a thin layer of nervous sweat from her forehead. *"Steady.."*

FLICK FLICK

"Come on..."

FLICK FLICK, FLICK FLICK

CRUSH

"No! Ugh!" Grabbing a rag to wipe her hand from the lighter fluid that was spilling onto her skin, Ryukyu cleaned up the remains and

disposed of the contents. She opened up the 16th package of dual lighter products that she's gone to search for the 5th time. The first four times were her buying single lighter products, and the fifth she just decided to buy a whole lot of them. In case something like this exact situation happened. "The last lighter...come on Ryuko! Come on it's not that hard."

FLICK FLICK

"Please please please please-"

FLICK FLICK, FLICK-

****fwoosh****

"Yes!"

"-and remember, the cake is a lie. Enjoy!"

"Shush." Ryukyu hushed as she tapped her phone to pause the video. She took a deep breath in and out, holding the flaming lighter in her left hand that was shaking from being so nervous.

This. This, was the moment she had been subconsciously been waiting for her entire life. A special romantic dinner with the person she's grown to like greatly. In all honesty she doesn't even think her graduation from Ketsubutsu comes close to what this kind of hype is about. But that's just her opinion. So many sacrificed lighters, so many attempts to just light a single candle that should normally be so simple yet has somehow turned into a colossal feat. It irritated her, but at the same time she blamed herself for being so nervous. It should just be seen as a regular dinner, nothing more. Perhaps Midoriya's tendency to overthink was starting to get to her.

Along with the complete infatuation of the color green now renovating her apartment.

All of the hard work training to hone her Quirk. All of the tears knowing life was full of utter disappointments and hardships just waiting to spring out from around the corner. All of the blood spilt from her body when facing against the toughest villains out there. All of it, has led up to this moment of her time. This was *the*, moment.

"Here, we go." Taking one last deep breath in and out, Ryukyu exhaled dramatically and hovered the lighter over the wick.

The silence, was deafening.

Her palms were growing sweatier by the second. So sweaty in fact that she nearly fumbled with the lighter and ruined everything.

It felt like the entire world was watching her. Watching as the flame drew closer to the slightly charred wick.

Her tongue stuck out between her lips with a dead centered gaze on the candle, the lighter wavering all over the place in anxiousness. Ryukyu gripped the forearm with her other hand to keep it steady for the job.

Just a few more centimeters. A few more centimeters and the wick will finally be aflame like she's desperately wanted it to be.

"Come on...*come on. Almost, there."*

The fire was practically right over the wick which meant that just a little more and this ordeal will finally be over with. Slowly, she carefully placed the lighter onto the wick and-

"MEOW MEOW ME-MEOW MINI MEOW MEOW MEOW MEOW MINIMINIMINIMINIMINIMINIMINIMINI MEOW MEOW MINIMINIMINI-"

"OH!"

Surprised by the sudden uproar of her ringtone, Ryukyu fumbled with the lighter and leaned over the table in an attempt to catch it. While doing so she knocked over a glass cup as it shattered on her floor along with a table mat coming down with it, and tumbled the trio of candles onto their sides. To make matters worse she was now barely catching up on the smell of what appeared to be something burning to give off an unpleasant aroma. She took a step back but tripped up on the leg of the chair right beside her and fell onto her side flat against the floor.

"-MEOW MINI MEOW MINIMINIMINIMINIMINIMINIMINI MEOW MEOW-"

"UGH! GOODNESS!" Finally scrambling onto her feet after the chaotic mess inside of her apartment Ryukyu snatched up the phone and answered immediately. "Hello?"

"Ryukyu!"

"Yes yes yes greetings Hoshiko." Ryukyu placed the phone in between her left shoulder and ear, running over to check on the food that was now more than likely burned into a bad taste. "What is it?"

"So check it out right? I just received a call from Sir Nighteye since you didn't answer your own phone for some reason, and they've got some information for ya."

"Mm-hmm mm-hmm."

"Turns out that the Yakuza are secretly beginning to further mobilize their forces within the underground, trying to gain as many followers as possible. It's possible that they're using the girl as this sort of advertisement product for when the real deal comes in."

"Oh no, no no no. This is awful!" Ryukyu groaned as she looked over the damage done to the food. Safe to say it couldn't even be called food anymore for how long it was sitting in the oven.

"I know right. It's so sad. How could they do that to a little girl?"

'I don't know if I have enough time to cook something else before Izuku arrives.' Ryukyu thought with a finger tapping against her lips in a frightful anxiousness. She took a quick look at the time and silently groaned to herself to see that it wouldn't be long before the guest would arrive. *'Huhhh no. This is bad. What do I do?'*

"If it were me I'd give them a piece of my mind! On sight!"

'Piece of...pieceof.....PIZZA!'

"Good idea!"

"Uh, thanks? I mean you're the one doing all the action."

"O-Oh right, and that too Hoshiko, yes. So, we now have a

breakthrough in the case then." Ryukyu noted while opening up her laptop to search for a nearby location. "The girl Eri is tied in familial relations with the one known as Overhaul that much is known. We've already discussed the information about the Quirk-affecting bullets at the meeting, and it's obvious that the materials come from the child's own body. Has any other reports come in from the surveillance teams?"

"None so far. They said that if anything did come up, they'll notify you immediately."

"YES!" Ryukyu cheered when seeing that her desired spot was only a two minute distance from her apartment. "This is great!"

"Yup. So you'd know anything before I do."

"Is there anything else you'd like to share with me Hoshiko? I'll ensure that my phone is free of any distractions this time around."

"This time around? What are you doing over there?"

"I'm preparing, something. It's just dinner. Nothing special."

"Special huh? Is that why you spent almost the entire day looking up and I quote, 'Exquisite recipes for loved ones'?"

BEEP

"Shush." Ryukyu hushed after ending the phone call and placing it aside, a light blush on her face from remembering that she did in fact search up that exact phrase. "When did she even manage to come across that search result? I could've sworn I closed my account. No matter. If I order this quick enough, I can run down and get it, then disguise it as my own! Maybe even throw in a bit of some mixed spices in there? Perhaps...ah but, hmm. What if he recognizes it immediately as something he's had before? Then I wouldn't be able to hide it.

I don't have enough time to prepare something else nor the ingredients to even go with something small. I can't do small, not for something like this. It has to be special. But, pizza isn't special either. No less something I pick up from a local spot. *Huhhh, augh noooo."*

Ryukyu half sighed and half groaned at the sudden turn her day had taken, from okay, skipping over bad and onto the worse. She ruined the table set up, managed to burn the one portion of the prepared dinner she didn't want to burn, AND still has not been able light a single candle. It felt like her world was crumbling away by the coming seconds and all for the sake of just wanting to prepare an unforgettable moment for the two of them. Can things get any worse.

"No." She said to herself with a fist hitting the flat side of her palm. Ryukyu poured herself a glass of water, downed it and put together her senses with a determination. "No. Things MUST NOT allowed be to any worse than this. I can still salvage this. I'll go down there, grab the items and make it special for Izuku. That's what I'll do. I'm just wasting time moping around like this."

Setting aside the broken glass cup and spilled table accessories for later she snatched her purse from a nearby stool and made for the door. Today was not yet over, and it was not going to end in a defeat. Not on her watch. She'll grab the pizza, put in the effort and forever seal this night as a cherished moment. No way it can get worse. No way it can get worse. No way it can get worse.

Flinging open the door of her apartment she was immediately met with the body of her guest. The boy standing out in the hallway with a fist raised and ready to knock.

Yes way. It can. But not just for the both of them.

"I-Izuku! Greetings uh, I didn't know you were a fan of, pink."

...

(1 Hour Ago)

"No no NO!"

Catching onto the sound of somebody in distress inside the laundry room, Kaminari peeked his head around the corner to see who it was. "Yo. Midoriya. You alright?"

"*Tch*, awh man!" The successor yelled in anguish as he held up a light pink button up long sleeve shirt. "I was going to wear this shirt for

something important later, but now it's ruined."

"Ruined? What do you mean ruined? It seems fine to me."

"The original color is white."

"...oh. That's, yeahhhh. That's bad. Why'd you put a white shirt with the colored clothing in the first place? You deserve a neck for that."

SMACK

"I didn't know it was in this load to begin with." Midoriya answered, his left hand rubbing the back of his neck where Kaminari had smacked it. "I was going to do two separate loads, so I did the colored ones first. But as I was looking for this shirt in particular I couldn't find it in my room. I looked in my closet, my drawer everywhere. So then I came to check down here and, here it is. With the colored."

"Damn that's tough man." Kaminari said. "But hey, honestly I still think it's good enough to rock with. It's not too pink where it's an eyesore to look at and it's not too washed out either. I think you could still go with it."

"You think so?"

"Yeah! If you really wanna this rock shirt then I say go for it, don't let a little tint ruin your day. If you're still on the edge about it then just wear like a sweater or something over it. One of those twenty All Might sweaters you got lying around."

"How'd you know I have that many?"

"Oh yeah! Ashido went into your room and frisked one, then she ran around the dorm with a green wig and party streamers pretending to be you. It was kind of funny with the way she jumped off of the walls and stuff. You should've seen it."

'Huh. So that's why one of them is missing.'

"By the way if you don't mind me asking, what's the occasion for?"

"It's a....celebration." Midoriya lied. "Yeah, a celebration with Ryukyu.

She invited Hado and I over to her office for a celebration about a special moment in her career that she wanted to share with us."

"Ohhh. Cool, cool. Well in any case don't let a little pink make the celebration turn sour. You can still wear it. I mean, you'd be matching the same color of Hatsume's hair. But hey! Not that she seems to care."

"Wait. What are you talking about?"

"Hmm? Oh you don't know?" Kaminari asked. "Hatsume came to the dorm earlier while you were out running, and she wanted to know if you were here or not. I said no, she left me some kinda envelope for you when you get back. It's on the counter."

'Hatsume?' Midoriya thought. *'Wonder what she wants. Though that's not my concern right now. The real issue is this shirt. Hado told me before that Ryuko loves the contrast of white and black, it reminds her of the Yin and Yang symbol. The equal balance of all things in life. But, now, it's pink.'*

It wasn't that pink is a bad color, not by a long shot. It's just that for Midoriya, he wanted this night to be absolutely perfect. After all it's his first time having dinner with somebody that he has a full blown crush on. Not even the monstrous size of Ryukyu's dragon state can compare to how big his heart was for her. So for his desired shirt to turn into a different color, was like a slight curveball in his plans. Originally he didn't have the idea of wearing a sweater or hoodie over his shirt, otherwise ruin the formal aspect that he wanted to go with. But now he's starting to think that he might have to resort to that option.

He didn't want to go through the entire process of choosing a different outfit because he had already gone through that process in the early morning before anybody else had woken up. Why? Because of the fact that he was freaking out for the entire night thinking that whatever he wore may not look good enough. Even having a small nightmare that Ryukyu would, for whatever reason, laugh at his clothing apparel. Though that would never happen in reality he still had a bit of fear that it would. So, he woke up at 5:30 in the morning, and didn't settle for his outfit choice until 7:55. Just before

the class were about to depart for their morning home room.

For the entire school day he was having nervous shivers about this. Obviously because of the fact that he's going to have dinner with THE Ryukyu who in his opinion had to be the one of the most stunningly beautiful women ever. It wasn't even close. The short yellow hair along with slit pupils and jaw dropping beauty was in perfect enough for him to repeat the word every single time he described her. So, considering he didn't take himself to be the most good looking guy in the world, he at least needed to try to be. Or at least good enough to be on par with how amazing Ryukyu was in terms of beauty. Though honestly, that's gonna take more than several hundred miracles to happen.

A slight curveball yes, but was the day completely done for? No. If one of his peers says that he should go for the pink long sleeve shirt then what's the harm in trying to do so? There is none. He went through 14 years of his life as a Quirkless part of society, what's one single night of wearing pink to dinner going to do to him. He can make do with this.

Pushing aside his worry for some other time, he still had tonight to get through. No way was he gonna flake on a dinner date with Ryukyu. So, he exhaled to calm himself and threw the shirt over his left shoulder. "I'll make do with this, I don't think I have enough time to choose anything else either way. I should get going. Thanks, Kaminari."

"Sure but uh, you gonna deal with that Hatsume thing first or what?"

"Oh yeah. Guess I could see what it is really quick before I leave." Both males left the laundry room, heading for the common room area where Kaminari had left the mystery envelope. But when they arrived to the kitchen it had disappeared. Gone without a trace. "Where is it?"

"Huh. That's weird." Kaminari said while scratching his head. "I thought I left it here. Or, actually wait. I think I left it in my room."

"Well wherever it is, just leave it in my room. I have to get going."

"Sure no problem! Later man....*huh, where the hell did I leave that envelope?"*

-

"Yaoyorozu come on!"

"Absolutely not." Yaoyorozu argued as she held a pink envelope high above her head. She did so because of the fact that Ashido was right beside the Vice President and trying her hardest to reach it, both girls on the floor of Midoriya's room. "This is clearly something that is of a private matter, which means you must not look into it."

"But think about the juice. THE JUICEEEE. The juicy stuff that's in there!" Ashido pleaded. "Don't you wanna know? I mean it's the mechanic with a tendency to blow stuff up, and the hero with a tendency to jump without thinking!"

"Again, Ashido. Private matters are left for private eyes, therefore we cannot be nosy and snoop around where we shouldn't be snooping. If you're so curious as to what is in this envelope than ask Midoriya for yourself AFTER he reads it. And that's IF he chooses to disclose it to you. But I will not allow you to look inside on your own. That will be a trespass of our classmate's property."

CLICK

"I am going to leave this envelope in his room, and create a lock so that nobody else besides him may enter." Yaoyorozu commented as she opened the door into Midoriya's empty room. "I'm sorry that I have to do this but if I catch you sneaking around here, I might have to report you to Aizawa. Please just be patient and maybe he'll tell you once he reads it."

"Awhhhhh, UGH. Fiiine. I'll wait." Ashido groaned as she dramatically sulked away with arms hanging low at her sides. She stomped back down the hall with a frown on her face knowing she wouldn't have the opportunity of knowing what's in the envelope, but at the same time was happy knowing something that Yaoyorozu didn't. Whatever was inside of that envelope, would be for naught. After all, the boy's heart was already taken by somebody else.

Sighing in relief that she was able to stave off the eccentric Ashido, Yaoyorozu made her way inside of Midoriya's room to place the pink envelope on top of his desk...however.

'*Hatsume, could she be interested in asking Midoriya to the dance? This could be an issue. It's unfair of me to do so but...I can't waste this opportunity.'*

Yaoyorozu stuffed the envelope into the left pocket of her shorts. And replaced it with her own black envelope, sealed by a golden stamp on the back. She rushed out of his room, closed the door and created a giant padlock around the handle that would prevent it from opening all the way. A bit of guilt was starting to foam inside of her stomach but, all's fair in love and war.

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..
...

THUD

"Ow!"

"Nice landing you idiot. Now it sounds like a giant bird just hit Midoriya's sliding window. Get it over with will you? We could get caught doing this."

"A bird? Noooo."

CREEEEEAK

"Try a lizard. A really sexy, SUPER, FUN-TIME LIZARD!"

"Mm-hmm." A girl hummed. "Whatever you say. Just leave the envelope and let's get going Tokage."

"Shhh, quietly Kendo." Tokage whispered as she tip toed across Midoriya's room and towards his desk. "This sort of task requires the upmost level of a skilled stealth artist, the most finesse of touches without leaving a mark, the quietest of feet that resemble a feline's."

THUD THUD THUD

"Mm-hmm."

Snickering as she reached Midoriya's desk, Tokage hummed in curiosity when spotting a black envelope with a golden seal. She contemplated on whatever is inside the envelope but didn't put too much thought into. Snatching it up and replacing it with her own purple envelope with black lines resembling a scaled pattern. "Ooh! Looky looky! *Someone's* got a special little thing for the green bean. HMPH! Yeah right. He and I have the same colored hair which means that he and I are soon to be dance partners!

Teach me how to Dougie
Teach me teach me how to Dougie."

"Ew." Kendo sounded. "I think I'm gonna need a couple cups of bleach for my eyes after witnessing that monstrosity."

"Awh look, he left me flowers." Tokage paced over to Midoriya's bed where a bouquet of roses lay peacefully on their side. She grabbed the bouquet and took a nice whiff of the lovely fragrance. *"Ahhhh.* So sweet of him."

...

PING

'I FORGOT THE FLOWERS!' Midoriya thought with a palm smacking himself across the face. He shook his head side to side in anger while stepping out of the elevator and onto the top floor of a wealthy apartment building. Only two apartments were on this level of the building, one all the way down to his left and the all the way down to his right. His destination being the former.

'*Stupid stupid STUPID! How could I forget the roses when I kept telling myself to NOT forget about the roses? Awh man, this sucks. I don't have enough time to go back and get them, might as well get this over with. Stupid Izuku.'*

So far, this really hasn't the been the greatest of experiences for Midoriya. To begin with his once white shirt is no longer white to go with the black colored jeans, and the roses he bought for Ryukyu are

back in his dorm room. Probably just sitting there without being disturbed whatsoever by anything or anybody. When in reality they should be in his arms right now to give to Ryukyu, a gift for her hospitality in hosting him for dinner. But unfortunately that would not be the case tonight. Perhaps some other time when the opportunity arises for just the two of them again. More than likely it won't be as special as this night, but nonetheless he'll make do with it.

Patting himself down of any creases or wrinkles that may be sticking out too obviously he arrived just outside of Ryukyu's door with slightly shaking hands. On the other side of this door, he will have dinner with her for one of their first and hopefully more special moments to come. He just hoped the pink wasn't too much of a sore thumb for her. Raising his fist to knock on the door, he hears the click of the door handle and nearly collided with Ryukyu who was on her way out. Stunning him just by her looks alone.

"I-Izuku!" Ryukyu said. "Greetings uh, I didn't know you were a fan of, pink."

"...oh wow." He responded. And oh wow indeed, was the right phrase to put it.

Ryukyu wore, potentially, the most beautiful of dresses he's ever laid eyes on. Though it was more so because it was on *her* body than anybody else's. It was an angelic white dress that was slit on her right side from the thigh going downwards, a golden trimming outlining the fabrics. It was very similar to a bridesmaid dress where it exposed her shoulders and a collar going around her neck, but the material was so suave like velvet or something similar. A golden floral design was etched into the fabric around the thigh of her left leg, and around the top of the left side of her where the heart lay underneath.

"Oh wow." He repeated.

"T-Thank you." Ryukyu said with a blush. "Though, don't give all the attention to me. You look handsome yourself."

"T-Thanks. It was supposed to be a white shirt to go with the black but I accidentally put this in with the colors so now it's pink."

She giggled. "Why am I not surprised you would be prone to an accident such as that. Though I will say I think this shade of pink suits you rather well. It's not too hot nor is it too washed out with the previous white color. It's the perfect amount of shading."

"Huh. That's, nice to know. I-I'll remember that next time. ***SNIFF SNIFF***. Is something burning?"

"Uh...um..."

"Ryuko?"

"I, accidentally burnt tonight's dinner." Ryukyu admitted with a glum look. "I apologize about that."

"Oh no. Are you okay?"

"Huh?"

"You didn't burn yourself or anything, did you?" Midoriya asked with a worried tone, looking in between her hands to see if any injuries were present. "It sucks that the dinner you made was ruined, just as long as you're not hurt or anything. Which you're not though. Right?"

"No! No I'm fine nothing happened to me. But the dinner. You're not worried about it?"

"No not at all. I know it was probably something special you wanted to make for tonight but, honestly. With the way my time has been with you at your agency I think anything that involves you is special. So, I don't mind. Really."

"..huh."

"..y-yeah."

Both of them stood out in the hallway in silence, trying their best to keep their nerves calm. Though ultimately they were both failing that battle. For Midoriya, he was happy to see that Ryukyu didn't hold a distaste or any objections towards the slightly off-colored shirt he wore for the occasion. Even going so far as to compliment him wearing it. And for Ryukyu, she was elated to see that Midoriya

didn't wasn't furious or downtrodden that dinner had been ruined. Because apparently anything that involved her in it was special enough already. Something that made her heart beat rapidly like a rabbit underneath the dosage of a Quirk alternator.

Which is something that she has in fact seen for herself in the form of Miruko being hit by a Trigger. Safe to say the heroes, most definitely had a fun time trying to keep that situation under containment. It wasn't easy trying to hold down the screaming woman that threw out every insult in the book and then some as she hopped all over town faster than the eye can see.

"Where were you going?" Midoriya asked.

"I was uh, going to get, pizza." Ryukyu answered. "You don't mind, do you?"

"It's still dinner right? Plus, we can still be together when we get back so it's not like everything is completely ruined. Do you want me to go with you?"

"If you don't mind."

"Not at all."

-

"***HIC*.** Oh goodness me." Ryukyu dabbed her mouth with a napkin and gave another squeak of a hiccup before taking a sip from a glass of water. "That was quicker than I ***HIC***, thought."

"That was pretty good for a little spot honestly." Midoriya said, the both of them sitting beside each other on Ryukyu's couch. "Thank you for inviting me today. It probably wasn't as good as what you would have prepared but, I enjoyed my time here. Ryuko."

"You're welcome, Izuku. Your company is always welcome here and to be frank I'd like it if we spent more time like this. Just you and me?"

"Yeah. Yeah! Sure! That way we can both get used to being with each other all the time. If this testing phase is going to go successfully,

then the best way to go about it might be to have more...time like this."

"Certainly. Are you okay?" Ryukyu asked after picking up a pause in his sentence. He opened his mouth to what she thought would be his answer, but instead came out a big yawn that lasted for a while. Practically being an answer on it's own. "Oh, looks like the food's getting to somebody."

"I didn't get much sleep last night, I was trying to figure out what to wear. Plus with all that pizza we just ate, it's starting to stack up against me."

"Well, take a nap then. I don't mind AND, unlike last time, I am going to set an alarm for when you should leave. Regrettably. I would prefer if you stayed but, that might be too hasty in the process."

"Maybe." Midoriya responded with a light pink on his face. He remembered back to the last time he slept in the same space as Ryukyu, how comfortable and soft her body was to hug like a pillow. "But if you don't mind, then may I?"

"Make yourself comfortable."

It wouldn't take much for Midoriya to get cozy on her couch. All he had to was place his head on the arm rest and settle in for a much wanted nap. Though, it would've been a lot easier were it not for her fact that Ryukyu kept fidgeting in her seat while watching him. Her index fingers tapping against each other with nervousness as she bit her bottom lip. Instantly, he could tell that she wanted something. "Ryuko?"

"...I'm sorry but, can I, uh?"

"Oh. Y-Yeah, I don't mind. As long as you're comfortable though."

A smile graced itself across her face as she took off her shoes and clambered onto the couch. Midoriya held his breath while watching Ryukyu growing closer and closer to him, eventually coming over his body on all fours and pausing momentarily. Presumably waiting for an approval from him. He nodded, herself nodding back and lowering

herself onto his body. Their fronts meshing into a warm and cozy space of a gentle embrace. Ryukyu held her hands close to his chest as he wrapped his own around her back for a comfortable hug. A perfect, hug.

"Is this fine?" He asked.

"Yes. Yes it's perfect." Ryukyu replied with her head on the left side of his chest. "Izuku?"

"Yes?"

Ryukyu leaned up to give a lingering kiss on the left side of his face before coming back down to her original position. "Thank you. For making this dinner memorable."

"Thank you, Ryuko. For making everything memorable."

"Well, whenever you'd like. You may-"

"Zzzz.."

"Oh. Okay then, guess I didn't need to ask you that." Ryukyu took a quick peek up to his face and stifled a giggle to see him out like a light. His cheeks puffing in and out with each slowly taken breath. She sighed warmly and snuggled in for her own nap, remembering to set the alarm just before dozing off into the dream realm. So, to recap today's events.

She didn't manage to light a single candle.

She burnt the dinner that she wanted to prepare for him.

She managed to break a glass cup AND after closer inspection, scratch several nicks into the side of the table when she fell.

That was one hand. And on the other hand?

She bought pizza for him to replace the ruined dinner and gets to take yet another nap in his arms. In the flawlessly perfect embrace of them two and them two alone.

It was three (possibly four) negatives against two positives. The result?

Best. Worst. Dinner. Ever.

Chapter 18: The Perfect Song

KNOCK

KNOCK

"Ryukyu! I have the papers from the board in which they asked you to sign!"

"..."

KNOCK

KNOCK

"Ryukyu?"

"..."

CLICK

Opening the door into Ryukyu's personal office Ms. Hoshiko stuck her head through the small opening and peered inside. "*Ryukyuuu*....she's not here? Huh. I thought she was. I'll just leave these on her desk then."

Pacing over to Ryukyu's desk with a small stack of papers in her hand Ms. Hoshiko paused for a moment when she spotted something out of the corner of her left eye, something that was interesting and rather peculiar in a room full of mainly gold color. She walked over to the wall where a shelf held up the Ryukyu plushy with golden wings, and seated right beside that plushy was something new that she didn't notice before. It was a plushy of Midoriya, the doll being made after the model of his Sports Festival attire with tracksuit uniform. His green hair and innocently smiling face just stared into the void in front of him as the Ryukyu plushy was placed into a position to

where it leaned on his shoulder. Like an ordinary couple.

'Where, oh where, did you come from.' The secretary thought as she gave a smirk to the toy versions of her companions.

She turned back around to leave the papers on the desk, and when she went to place the stack onto Ryukyu's keyboard she spotted yet another point of interest. A photo that had been set into a neat black frame showed both Midoriya and Ryukyu inside of a photo booth, the outline having the title of the arcade in which they visited a while ago. The latter was completely relaxed and as cool as a cucumber while the former looked like he was about to blast off into a firework of complete nervousness. Even now in the form of a photo it looked as if he was shivering out of his pants.

BZZT

Hearing the vibration sound of a phone against the surface of Ryukyu's desk the secretary found yet ANOTHER open screen, this time being the heroine's phone. It was open to the messages app with several green and grey bubbles of an ongoing conversation with a new message coming in just now.

Izuku 💚 : Not really. I don't find myself to be reading manga too often, only whenever I have the chance or just really bored. Why?

Tatsuma: Just curious, I came across a bookstore earlier while on patrol and thought if you'd be interested in that type of literature as a gift. I used to read some when I was in high school.

Izuku 💚 : Really? What kind?

Tatsuma: Well there was one that really stuck with me even now, sometimes I'll go back to it on my free time. It was more of an action type of manga that consisted of really eccentric beam blasts and transformations and what not. What really stuck with me the most was when two of the main characters used a set of earrings to merge with each other. I thought that was quite neat.

Izuku 💚 : Maybe we could try having a little reading session together, today? It's up to you though, I'm happy with whatever as long as we can

just have a nice time with each other. Oh also, I might take a while to respond Ryuko. Hado and I are having a small sparring session with Kirishima and Amajiki.

"OH-HOHHH. Wait a minute. Wait a minute wait a minute." Ms. Hoshiko took a seat in the office chair with an open smug across her face as she processed everything she's come across in the last two minutes.

First piece of evidence, the Midoriya plushy right beside the Ryukyu plushy. For starters where did she even manage to conjure up a plushy of him from the Sports Festival? It was either custom designed for her or she looked in between each crack of reality to find it. Because it's not often that a plushy is made after a high schooler just because of some Sports Festival. Adding in there the fact that Ryukyu's was placed in a manner that it was leaning her head onto his shoulder. There's no way that it could've fallen over given how balanced the dolls were made, which means it was purposely placed like that. So that's evidence number one.

Second piece of evidence, the photograph. It wasn't that big to set off any alarms but the fact that there were no photos of the secretary OR Hado on the desktop meant that she favored the boy's picture over their's. Not that Ms. Hoshiko was petty about it, not at all. She just thought it was pretty interesting that Ryukyu kept a picture of her and Midoriya in a place where she would always be able to see it whenever dealing with computer work. It was practically dead center of the desk surface and not so easy to miss. It may as well have a big bright sign that said 'Look at Me'. That's evidence number two.

Third and final piece of evidence were the text messages. There wasn't much to talk about aside from three critical parts of information. Izuku, a golden heart beside his name, and Ryuko. All three of them equally important as the last.

The plushies, the photo, and the text messages. All of these added up to the greater sum of what Ms. Hoshiko thought and wanted to happen between the two of them. Because finally. Finally after years of Ryukyu's hard work consisting of her blood, sweat and tears, she's managed to be rewarded with the one thing she never knew she needed.

The sound of the door opening into her office was heard which was quickly followed by Ryukyu stepping through with a plastic bag in her hand containing takeout food. She took a few steps towards her desk before pausing and realizing that her secretary was seated in her chair. "Oh, Ms. Hoshiko. Didn't see you there. Did I keep you waiting?"

SLAM

"YOU'VE GOT A BOYFRIEND!"

"Boyfriend?! N-Nooooo. What makes you say that?"

"Oh-hoh please Ryukyu. Don't even try to fool me woman." Ms. Hoshiko stated. "I've seen the evidence for myself that has been left all over this crime scene of an office.

First! Your cute little plushies you got sitting right next to each other like a couple would do on a bench or at a table, even leaning your own head onto his shoulder. Second! This photograph here on your desk which consists of you and Midoriya but nobody else. It was during the time when we all went to that arcade to have a casual time with each other, but this frame placement is in a manner where you'll practically just ogle at it every time you take a glance. You would've been much sneakier if you put it as your phone screen instead of putting it up on a frame. Actually!"

Ms. Hoshiko exited the messages app of Ryukyu's phone, revealing the same photo to be the background of her screen. "HA! I knew it. And the final piece of my damning evidence are your texts. You call each other by your first names and you even have a cute golden heart for him in his contact name. That basically solidifies the fact that you two have stepped beyond the status as teacher-student and have become much closer with each other. Hence being dubbed boyfriend and girlfriend by yours truly!

GOTCHA! Attorney style!"

"Stop it Hoshiko, Izu-AH, Midoriya, and I are nothing more than a student and teacher at an agency." Ryukyu said firmly. "We cannot step past anything beyond that line if we are to work properly as

diligent heroes because should word come out about this and he becomes overwhelmed by questions and gossip-"

"Your next line will be-"

"Neither of us will achieve our dreams."
"Neither of us will achieve our dreams. Right?"

"Stop that!"

"Ryukyu just admit it already. You can't trick me, I read the manga from left to right." Ms. Hoshiko requested after successfully predicting the heroine's next words. "You and Midoriya are dating, there's nothing wrong with that! If you two love each other then who's to say they can tell you other wise?"

"You're forgetting the fact that he and I are student and teacher. Relationships such as this are usually looked down upon when it comes to people like he and I. So I will admit this, we are indeed something past a normal student and teacher relationship, but we are not officially in a boyfriend and girlfriend status. At least not yet. We're just going through a simple testing phase for now and see if this is something we really want."

"Well, is it something YOU want?"

"Of course." Ryukyu answered while moving over to her desk. "I've never been in a relationship before and knowing that my first one might be with somebody amazing is so breathtaking. Izuku's special in his own ways that it's hard to keep track of. But at the same time I have to go back to the fact that this is my FIRST relationship, or at least an unofficial one. I might feel something right now but who knows what it might turn into later on down the line. I wouldn't want to rush things at the very start. Plus, it would be his first relationship too if we were to go through with it."

"In my opinion you two should just go for it, skip all this testing nonsense." Ms. Hoshiko commented. "He's been a lot happier for a while now and I'm assuming it's because you two are doing this little testing thing. Not only does he appear to be happier but he seems to be performing a lot better in school too from what the school's been

sending me. His home room teacher states an 'increased activity in his participation and more efficient control over his Quirk usage'. You are probably one of the better people he's ever come across."

"Yes but even so, there is a level of secrecy we'd like to retain for the time being. The easier it is for us to transition into the next phase without any hassle or outside influences the better. So, please, Hoshiko..."

"Relax relax, I ain't gonna tell anybody about this. Do I look like a snitch to you?"

"Thank you."

"But you do realize that you can just go incognito mode with this right?" Ms. Hoshiko suggested. "It's not hard to have a relationship and keep it a secret from the rest of the world, other heroes do it all the time I mean just look at Mt. Lady and Kamui Woods. Though, their's is a bit more obvious to be honest. The fact that they walked around in public while holding hands pretty much gave it away."

"True but again, I'd like to go at my own pace for this. Just to be on the safer side." Ryukyu swooped up her phone and sat in one of the chairs in front of her desk, a tension releasing sigh exiting from her lips upon sinking into the chair. She opened up the messages app once more and smiled warmly at the screen, her fingers typing away at they keyboard to send a reply.

"Still in-school hours, but still talking to each other huh?"

"I told him he really shouldn't do so since he could get in trouble for it, but as long as he doesn't get caught then there's not much I can do. Plus I enjoy talking with him. It helps pass the time due to how many topics we can converse about."

"Send him any nudes?"

"Nudes? Like, makeup nudes? He doesn't wear makeup."

The secretary chuckled with head dipping down before raising it back up. "So I'll take that as a no then."

*"Nudes. Why would I send Izuku....*OH MY- HOSHIKO!"

"PBBT HA-HAAA! Hey, listen. Sometimes you gotta spice things up every once in a while okay? Show him that super sexy body of yours that he probably has wet dreams about."

"T-That's enough." Ryukyu ordered with a tint of red coating her cheeks. "Private matters are left for private eyes. Wait that line's been used already."

"Well hey, whatever kind of texting floats your boat, it floats your boat. But you guys have at least sent each other links to a song right?"

"Hmm? What links?"

"Oh you don't know? It's mainly on social media but sometimes couples or people that are close with each other will send them a link to a song that describes how they feel towards them. Sometimes it's cringe sometimes it's really sweet, and other times it makes you wonder just what in the world kind of relationship they got going on. You never knew that?"

"No. No I never knew that. Is it necessary?"

"It's up to you." Ms. Hoshiko replied with a shrug of her shoulders. "Me personally I wouldn't even bother in doing it since I prefer to tell them straight up how I feel, and I've got better stuff to do than to look for a video on the internet and send it somebody just so it can show them how I feel. But if it's something you're interested in then go for it. Nobody's gonna stop you....*Plus, I'm curious to see what the Dragoon Hero would send to the one true prince that managed to tame the beast.*

Greetings Izuku the Dragon Slayer, how brave and noble of a prince you are.'

"Hmm." Ryukyu hummed as she contemplated on whether or not to go through with it. On one hand it did seem interesting to go through with it and convey her feelings through something different and unique. But on the other it did seem like what Ms. Hoshiko said it

would seem at times, which was cringe. What would Midoriya think? Would he be happy? Would he be weirded out that the Dragoon Hero sent him a link to a song he's probably never even heard before and hearing it for the first time would weird him out? It all boils down to what he would think in the end.

Also there's the issue of how she's going to word it. She can't just send him a link to a music video and expect him to know why she did so, she'd like to at least be able to give an explanation for it. Thought how to go about that...hmm...she'll worry about that later. For now there's the issue of trying to find the correct song.

Opening up the video streaming app she tapped on the 'Music' category and scrolled through the endless list of various videos. There wasn't one in particular that she wanted to find, but at the same time she also didn't want to just send him a random link with no meaning whatsoever behind it. She wanted it to be good enough for the first attempt and at least hope to put a smile on his face. So by searching through the infinite options of a music category she tried to refresh her mind for the right choice.

Curious as to her boss's option for the video choice Ms. Hoshiko wheeled herself around the heroine's desk and placed their chairs beside each other. "What are you going for?"

"Something, simple. Yet romantic." Ryukyu answered while still scrolling through her phone. "He's told me that he listens to hip hop every now and then so maybe I can try my luck there."

"Hip hop and love? Mmm, not really too many options when it comes to that field. Don't get me wrong there's a lot of songs in hip hop about love but majority of them are usually about sadness or being cheated on. It's rare to come across something with a nice meaning to it."

"Hmm. How about this one?"

Robbery - Juice WRLD

"NOPE. Too overused to the point where it's not even good. Next one."

"Oh, okay. This?"

Die for You - The Weeknd

"Eh." Ms. Hoshiko shrugged. "You can do better. It's a good song it's got a nice vibe to it with the album but there's better options. Keep it going."

"Getting better, hmmm. This one."

Pursuit of Happiness - Kid Cudi

"That one is for when you're absolutely zoinked off of this world and you can't even tell if it's your body or the person beside you."

"The fact that you managed to describe that in your own accuracy Hoshiko worries me."

Just a Friend - Biz Markie

"And there it goes down the drain. You failed. Gimme this." Ms. Hoshiko snatched the phone from Ryukyu's grasp and immediately went for the search bar, typing in the name to a music video. It didn't take long for her to find what she was looking for, even tapping on it and letting the first few seconds play. She put herself in the mood by snapping her fingers and gyrating her body to the motion.

"Oh, goodness."

"TECHNICALLY, technically. This song does correlate with you two considering it's a secret thing. So maybe he'll like it. This song is a classic so you can't even go wrong with it.

Nobody wanna see us together,
But it don't matter, no (cause I got you babe)

Ryukyu chuckled as her secretary lip synced to the song with her fingers pointing towards the heroine as if she was dedicating this tune for her. "Very funny, but I don't think something such as that is in his interest. Oh well, it doesn't matter, I'll think of something later. I need to-"

"Nope too late. Already copying it and sending it."

"Wha-no. Hoshiko give me my phone please."

"Nope." Ms. Hoshiko hurried with her actions while leaning away from Ryukyu who was desperately reaching with both hands for the phone, practically leaning half of her body onto the secretary's in a critical struggle. The tension reached so high that she had to place one hand on the draconian's face to hold it back while trying to retain her link sending with the other. "NOPE."

"Hoshiko! Give me, *nrgh,* give me my phone!"

"Nope! This is gonna make things spicy for you two trust me! I expect a baby dragon with green hair and freckles within the next nine months. No exceptions!"

"HOSHIKO!"

THUD

Both women fell the floor after Ryukyu had practically tilted the office chair down onto it's side with the phone clattering out of the secretary's hand. Due to the violent action of the device hitting against the floor it malfunctioned slightly and scrolled down several videos on the list to a different song. Scrambling for the phone Ms. Hoshiko picked it back up, copied the link of what she thought to be her music choice, hurried over to the messages app and pasted the link into the new message. "SEND!"

"Nooooo! Why would you do that?!"

"Oh relax Ryukyu this is a perfect way to get the wheels rolling in your little 'testing phase'." The secretary said with her fingers making quotation mark gestures. "Besides it's a classic he's gonna like it the instant he opens it up. I mean who wouldn't want to listen to...wait, huh?"

"Now what?"

*"What happened to the...*aw. Shit."

"What'd you do?!"

"I uh, accidentally copied the link to a different video and sent him something that wasn't supposed to be what I wanted to send. Needless to say this new video is definitely uh, gonna put some ideas into his head."

-

"Alright that's enough!" Midnight yelled within one of the door training grounds. "The match is over."

"Aughhh, man." Kirishima whined after sitting himself up from his laid out position on the ground. "I wanted to keep going."

"Well you can't keep going considering you were the first to fall out of all four of us." Amajiki stated. "Just because you're able to harden your body doesn't mean you always have to place yourself in front of danger. There are offensive uses for that skin as well."

"Yeah well, there's not much offense I can do when you're going up against THAT guy."

"-dtocontrolthepowerinwhichIexertintoeachDragonStepthatwayIdon'tconstantlybumpintotheceilingandunliketheotherprevioustimesIuseditthereWasnoceilingjustanopenenvironment-"

"Midoriya. ***SNAP SNAP***. Hey."

"Huh? Oh, Midnight-sensei."

"You can go now, pretty much everybody else has left you behind." The teacher stated. "You did well today, aside from the fact that you kept bumping into the ceiling whenever you did that neat sky walking thing."

"The Dragon Step." Midoriya informed. "Something that Ryukyu helped me to develop on my own, it works better in an outdoor environment but indoors might take a little time."

"Well I'm sure you'll be able to manage it quickly if you just pay

attention to how much strength you're putting into each step. Even if it doesn't work as an maneuvering technique you can still utilize the powerful bursts of air as an evasion method to push away the enemies while placing yourself into a different spot."

"Oh like an offensive technique as well! I didn't even think about that."

"Just keep experimenting with it and I'm confident you'll find new ways to use it. Oh by the way." Midnight pointed behind her to a set of bleachers where a gym bag and water bottle lay idle on the first bench. "It looks like Ryukyu sent you a text message. I didn't look into the message I just saw the contact name itself."

FWOOSH

Midoriya zoomed right past Midnight towards the bleachers and quickly made for his phone, excited to see what she had sent him. Before doing so he looked over the previous text messages with a small warmth in his heart knowing that it was he and he alone that had been gifted with the privilege of calling Ryukyu his loved one. Well, *unofficial,* loved one. They were still in the early stages of a testing phase and he didn't want to rush things for the sake of keeping things the way they are. Hopefully though once the phase is over they will both have the upmost confidence in saying that they love each other until the world's end. Granted, he already has some of that confidence.

Love is something that he's not completely intelligent in, it's a very complex topic for him since he's never been in a relationship before this one. So to say that he can state out loud that he loves Ryukyu is the product of mixed emotions about it. He's seen both sides of the coin when it comes to love, the good side and the very bad side. The good side resides in couples he's seen out in public who always bore smiles on their faces just by being right beside each other and nothing else is needed. They could literally be seated on a bench and it would be the greatest life experience ever. But then on the other side of the coin is the bad side of love, corrupted and overthrown by the addictions that were alcohol, drugs and domestic abuse. Would it even be called love at that point?

Midoriya hopes that as time passes on and they grow closer and closer to one another, they would stay on the good side of the coin. Being able to enjoy the fruits of their well spent company of each other. He will admit that he does fear for a tiny bit that this relationship could sour a bit due to their status as pro hero and student, but if there's a to work around that roadblock then just point him in the direction and step out of his way.

"Ryuko sent me a link?" Midoriya said after looking over the copied and pasted message from a video streaming app. "To what?"

"RYUKO?!"

"EH?!" Whipping around he nearly collided forehead to forehead with Midnight who was right behind him and a gleaming grin spreading across her face.

"You...Ryu...Ryuko...First name...MIDORIYA!"

"SHHHH. M-Midnight-sensei please. Keep your voice down."

"Midoriya. You, and Ryukyu?!"

"I-I didn't say Ryuko I said Ryukyu!"

"Mm-hmm." Midnight hummed. "You didn't say Ryuko okay 'sure'. But try explaining the fact that your background is her holding up the peace sign."

Midoriya glanced at his phone to see that when he was startled by Midnight, he accidentally exited the messages app and returned to the home screen. Yesterday he purposely rearranged his apps so that one of the screens was void of any icons and symbols to give him the perfect view of his background. It was a picture sent to him by Ryukyu which was a selfie of the heroine holding up the peace sign, the photo starting from her bust and showing everything above it in all it's perfect glory. Her smile, her hair her godly beautiful face. Everything that was her was on his background.

"U-U-Uhhhh, b-because she's my host at the Work Study?" He answered with a sheepish chuckle.

"Oh please Midoriya don't you try to fool me." Midnight said. "I may be old but that doesn't mean I'm getting rusty. You and Ryukyu have something much more intimate don't you? Don't even bother in hiding it because I can see it clearly like it was right in front of me. Admit it."

"I...I...it's not...it's not like that I swear!"

"Midoriya." Midnight looked around to see if anybody else was in the training ground, but it was empty aside from the two of them. She gestured with her finger to come closer while whispering at a level loud enough only for him to hear. *"Between you and me, you're not the only student here that's dating a pro hero."*

"What?"

"You know Togata right?"

"Togata-senpai?"

"Yeah. He and Bubble Girl? They got a little fling going on."

"Huh?! No way!"

"Shh." Midnight hushed with a finger going up to her lips. Midoriya did the same to his own lips as he nodded to show that he understood. *"Again, it's just between you and me."*

"How do you know they're dating?" He asked.

"Togata's room is on the first floor of his dorm building. One day I was delivering a stack of papers for Snipe and all of the students were out doing who knows what, or at least I thought all of them were. Once I left the papers in Snipe's room, I passed by Togata's room and heard two different people laughing. That blonde dummy, he left his door partly open and it gave a clear view of him and Bubble Girl having a tickle fight."

"Togata, and Bubble Girl."

"I expect you to keep quiet about this. If I found out you told anybody else this, I'll be speaking directly to Nezu about you and Ryukyu. Understand?"

"I promise." He stated. *"So, you won't tell anybody about this?"*

"What? Of course not. You and Ryukyu are probably so cute together!" Midnight squealed while doing a little happy dance in placing by shimmying her upper body. *"It's her first relationship too which makes it better."*

"We're not officially dating, at least not yet. We're just going through a little testing phase for now."

"Ohhh, okie-dokie. You need to be more careful about this in the future because if it was any other teacher besides me then you'd be outta here quicker than Aizawa erases your Quirk. If you're going to look at your text messages with Ryukyu then do it in a more private setting such as your room, or unless you're ABSOLUTELY sure that nobody's around. You did the right thing by leaving the contact name as Ryukyu, that way nobody would raise any suspicions just by the name. But be careful next time. Got it?"

"Yeah. I'll make sure of that next time."

"So what'd she send you."

"Hmm?"

"The link." Midnight requested. "She sent you a link right? We can stop whispering by the way cause there's no point in doing it if nobody's around."

"The link? Oh, uh. Is it alright if I look at it on my own?"

"Nope. Consider it as my payment for keeping it a secret."

"I...*huhhh,* yeah. I guess you're right." Opening up the messages app Midoriya tapped on the link, which directed his screen to the video streaming app to load a music video.

"Awww." Midnight swooned. "She sent you a song! How cute."

"Why though? It's so random."

"Some people do it just for fun or others do it to express how they

feel for somebody. Maybe she did it for the second reason."

"Ryuko...sending me a song...I wonder-"

"BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
I want you in my room
Let's spend the night together
From now until forever
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM"

"EHHHHH?!"

"OH-HOOOOO! Ryukyu's got some priorities!" Midnight exclaimed as she fiddled her eyebrows towards Midoriya who was turning into a beet red color. "Yeah so much for not being official yet HMMM?"

...

The sound of music playing through a speaker set boom softly throughout Ryukyu's apartment, creating a peaceful environment of a laid back mood with no worries whatsoever. Seated at the couch were Midoriya and Ryukyu with the former having his back against the armrest like a cushion and the latter using his front side as her own cushion. Together, they both read from the same manga that the heroine had described earlier but each having their own issue and volume. His arms were looped around her lower sides and to the front of her stomach where he held the novel around her abdominal area as she held her own with one hand and having the other hold onto one of his forearms.

"Um, Izuku?"

"Hmm?" He hummed. "Yes?"

"A-About, earlier. With the music video?"

"O-Oh, heh. Yeah. That. It was um, an interesting choice of a song to send somebody."

"It actually wasn't me, it was Hoshiko. She may or may not have found out about our little secret and suggested that I send you a song that conveyed my feelings to you. She stole my phone and sent you

that one. I'm so sorry."

"It's okay, don't worry about it." He assured. "And if we're being honest about everything, Midnight, knows too. About us."

"You're joking. How?!"

"U-Uh, because I was stupid enough to say your first name out loud and she saw my wallpaper."

"Your wallpaper?" Ryukyu asked. Midoriya reached into the pocket of jeans and pulled out his device, unlocking it to reveal the picture she had sent to him that was now his background. "Oh. That's the picture I sent to you for my contact picture."

"Yeah well, I loved it-LIKED IT. I liked it a lot so I made it my background. You look very beautiful in it."

"Thank you, Izuku. Thank you."

"So, how did Ms. Hoshiko find out?"

"Ah-heh, well uh, through various obvious pieces of evidence in my personal office. The first was that I had a plushy of you during the Sports Festival seated right next to the one you gave me at the arcade. The second was a photo I had framed on my desk surface when we went inside that little photo booth together, and the last was that she saw my text messages and the contact name I had placed for you. So out of the two of us, I think I was the dumber fool to expose our secret."

"Wait. A plushy of, me?"

"I was actually quite surprised at that for myself." Ryukyu replied. "I was on a patrol earlier today and I came across a little neat gift shop containing all sorts of hero items. Dolls, shirts, posters, basically anything hero related. There was a little section dedicated to U.A which contained an assortment of plushies of students who stood out the most including Togata, Hado, Todoroki and even you! I couldn't resist in buying one for myself."

"Huh. I don't know how to feel about that." He commented. "Not you

buying one but, everybody else. It's a bit weird knowing that somewhere out there is probably a little kid who has a plushy of me? It's so weird it makes me question it."

Ryukyu chuckled. "You'll get used to it once you reach the status of pro. Eventually you'll reach a level of fame where companies just go rampant on which products to make that are based off of you. Believe it or not I've seen female underwear that were based off of Miruko."

"What the."

"My exact reaction. It's strange but weirdly enough that's how fame work. It's best to just ignore it and roll with the motions."

Midoriya hummed in response before resting his chin onto her left shoulder. The music switched tracks, the song being that of a somewhat darker mood with a retro synthwave beat. It created a mood that just clicked into both of their minds with a mysterious feeling of emotion and love. Something that they both want yet are still wary about it.

Turning her head towards him Ryukyu locked eye contact with his own and smiled, himself doing the same. This is something that they both have wanted for the longest time now even before they even realized what they needed. 14 years of being Quirkless combined with four years of bearing a body-breaking superpower created a sort of loneliness that can only be filled by the presence of somebody special. Somebody who was loved. And 26 about to be 27 years two weeks from now, was dedicated to hard grit teeth that nearly broke after hours upon hours of grueling training. Dragon required the most careful of skill along with the most careful of touches as to not break everything that was touched through the accident of using too much strength. Ryukyu has known this for a while but now that it's finally in her grasp after a lifetime of being alone, she couldn't let it slip from her fingers.

Not now. Not ever.

Rotating her body around to face him Midoriya was a bit confused by the action, so he placed the manga aside to give her the space needed to freely move. With all distractions aside Ryukyu immediately went

in for a deep kiss that did catch him off guard at first but soon melting into it within the first second. Every time he connected his lips with Ryukyu's it felt like his body had transcended the present life and gone into the afterlife, moving right past the gates of Heaven into euphoria. Nothing was better than the feeling of her lips moving into his own.

His hands roamed up to her sides just underneath her bust as her own were looped around the back of his neck. Bringing him closer. It wasn't lewd or erotic by any fashion, it was just a passionate exchange of their emotions for each other that were kept under lock and key for the majority of the day. Only when the time is right will they finally be able to unlock that box and spill the contents out onto the table. Letting their hearts do the moving instead of their minds. Eventually they lost track of the time and just followed the tempo of the music playing through the speakers. It was funny how earlier, Ryukyu had worried about finding the perfect song to send him through a text message. But this? This current tune that carried the waves of their emotions?

This, was the perfect, song.

"As the hours pass
I will let you know
That I need to ask
Before I'm alone
How it feels to rest
On your patient lips
To eternal bliss
I'm so glad to know"

Chapter 19: Dragon's Desire

This is not a sex chapter, but it is an intimate chapter. Just as a little heads up.

/

Unknown number: Hey Jiro. It's Midoriya. I'm really sorry to bother you but I need to ask you something please, it's really important. Can we speak with each other in person?

Jiro: Yeah sure we can talk, you wanna meet somewhere specific or what?

Unknown number: The rooftop. Can you meet me up there in 10 minutes?

Jiro: Okay cool. See you there.

"Where the hell is this guy?" Jiro asked herself as she waited on the roof of her dorm building. Nearly half an hour had passed before Midoriya had contacted her, yet there was no sign of him showing up. Even after calling him several times in an attempt to contact him he still didn't answer his phone. "Did he get lost in his own dorm? *Tchgrr."*

Jiro: Hey not so super saiyan, you really thought you could prank text me through a different number and not have me find out about it huh? Yeah nice try idiot.

Denki Dumbass: wait wut? wut r u talking about i didn't do anything i've been on the game ever since we came back from classes.

"Damn it, he's right. I did hear that loud ass video game."

BZZZT

Denki Dumbass: hey girl, if this planet had no gravity? id still fall for u 😎

Jiro: □ 🔫 . Wrong person you idiot this isn't Uraraka.

Denki Dumbass: who said it wasn't for you?

Jiro: Me said it wasn't for me.

"Hey. Sorry for keeping you waiting." The voice of Midoriya popped up after the door leading onto the roof finally opened, the green haired classmate quietly letting it shut behind him. Instead of casual clothes he wore his modified hero costume taken after Ryukyu with the hood hanging behind his head.

"What the hell dude? You forget the layout of your own dorm? And what's with the outfit, we training or something?"

"I'm very sorry about that Jiro. I had to uh, do a little maneuvering around the hallways. I'm going on a patrol with Ryukyu and Hado right after this so that's why I have my outfit on."

"A patrol? Even after what happened in battle training class today?"

"It's nothing to worry about, I'll be able to pull through just fine. *Ow."* Midoriya winced on the left side of his body as he rubbed his right palm against his ribs.

"Well whatever you say man. Just don't be hurting yourself again. What do you mean maneuvering?"

"Um, Jiro? Can I ask you something?"

"Well duh that's why we're up here."

"Would you...um...would you consider taking me to the dance?"

"..."

"..."

"...so anyways um, I've got some stuff I gotta do."

"Nono wait please!" Midoriya begged. "I'm not asking you to actually go with me to the dance, I'm asking a legitimate question. Would you

consider taking ME, somebody like me, to the dance?"

"I meannnn..." Jiro thought about the question as she rubbed her left hand behind her neck. "I guess? You're pretty cool and, you're a good person so yeah. Yeah I guess so."

"What? Why me when there's so many other people to choose from?"

"Was I supposed to say no or something?"

"No, I just wanted your honest opinion. Cause recently things have been getting a little, weird. To say the least. Mainly in the girl population."

"What do you mean?" She asked. Opening up one of the utility compartments on his belt Midoriya handed Jiro a solid grey envelope with the seal of a ruler pasted onto the back. Curious about the envelope she made quick work of the package and pulled out a rectangular shape of paper that perfectly fit within the boundaries of the envelope. She cleared her throat and read it out loud.

"Dear Izuku Midoriya,

If you ever have an open opportunity sometime this week or the next, please come to the 1-B building so we can speak about the upcoming dance. From what I can gather, you are kind, brave, and friendly to those who need it most. There is no better individual I would prefer to go to the dance than with you.

Sincerely,
Yui Kodai

Wait a minute. Kodai? As in Kuudere Kodai?"

"Yeah. That caught me off guard too." Midoriya answered. "I don't even know what to say, and I don't know her at all other than when I see her in the halls between classes. What do I do?"

"Well just say no." Jiro said. "It's not hard to turn down somebody kindly. You're definitely not Bakugo so this is going to be a cakewalk for you."

"But, rejecting somebody who wants to go to the dance with me? I don't know if could do that."

"You wanna go with her or not?"

"No."

"Okay well, just go with Yaoyorozu then."

"Wait what?"

"Yaoyorozu." Jiro repeated. "You saw her letter right? If you saw Kodai's then you probably saw Yaoyorozu's letter as well. She told me she gave you one and left it on your desk."

"No she didn't." Midoriya argued. "There was only Kodai's letter on my desk nobody else's."

"What?! Quit lying."

"I'm not."

"*What happened to her letter then...*hold on before we go any further, why are you asking me? Couldn't you have asked Uraraka since she's basically your closest female friend? Or Asui even?"

"Well the thing is, Uraraka has been acting weird recently. Remember how I said the girl population was acting like that? Hatsume keeps calling me into the Support Studio for basically no reason, Yaoyorozu has been more talkative with me in class, Tokage from 1-B suddenly speaks to me like we've been friends for a while, and now Kodai? I don't know what I did but it all started ever since they announced the dance."

"Clearly it's because of the DANCE you goof! Why else would girls start acting up around you when an event is coming our way. Still though, you got five girls to choose from, and you still don't wanna go?" Midoriya shook his head no. "Mm sucks for you. Looks like you're gonna have to turn down all of them. To be honest I think Uraraka might be the hardest, she kinda has a secret crazy vibe to her. But that's just me."

"How do I go about this?" Midoriya asked. "Is there a pattern or process?"

"Honestly just go with your own pace, don't let me tell you how to do things. There is one little tip I will give, and that's to do each one on a different day. I don't know about you but if I had to deal with a list of turning down different people then I'd prefer to do one at a time and one day at a time. Just so I don't go crazy from having to deal with the possibility of people crying."

"Oh...I didn't even take that into account. Do you...do you think they'll cry if I say no? I don't wanna make people cry."

"Hey, relax man." Jiro stepped up to Midoriya and patted his right shoulder gently. "There's nothing wrong with you being honest about your decisions. If you don't want to go then it's not your fault, you just don't want to go. That's it. If they get salty at you because you didn't take them to the dance then let them be salty. You've got better stuff to do than to worry about a silly dance. Like reading manga."

"I don't, read, manga that much."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't want to go with you to the dance either."

"What?"

"What?"

"Anyways, thanks for your help Jiro, I have to get going." Midoriya said as he took back the letter and stuffed it into his utility belt, forgetting to clip the compartment shut. "Please don't tell anyone about this."

"Nahh, I won't." She assured. "Got better stuff to do than to gossip."

"Thank you. I'm off to Ryukyu's then, see ya."

-

Impatiently waiting in the lobby area of Ryukyu's apartment tower, Ms. Hoshiko repeatedly checked her phone to look at the time before putting it back onto her lap. She repeatedly tapped her right high

heel against the floor, clicking with each rapid tap to ease her irritation. *"Come on...come on...."*

"Whew! Sorry about that!" Midnight squeezed herself through a rotating door and into the lobby with her heels also clicking against the floor. "Train was a little slow today-"

BONK

"Ow!"

"Where the heck have you been WOMAN?!" Ms. Hoshiko yelled after bashing the forehead of Midnight with her left fist. "They could be here any second now!"

"HEY! It's not my fault some of my students forget to put their names on their class work!"

"Bleh bleh blah blah, PHOEEY! We have the potential to witness the making of a dragon and you're late-"

"Crap here they come!"

Spotting the image of a red Qipao along with a modified hero costume coming through the rotating door, it wasn't long before the clothing turned into full on silhouette of Ryukyu and Midoriya with the student having his dragon hood over his head. "-I think uh, I'd want the ability to vibrate my cells rapidly."

"Really?" Ryukyu asked. "How so?"

"Well if I had that kind of Quirk, then I'd be able to shake my body so fast that I could phase through solid objects depending on how fast I can go. Not only would I be able to phase through stuff but the kinetic energy that's built up might even serve as an offensive purpose."

"Ohhh. That's not bad, quite interesting too."

"But then again that's just something on the list of hundreds of Quirks I would've chosen at birth. Luckily for me I had..."

"You were saying?"

"Sorry but, Sensei?" Midoriya pointed to a nearby bench where he saw Midnight and Ms. Hoshiko conversing with each other. "Are Midnight and Ms. Hoshiko joining us?"

"No, why?...Oh, what are they doing here?"

"I didn't even know they were friends."

"Well it's mainly through me." Ryukyu informed. "Remember how I stated in the past when I went to Midnight for counseling? That's how they met basically. Let me ask what they're doing here."

The Dragoon Hero strolled over to the bench where the heroine and secretary continued speaking with each other, oblivious to the presence of the newcomer before she was right on top of them. A tap of her boot against the floor made Midnight aware of Ryukyu's presence as she turned to smile. "Oh heyyyyy, Ryukyu. Long time no see."

"Midnight." Ryukyu gave a light bow to the teacher. "Pleasure to see you here, to you as well Hoshiko. May I ask what are you two doing here?"

"Oh well Midnight and I were actually going to catch up a bit with each other, so we decided that we'd go to a local hangout for a while." The secretary feigned. "Coincidentally your apartment building is right in the middle of where we both live so we just met up here."

"Is that so? Well that does make sense if Midnight were to take the train."

"I see you're taking good care of my student." Midnight chimed as she leaned over to lock eye contact with Midoriya. The boy gave a sheepish smile with a wave as she winked at him once, causing him to look away with a blush. *'As nervous as ever too.'*

"He and I were just going to head up to my apartment for a little while and enjoy some time together. Initially I invited Hado to come along with us but she said she had some errands to take care of.

Hopefully next time. Would you two like to join us? I just bought some tubs of ice cream this morning for this certain occasion."

"I would but I don't want to disturb the peace between you two."

"Yeah same here." Ms. Hoshiko added. "Who are we to be third and fourth wheels to our lovely dragon couple?"

"S-Stop we're not on that level Hoshiko." Ryukyu stated, with a noticeable waver in her demeanor from calm to fidgety. It didn't take a genius, nor a heroine and a secretary, to know that she was waiting for the day of when that label became official between the two of them. "Anyways I won't hold you two ladies up any longer, please enjoy your evening."

"See ya/Bye-bye."

Ryukyu waved the two women farewell, before turning and making her way back towards an idle Midoriya. Midnight paid close attention the smile on his face that grew bigger in unison with Ryukyu who grew closer to him. It was practically splitting his whole head in half once they reunited and walked side by side for the elevator. The mentor tapped a button with the doors immediately sliding open to let them inside. She input something onto the control panel to let the doors shut, taking them up to her apartment level.

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..
...

"Ice cream huh?"

"Yeah more like *his* style of cream."

Midnight and Ms. Hoshiko both snickered at the former's comment, waiting for several moments to pass before beginning their stake out. The secretary figured it would be best to wait at least five minutes until moving, that way they could catch the two heroes at the very moment when presumably things would get started. "So, what do you think?"

"Hmm?" Midnight hummed. "Think about what?"

"About them being a couple. You think it'll work it out in the end?"

"It could, just as long as they keep it a secret from everybody else. The media will tear them up if news somehow manages to make it to their stations. Which would be an awful situation considering this is a first time experience for the both of them."

"I hate to admit it but they're both a bit clumsy if they managed to be found out by us two. Ryukyu was more obvious than the color white against an all red barn-"

"-and Midoriya was dumb enough to say her first name out loud in my presence." Midnight sighed. "That boy. He's a good one but sometimes he can be a bit like All Might when it comes to how aware of their surroundings they are. I remember one time when All Might played *Barbie Girl* on his phone at max volume because he thought nobody else was in the office."

"Why and when."

"I'll tell you later when we go out for a drink. It was pretty funny now that I play it back in my head."

"Midoriya's home room teacher said that he's shown an increased amount of participation." Ms. Hoshiko recounted. "Is that true?"

"Hmph, increased is an understatement. I don't know much about Midoriya's past life but at a glance from the outside looking in? I think she's the best thing to ever happen to him. Before attending her agency he was a quiet student, usually kept to himself aside from a select group of friends, and wouldn't normally be the first one to stick his hand out for an answer. When in class he would sit with his shoulders squeezed into his body and head a bit sunken as to not attract attention. Now? All of that was flipped on it's own head.

He sticks out more in class from how tall he sits despite being a bit on the short end when it comes to normal high school males. His head is straight, shoulders are broadened and always manages to keep his chin on a stable level. When the class is asked questions he does his best to speak first if he thinks he knows the answer to the question being asked. Even if it's right or if it's wrong he still goes for

it, which makes me proud to see that he's not afraid of getting the wrong answer. And don't even get me started on how he's using his Quirk now. It's MUCH more excellent than the beginning of the year..."

"Midnight?" Ms. Hoshiko piqued after the R-Rated Hero's sentence trailed off at the tail end. A somewhat concerned look had plagued Midnight's face who used to be smiling in her retelling of Midoriya's behavior. Now, the mood became serious. "You were saying?"

"Sorry it's just...*hmm.* Something...something happened today during battle training that had his classmates shaken up a bit, even making me worry since Ryukyu might find out about this. I told Principal Nezu that I would notify her myself but Midoriya kept begging me not to."

"What do you mean?"

"Well it was a simulation exercise where two students who pretended to be villains would be getting away in an 'escape vehicle', with another two chasing down the villain duo. Midoriya was on the hero team, and he was right on the tail of the villains with that new technique of his before he stopped. He just, stopped. It looked like time had been paused for a moment before he began to fall towards the ground and crash through several floors of a nearby building while unconscious. He didn't wake up until school ended."

"So, he was frozen in mid-air?"

"No I wouldn't say frozen. It's like he was floating."

-

"DAA-Da-Da-DUMMM. ***SUPER GOTENKS!"***

*"These ones? But they're so nice...*Hey, Ryuko?" Midoriya chimed as he was rummaging through one of Ryukyu's cupboard for the search of bowls. The accessories of his outfit such as the dragon hood with face mask, arm bracers and knee pads were all removed, leaving him with the base jumpsuit and pants. What he expected to find were just regular old bowls with little to no design, but instead ended up

locating some with fancy and extravagant designs. Such as a golden flower curling around the rim of one bowl and a textured piece of a gem on another. "You said it was this cupboard?"

Ryukyu turned down the volume on the television a few digits with a nearby remote before turning to the student and smiling. "Yes those are the ones."

"Really? These seem a little bit exquisite for just regular ice cream. I wouldn't want to use some of your fancy bowls for something simple like this."

"Nonsense Izuku, nothing will be used wastefully if it means having a lovely time with you. Those will do just fine."

"Mm, well, okay. If you say so." Midoriya reached up with his left arm to grab a hold of two bowls with identical golden floral accents over a white base. At the very peak of the height, a sharp pain knifed it's way into the left side of his body once more. *"Ouch."*

"Izuku?" Ryukyu asked after hearing a near inaudible wince. "You okay?"

"Mm-hmm." He grunted, trying to not make it look like it hurt at all. "Yeah, yeah I'm fine. Just a little sore is all."

"Well you and Hado both did excellent work today during the patrol, no doubt you might be a little tired. Thankfully this is a time for us to relax and enjoy each other's company. As I always do with you."

"Yeah. Me too." Sucking up the pain through grit teeth he managed to slip his fingers onto the interior of the bowls, clink them together, then bring them down onto his chest level. Taking the smallest of moments for a breath he turned around with a smile on his face and walked over to Ryukyu, placing the bowls onto the countertop of her kitchen.

Three separate tubs of a frozen delicacy were laid out to choose from with the tops all open and ready for the picking. There was strawberry cheesecake, fudge chocolate and regular old-fashioned vanilla. Alongside the tubs were an assortment of toppings ranging

from different flavored syrups to sprinkles and candied delights. Ryukyu held up an ice cream scoop with a trigger built into it. "So, anything piquing your interest that I can start you with?"

"Oh it's okay Ryuko I can serve myself." Midoriya said while taking the accessory from the heroine. "Thank you though."

The strawberry cheesecake caught his eye the most as he leaned over the counter for it. Even though it wasn't at a full arm's length distance from him, he had to reach farther than he anticipated, once again jolting his left side with an aching pain. *"TSSSS. Mmmm..."*

"Izuku. Are you certain that you're alright? You seem to be way more uncomfortable than just being 'a little sore'."

"Heh, I-I'm fine I promise. Just gotta do a little stretching to push out the kinks and I'm sure I'll feel a lot better."

"When you return back to the dorms I want you to take a heated pad and place it over your left side, it will increase the blood flow in that area. Understand?"

"Yes. I'll remember that when I return to the school...*I also have to remember to ask All Might how that even happened.'* Midoriya thought. *'I was floating...but, how?'*

Unbeknownst to the teacher and student, the door leading into Ryukyu's apartment was just barely cracked open with enough space for somebody to peek inside. Somebody, or some people. *Two* people in particular. *"That's more worse than I thought."*

"Midoriya crashed through a rooftop and through six upper levels before stopping on the first floor." Midnight recounted. *"The fact that he even managed to push himself into a patrol is reckless, but so was All Might back in the day. Every day is like a reminder to me on how similar those two are with each other."*

"He didn't break anything?"

"Somehow, he didn't. To say the very least it's astounding to see that he's even standing upright and not bending over to compensate for the pain. Just shows how far he's willing to go to not make Ryukyu concerned."

"Still though, he's hurting himself just to make other people not worry about him." Ms. Hoshiko said with a bit of worry in her own voice. *"I feel like we need to say something."*

"Some other time. If we were to notify Ryukyu that the left side of his body is more damaged than he's letting on, and during a private moment like this, it'll bring bigger consequences than you would initially know. Plus, he deserves this. What he's going through right now is a blessing that has been a long time coming."

"Hmm?"

"Midoriya, hmph, this kid." Midnight smirked. *"The amount of pain he's gone through in the school year so far, both from himself and from other sources, it would drive any other person mad from the intense feeling. Honestly if I was in his shoes I would've thrown in the towel long ago and forget about being a hero. But he's special, a lot more than the rest of the students in his class. There's something in him that differentiates he from the rest of his classmates and it only comes out during intense moments of crises. Something amazing.*

He's stepped into multiple rings with Death and put himself through Hell to get to where he is now. I wouldn't be surprised if he sees Ryukyu as an angel or some goddess that has come into his life to take the pain away. Let's not ruin this for him."

"Well even if we don't tell Ryukyu about this, let's not prolong this any more that it needs to in case he continues to hurt himself." The two women watched as Midoriya and Ryukyu paved over to her couch with bowls of ice cream in hand, the secretary pulling out her phone from her purse. *"Showtime."*

"What are you doing?"

"Setting the mood. If Midoriya is going to keep hiding that injury of his I don't want him to hurt himself just for the sake of making Ryukyu happy. She's already happy enough just by texting him. So with that in mind, let's play a little music. I've been over to her apartment multiple times in the past for special occasions with Hado, so I've connected my phone to the TV before to play music. Not only that, but it connects my phone to the music list that was recently played and any other music list that she made

for whatever reasons. Let's get lovey dovey."

"I didn't know you watched the anime adaptation either." Midoriya commented before stuffing a spoonful of ice cream into his mouth.

"*Mm,* I don't really watch it too often, I just like to do so whenever I have some spare time." Ryukyu answered. "Or whenever I'm going through countless files upon files of emails to respond to."

"Ohhh. Honestly I'm a little bit worried about that part when I become a hero. All the paperwork and stuff."

"You'll get used to it, hopefully. Either that or you'll suffer from extreme amounts of boredom that have the potential of to kill you. Luckily for me I survived."

"Well, I guess I'll cross that bridge when I get there-*mm."*

"Alright this has gone on far enough." Ryukyu placed her bowl of ice cream onto the small table in front of the couch before turning Midoriya with arms crossed. "Show me this injury."

"Wha-N-Noooooo, it's nothing I promise." Midoriya faked. "I don't even feel it anymore right now it's gone."

"That's complete nonsense. Every time you move with the left side of your body you always wince or try to suck it in so that I don't notice, well that's not going to sit with me anymore. Show me."

"R-Ryuko-"

"Izuku Midoriya." Ryukyu began to crawl towards her student on the couch as he scooted away from her until there was no space to run from her. "You have five seconds to show me this injury or you'll have Hell to pay."

"It's nothing I promise." He placed the ice cream bowl onto the table alongside her own and made it just in time to stop Ryukyu from reaching onto the zipper of his jumpsuit at the base of his neck. "Ryuko."

"Show, me, NOW."

"I said it's nothing."

"IZUKU."

"It's okay!"

"No it's not show me!"

"STOP!"

"LET ME SEE THIS INJURY!"

"Take this! Galactic DO-...."

"Hmm/Hmm?" Both heroes hummed at the sound of the television being cut off of it's anime, switching over to a music streaming app at the appearance of it's own whim. Ryukyu and Midoriya both gave each other a bizarre look as if they wanted confirmation that the other person was doing it. "Izuku?"

"No." He said. "No that's not me. Are you sitting on the remote?"

"I don't believe so." Ryukyu clambered off of Midoriya as they both looked on the couch to see if she accidentally pressed her body onto the remote control. It was nowhere to be found. "That's strange."

The intro to a music video began to play loudly which added even more confusion to the mix for both of them, frisking their bodies for their phones thinking that the devices for some reason started malfunctioning. "That's not you Ryuko?"

"No my phone isn't on me."

"Shorty you're my angel,
You're my dar-ling an-gel
Girl you're my friend when I'm in need,
La-dy

Life is one big party when you're still young
But who's gonna have your back when it's all done?
It's all good when you're little you have pure fun
Can't be a fool son what about the long run"

'What the heck is this song?' Midoriya thought as he did a double check of his phone to make sure it actually wasn't his device that was controlling the TV. *'It's so weirdly...nice.'*

'Where in the world did I put that remote?' Ryukyu thought. *'It's not like I despise this song for playing at a very bizarre time but, why now?...I'll have to remember to put this onto my list for Izuku and I.'*

"Not bad, not bad." Midnight praised as both she and the secretary watch the two heroes do a complete crackdown for the remote control. Little did they know that during their little altercation along with the chaos of a small argument, Midnight removed her high heels, snuck into the apartment and nabbed the remote control from the counter. Prohibiting them from acting against the television. *"That's a classic."*

"Just a little something to set a laid back mood." Ms. Hoshiko said. After several minutes of not being able to locate for the control, Ryukyu moved over to a nearby drawer where she thinks for some reason the remote was placed in there. In doing so, she bent down at her waist and provided the best opportunity for the next choice of music.

"OOH! OOH! Gimme this! This is too good of a moment to pass up."

"You don't see it over there?" Ryukyu asked.

"No." Midoriya answered from the kitchen. "Not over here either."

"-incarceration
I wanna show the nation my appreciation-..."

'Oh good, it stopped.' Midoriya thought once the music ceased immediately. Contrary to his thought however, a different song replaced the initial one, this one with a much more up tempo beat like it belonged in some sort of club.

"I feel you creeping I can see it from my shadow
Wanna jump in my Lamborghini Gallardo"

"Ryuko, it started playing another son-*OH MY-"*

"Yes I know." She answered while still searching for the remote on

her end. Little did she know was that due to the positioning of her body that was bent over, her Qipao began to shift and move in very intricate manners. On each side of the Qipao was a slit that ran from just above the side of her thigh all the way down to her boots. Almost like a curtain giving a little peek into the backstage of her skin. And since she was bent over at the waist, that meant the slits were now positioned just above her hips with the cloth going behind her lower asset. More specifically the right side of her lower asset.

Giving Midoriya the perfect view of one half of Ryukyu's lower end.

'Ah c-crap!' Midoriya freaked out internally with Ryukyu being completely unaware of the overexposure of skin. *'Ryuko's clothing!'*

He tried his best to not look at it but since it was right there in plain sight in all of it's glory, it beckoned to his teenage hormones and his adolescent drive. It was big, toned, and more than certainly looked soft to the very touch of his finger tips. Her thighs weren't muscular like Miruko's nor were they unhealthy in fat, but they looked to be the equivalent feeling of marshmallows or something close to plush. He's guilty to admit that he knew Ryukyu was stacked in both the front and the back, but with a half moon practically staring him in the face, he found himself stuck to the floor with head completely frozen on it's swivel. *'Please don't get any worse please don't get any worse.'*

It got worse.

"Look back and watch me
Smack that, all on the floor
Smack that, give me some more
Smack that, til you get sore
Smack that, OHHHHH"

'Kami help me.'

Out in the hallway, Midnight and Ms. Hoshiko did their best to hold back an all-out downpour of a laughter storm as they watched the student have a mental processing error. They could practically see his circuits beginning to overload from the visual information being sent into his skull before the secretary noticed something. *"Hey wait a*

second. When did his jumpsuit unzip like that?"

"Hmm?" Midnight hummed before she too noticed that the zipper on Midoriya's costume was slightly unzipped down his torso. Stopping at just the central point of his chest. *"Oooh, looks like he's showing off a bit of skin for himself. Doesn't even realize it too."*

"And now for the level three ultimate move."

Ryukyu sighed as she gave up on the search for the remote control, turning around with sunken shoulders and a curiosity as to where in the world it could've gone off to. "No luck. Where did I even put it?"

"Well looks like the music stopped again...*thankfully."* Midoriya said while looking away with a heavy tint of blush on his face from half-staring at Ryukyu's half-moon.

"I'll just deal with it through my pho-OHHHHHHNE."

"Ryuko?" The bass thumping of an EDM song began to vibrate through the speakers much to the student's dismay again.

'The zipper of his jumpsuit is coming down.' Ryukyu thought. *'When did that happen?! And his chest.'*

"Push me
And then just touch me
'Til I can get my
SATISFACTION"

Ryukyu attempted to block out the weird EDM song that was blasting right next to her ear but failed to pry her eyes away from the revealing factor of Midoriya's outfit. He wasn't muscular as All Might or Endeavor or any other hulking man per say, but considering his height and age she would be lying if she said he wasn't built in his own way. He had definitive muscle tone with the proper amount of muscular mass to accompany his frame which was growing as his time went on at her agency. The workouts, patrols and sparring sessions are beginning to show the fruits of her labor in full effect that she couldn't deny. Also, the marking on his neck? It was beginning to fade away. That's a big no-no. She can't have that being

a thing.

Something inside of Ryukyu was clawing at the surface of her skin to take him right there and then, but she repressed it for now knowing it was much too soon for that type of intimacy. It was a ravaging call with a losing battle on her side of rational thinking, yet she still managed to keep calm for now and stick to the basic desires of her womanly half. It's just her, him, a little bit under a half of his jumpsuit becoming undone to expose his chest, and this weirdly erotic song being played against her left ear. Everything added up into the simple sum of a draconian desire. The desire to mate.

"Uh-oh, looks like the beast is moving in on her prey." Ms. Hoshiko teased with Ryukyu beginning to move towards the kitchen where Midoriya was located. *"Time to give our little love-dragons some privacy. Ooh and she has a song just for this special occasion. How convenient."*

"Well Midoriya, I expect an invitation to a baby shower verrrrry soon." Midnight commented as she snuck her arm into the apartment and placed the remote just at the foot of the door. The two women were careful as to not make any loud noises when shutting the door and leaving the student and teacher alone for the rest of the evening.

Midoriya sighed once the crazy music playing was finally over and done with, perking his head up along with an eyebrow when yet another song began to stream. Recognizing it as the song that was played yesterday where both he and Ryukyu took an extreme liking for he relaxed a little with shoulders sinking of any tension. "Thankfully that's over. I wonder what all of that was-*Mm."*

"Shh." Ryukyu hushed with her fingers going up to his lips before immediately replacing them with her own lips. She waddled the student backwards until his lower back connected with the counter beside her refrigerator to act as a backstop.

'Ryuko?!' Midoriya thought with this sudden action that was filled with a much more bolder push than every other kiss he's received. His hands were placed against the edge of the counter to keep his upper body stable like a ramp and prevent his head from knocking into one of the cupboards. He was at the mercy of a beautiful woman who kept her lips flush against his, and was roaming her hands from

his ribs up to the where the zipper was located on the jumpsuit.

It wasn't until her skin met with his own that he even realized his outfit was partially undone and tried to say something about it but had no room to remove his face from hers to say it. And surprisingly, he didn't want to either.

"As the hours pass
I will let you know
That I need to ask
Before I'm alone"

Her fingers were so warm against him, so soft and gentle with each motion they made on his skin. At first the bold move had caught him off guard and he wanted to know what made her want act like this but eventually he just threw that questioning out the window and let his heart take the wheel. He melted into the kiss with his hands placed right against waist, prompting her to reach up to his neck and bring the two of them closer. The music carried any feeling that wasn't passion, desire, affection and a small hint of lust, straight out of the window to leave those four in a bubble that encapsulated them both.

Breaking away from the kiss with a panting breath Ryukyu turned towards the right side of his neck where the imprint of her teeth were becoming faint. *"Your marking..."*

"Ryuko...huff...Ryuko-AHH!"

No words from her as a response. Just the sensation of her teeth digging into his skin where she planned on making yet another brand on his neck. Forever warning other females to stay away if they ever saw it. The draconian instinct inside of her completely overtook all rationality as she bit down harder than last time with her lips suckling on his skin. For Midoriya this was a very confusing feeling, because he didn't know whether to groan out in pain from her teeth or to groan out in a heat from how bizarre it was to say that it felt amazing. It was like she was creating a spot on his neck where the word 'ecstasy' was transmitted into his body.

Done with her marking, Ryukyu released her chomp on him and

focused on the other side of his neck. This time making yet another imprint on her teeth on a much higher location than the previous one, around the midway point. Lost in his own teenage hormones with a young vigor Midoriya surrendered all of his straight thinking and let his heart take the reins. With the memory of what he saw earlier still fresh on his mind, the subconscious part of his brain did the work as it controlled the motion of his hands that moved from her waist down to her lower torso.

The first thing he touched was the slit on her Qipao, the 'curtain' which gave a peek to her amazing thighs of well-built thickness. The next were her thighs themselves, more specifically the back part where it dipped down just underneath her rump. His fingers practically sank into the skin with a warm plushness that rivaled the two other plush objects pressing into chest from her own, the breasts having a magnificent weight that he can only imagine what they would feel like in the palms of his hands. He squeezed the back of her right thigh gently which illicited a small moan from Ryukyu that flowed like music into his ear. Once he heard the moan, everything went out the door.

And he went Plus Ultra for the right half of her lower treasure.

"Mmmm AHH~!"

!

The combination of Ryukyu's loud moaning against his ear along with the heat of her breath managed to snap him out of his hormonal state and come back to reality. With hand still clamped down onto her right cheek that is. "R-Ryuko?"

The Dragoon Hero finally let her teeth go against his neck, another fresh marking on the left side this time. A bit of a breeze was brushing against his skin due to the wetness of her saliva that was left on his neck, the result of a split second where her tongue had lapped onto him. She rested her forehead against his own since she was still dazed from what just happened and the aftermath of her desires going through her body leaving her a bit tired. *"I...I apologize for that...I just...I-I just..."*

"It's okay Ryuko, there's no need to be sorry. I will admit you did catch me a bit off guard at first but after a while it did feel a bit...uh...nice. W-With the teeth and all."

She raised her left eyebrow. "Did it?"

"I-I MEAN it felt nice cause it was with you, y-you know heh. I'm not really a kink *kind of guy* NOT that I have kinks or, anything...yeah."

Ryukyu giggled at his attempt to express his emotions, figuring that he too was a bit dazed after the intimate session. Could she blame him? Of course not, not with his hand still grasping onto her lower side a bit too tightly for her comfort. She reached down and unlatched his hand since his nails were digging so hard that it was becoming somewhat painful, before leaning in and giving yet another kiss.

This exchange was much softer and much more gentle with each other due to neither of them wanting to push it anymore than they have to. After several seconds of a last heavenly swap they broke away with Ryukyu reaching to his left hand and interlacing her fingers between his own. "We, still have that ice cream to get to. I don't know about you but, I wouldn't want it to melt."

"Well, it is a bit hot in here after that so, yeah." He said while closing their palms together to hold hands. "Yeah I think I'd like that."

And for the rest of the evening until his curfew, the teacher and student enjoyed the much more enjoyable casual moments with each other eating ice cream and watching anime, somehow finding the remote at the base of her door with no clue as to how it got there. They laughed with each other and smiled with each other, both of them just wanting to spend as much time together as they possibly can.

While also doing their best to avoid mentioning the wetness that soaked through the front of her Qipao, which met with his own hardness that pushed through the front of his pants.

Chapter 20: Big Entry

'This is it.' Midoriya thought, dressed in his Ryukyu-inspired hero outfit with claws over his right eye. He was but one of many heroes amidst a large crowd of officers/heroes, ready to invade the estate in front of them. To his left he can see Kirishima popping his knuckles and rotating his spine side to side, a determined glare fixated onto his face. It wasn't more so of an angry look but more so a look that said nothing's going to get in his way of completing the objective. The perfect mindset for an operation such as this. When the red head twisted over to the right he spotted Midoriya and fixed a smirk in his direction, the latter nodding back in response.

"Hup! Hup!" To Midoriya's right was Ryukyu, and on Ryukyu's right was Hado quietly doing jumping jacks to limber herself up. The tension in this area was so high that a budding beam of brightness was absolutely necessary, Hado providing that beam in her exercises. It was nice to see that at least somebody was able to keep a bright attitude during a time like this. "Alrighty. Let's do our best out there!"

"Remember to keep calm and to keep your focus on the objective at hand." Ryukyu stated to her sidekicks. "A little girl is in there who needs our help, so let's ensure that we get there rapidly. The Yakuza are willing to pull anything if it means impeding our progress, do not allow yourself to become overwhelmed by the numbers. Trust the people beside you, behind you, and in front of you for they will place their trust in you too. But most importantly."

The Dragoon Hero placed a hand on their shoulders, giving Midoriya's a gentle squeeze in assurance and speaking directly to him. "Trust, yourself. That is the main directive when it comes to ensure victory. Understand?"

"Yes Ryukyu/You bet!"

"Very well. Let us show them what the Ryukyu Hero Office is capable

of."

So much has happened ever since Midoriya has joined up alongside Ryukyu, and now that the moment of fate has arrived he can't allow all of that to simply go down the drain. The creation of his new Dragon Step, developing emotions for the dragon herself and realizing that she too has developed those mutual feelings for him, into initiating a testing phase between them that will determine if this is what they truly want. Amidst all these positives though was the negative of his own mental weakness that resulted in his missed encounter of the little girl in which they can hopefully save once this operation comes to a conclusion. He should have been there, he should have been out there on the streets and increase his chances of coming across Eri, but all it took was a single talk to the media and his past emotions coming back to him to send him running back to the office.

Looking amongst the crowd of heroes and officers it wasn't hard for Midoriya to spot the cowlick of Togata rising above the helmets and heads of those around him. It wasn't difficult to miss out on the obvious fact that Eri made a big impact on the third year's behavior. He was still bright and positive no doubt about that, but those with a good eye and who paid enough attention would know that he blames himself in letting the girl go. In a situation like that who wouldn't? Somebody who needed rescue right in his own arms yet he was forced to let her go or risk making a move that would prove catastrophic in the future. In a situation such as that Midoriya is torn between two different sides, risking it all and saving Eri or having to let her go for the big operation in the end. Just the thought about having to make a decision like that is making his stomach queasy in unease.

Now is the time to fight and now is the time to show just how much of an impact Ryukyu has made in Midoriya's life. Without this beautiful dragon of a woman in his world things would seem a lot darker than what they are, colors just wouldn't shine as bright anymore. By this point the student is willing to admit than she is the one perfect thing that he's been needing for so long, and so desperately. It was a bit rough at first since he kept letting his old ways come back to him and drag him down like chains around a

prisoner's ankles. But no longer does he want to be restrained by what's wrong but rather be free with what's wrong. Taking flight like a dragon is what he wants to do moving forward.

Flight...

(Last Night)

KNOCK KNOCK

"Come in." All Might replied to the two knocks against the faculty door. He placed a cup of hot chocolate onto a saucer laying in front of him on the small table just as the door was opening up. He glanced over his shoulder and smiled warmly at the sight of the guest. "Hello Young Midoriya, thank you for coming."

"Sure no problem." The student replied as he took his seat on the couch that was opposite of All Might.

"I didn't interrupt anything between you and Ryukyu did I? I know how often you've been going to her office to train in these recent days."

"U-UH YEAH HEH. Train, it's really difficult training."

"I will say though the results of your training are amazing! You've made such an improvement with One For All and that new technique, your speed and strength with Full Cowling has increased dramatically. How much of a percentage change do you think has been made comparing now and before you joined her office?"

"Hmm." Midoriya hummed with a finger tapping against his chin. "Well before I joined her office I was constantly using 5% while at times pushing it up to 7% when I needed it most. The Dragon Step doesn't require much of an increase but more so just a directional input of the shockwaves to alter my trajectory. The only time I would add some extra output into the Dragon Step is if I want to ascend upwards or increase the distance between my strides. And I think a ballpark figure for those kind of steps would be around 10%."

"10% huh." All Might quirked his eyebrows and gave a nod of his head. "That's exceptional progress Young Midoriya, keep doing what you're doing and I'm certain you'll surpass me in no time. But let's get to the

reason as to why I called you here. The event of the battle simulation."

"Right."

"In your own words, what happened."

"I was using the Dragon Step around 7% which is normally what I would use it with if I want to maintain my height and retaining my speed. I felt normal, felt like I was comfortable just like all the other times I used it in the past. But, something...something just happened out of nowhere and I felt like I was stuck in time. Everything around me stopped completely and myself included, and the weird part is that I don't remember thinking."

"You don't remember thinking?"

"Yeah." Midoriya shifted forwards in his seat towards the edge. "I'm sorry if this is confusing but like, I can remember what happened but I don't remember what I was thinking. One moment I just stopped in mid-air and the next I felt so awful while I was plummeting back down. My entire body just felt so weird and so off it didn't feel right at all. It was just....I-I don't know at this point. I'm sorry if that doesn't make any sense to you."

"No it's okay, I wouldn't expect something like this to make sense anyways so don't worry." All Might assured. "Whatever kind of description works best for you is what matters here. But, to think that you would have access to something like that..."

"Something, like that?"

"Young Midoriya, do you remember what I said about One For All and what each wielder does to this power?"

"Yeah. You said that each wielder adds their own strength onto One For All and cultivates it for the next successor, and so on and so forth."

"That's right. The longer One For All is passed down onto others the larger the stockpile grows and becomes stronger for others to access into. With this new revelation of you just floating in the air, it opens a window I never thought would be possible up until now. See the thing is that my master and predecessor, Nana Shimura, her Quirk allowed her to float much like you did. And if you were able to exhibit that same technique, well..."

Midoriya felt his back straighten out and his eyes unable to find a certain spot to look at. "Wait, a-are you saying that, Quirks of the previous users..."

"Yes. I am implying that you might be able to access the Quirks of all wielders before you."

"But how?!"

"Well our best guess is that it goes back to the fact that One For All stockpiles each person's strength into a single pool. If we really think about it, it would probably make sense that you would be able to utilize their Quirks as well. Though it's just a matter of which ones you can use."

"So, how many are there?" Midoriya asked.

All Might picked up a small blue notepad that was on the table in front of him, a pen sticking out from the bind. "As of this moment I don't know. You and I are the only known users who were Quirkless before receiving One For All. Master had Float, but before her there's no telling how many had Quirks and how many were Quirkless, which is why I'm going to begin researching this immediately. We can rule out the first user, Master, myself and you, which leaves five others to go through."

"So, when I do somehow manage to access those Quirks, if there are more out there that is and if I can even get to them, is the same thing going to happen to me like when I first received One For All? Will my body start breaking again?"

"To be completely honest with you? I don't know. This is the first time I've seen One For All act this way and if the repercussions of you gaining each Quirk of the past users will be the same, this might be a dangerous road in front of you. There are five others out there and who knows just what kind of Quirks they may or may not have. But let's not worry about that right now, let's just worry on whether or not my little theory is true. For now though answer me this."

"Hmm?"

"Ryukyu. You've been taking a liking to her office I presume? You definitely seem a lot happier that's for sure."

Midoriya chuckled nervously while rubbing the back of his neck at an awkward spot that was bothering him. "Heh, you could say that. Ryukyu's been an amazing teacher ever since I got there and not only that but an amazing person too. She's kind, she listens to what you have to say to her and she's willing to be somebody I can vent to if need be. She really lets people know that despite her somewhat cold appearance she's actually really friendly and warm on the inside. Ever since I signed with her office I don't think I've ever felt so happy."

"Wow relax kid heh." All Might chuckled. "She's your teacher not your girlfriend."

"..."

"...the fact that you're quiet doesn't really make me comfortable."

"Well, the thing is All Might. I uh...I have something to tell you." Midoriya pulled out his phone from his right pocket and tapped away at the screen for several moments before placing the device onto the table.

****CLICK****

"Hello boys~."

"Midnight?" All Might piqued at the sound of Midnight's voice coming over his shoulder, the R-Rated Hero closing the door behind her to saunter over to the couch. "What's going on?"

"Well Mr. Symbol of Peace, our student here has something that he would like to tell you. He has asked that I be here to support him when he tells you what he'd like to address."

"Waitwaitwait. HOW MUCH HAVE YOU BEEN LISTENING?"

"Don't worry, whatever you boys were talking about I have no clue on. Midoriya said that it's a private matter, so I decided to wait a few ways down the hall before he said it's okay for me to come inside. But what comes next is something that I'd like to you to keep an open mind on."

"Open mind? But, Young Midoriya you can tell me anything."

"I know, All Might. I know." Midoriya sighed. "But, this is something that

may or may not sit well with you, but I still want to tell you anyways because of what you just said. That I can tell you anything.

All Might. Ryukyu isn't just my teacher. She's...more than that to me. She's somebody that I can confide to when things might seem down or I just need to get something off my chest. It's her words of inspiration and her acts of kindness that have helped me propel my way into the higher levels of what I am now. There have been several moments where I didn't think I was worthy of being there alongside her but she reassured me that I had every right to be in that spot. At first I don't believe here but the way she just pieces her words together and makes you feel special inside is something that I can believe in.

Recently Ryukyu and I have been testing, something, between us. And I can wholeheartedly say that this testing phase is something that I want to carry out. I trust you All Might, I really trust you. And even though what I'm about to say next may not be something you approve I trust you enough that I still want to let you know of how I feel about this.

When it comes to Ryukyu I...I'm in love-"

CRASH

"Whoa!" Hado yelled after a loud and violent crash just bursted through the outside perimeter of the Yakuza estate. All attention was drawn to the point of interest with the dust of the debris beginning to billow outwards onto the street. "Talk about a big opening sequence!"

"Prepare yourself." Ryukyu ordered. "It's begun."

"Aughhh why are there *soooo* many PEOPLEEEEEE?!" A lumbering voice yelled out from the smoke, which eventually dissipated enough to reveal a large figure standing way higher above the rest. "It's too early for stuff to be happening!"

"A Bullet!" Midoriya exclaimed, remembering back to the briefing that took place before they had arrived. "One of the Eight Bullets!"

"Rikiya Katsukame. His Quirk allows him to steal the vitality of those he takes a hold of, so do not allow him to grab you or pin you down. Otherwise you'll be subdued within a short time."

The large behemoth that was Katsukame groaned loudly and began to roll his right shoulder slowly. "*Huhhhhh* you guys really couldn't have waited until later to do this? Fine, I guess. It doesn't matter in the end. I'LL STILL SQUASH YOU LIKE THE BUGS YOU ARE!"

"LOOK **OUT!**"

BOOM

Both Midoriya and Hado were pushed backwards just before a large clash splintered through the air, several riot officers swept clean off of their feet from the impact. Quick on the draw were Eraserhead and the two students to catch the airborne officers, Midoriya just managing to snag one before they collided into a brick wall. "You okay?!"

"Yeah I'm fine, thanks for that kid."

"There's no need for our forces to be expended right at the start of this operation." The draconian voice of Ryukyu boomed as she clasped her right claws over the Bullet's fist. **"My Hero Office will handle this one, everybody else should filter into the estate."**

"Alright kiddos you heard the lady!" FatGum exclaimed as he and other heroes led the charge into the broken hole of the outside wall. "There's a baby chick calling for mother hen so let's go get 'em!"

"Midoriya!" Kirishima yelled over his shoulder. "I'll see you in there man! Good luck!"

"Good luck!"

"Get the hell off me!" Katsukame growled while attempting to squirm out of Ryukyu's hold. With his free hand he lunged straight for the dragon's throat and was met with the same grip around his wrist, pushing that hand up into the air and holding it there. "So, that's how it is huh? You wanna dance pretty lady?"

"The only dance you'll be attending will be the ballroom of your prison cell. Surrender and this will be much easier for you."

"And miss out on the fun? Please. As heroes I won't be too surprised if

you know how my Quirk works which is probably why you're so hesitant on letting me caress that sweet body of yours. Don't worry, when I'm stealing your vitality I'll be sure to cup my hands over those soft titt-"

"SMASH!"

POW

A sole crashed directly into the right side of Katsukame's plague mask, the heel digging into the face underneath the accessory. Ryukyu was nearly swept off of her feet from the sheer impact and speed of Midoriya ramming his foot into the Bullet's head which sent him flying down the street. The sidekick used his momentum to Full Cowling sprint past the soaring villain, grinding to a halt several blocks down the road. He waited for the right moment where Katsukame would be just a few meters away, and when that moment came he hopped up, crunched his legs into his torso and shot them back out with both feet driving into the enemy's stomach.

No cue was needed for Hado to take action for the finishing blow as she sky rocketed towards Katsukame who had been propelled up into the air. The Bullet was massive in muscular proportions, which meant like most of those with muscular bodies he would have limited flexibility, which is perfect given her need to stay away from his hands and have her vitality stolen. She flew around and latched onto the central point of their back, pulling them downwards by their shirt into a rotating spiral back towards the earth. Just before they made contact with the ground Hado sent an extra burst of power into her feet and accelerated their velocity. "Wham-Bam Nejire SLAM!"

BOOM

A slight tremor rocked the ground from the heavy weight of Katsukame, his front side smacking against the ground at a high speed. Midoriya awed at how a few ripples from the quake managed to reach even his location when the crash was right at the entrance of the Yakuza estate. *'Whoa! That was cool! Using her Quirk to act as a speed booster and guiding the Bullet as a rocket is actually smart on Hado's end.'*

Dazed and stunned from the impact Katsukame tried to wriggle his way onto his feet, two sets of claws coming down over his back and pinning him against the road. "**Stop resisting. Unless you'd like to be tossed around like a ragdoll once again by my sidekicks. I don't mind and surely they wouldn't either.**"

"Come on baby I still haven't touched you yet." Katsukame giggled with his fingers twiddling the air. "I'd more so like to see what's underneath the suit of that blue haired birdie. Just a little peek please-"

THWACK

"That's enough from you." Midoriya growled after kicking a vital point at the base of the Bullet's neck, knocking them out cold. He heard what sounded like quiet giggling coming from above him, looking up to see Ryukyu trying to hold back her laughter. "Ryukyu?"

"**Oh, nothing. Just curious seeing as how you've never been defensive like this before.**"

"W-Well heh I-I wouldn't want him to g-grope you two or anything. Especially uh, *you."*

"**Very courteous of you, truly, it is . Nejire-Chan assist those who are in the courtyard in taking down the Yakuza security. Deku help me lockdown this Bullet, we need to secure him in an iron maiden, there might be one in the back of that transport vehicle. We need to hurry and reunite with those inside the estate.**"

"Yes Sensei/Gotcha!" The two sidekicks split off towards their tasks, Midoriya making his way over to a nearby police vehicle designed to transport heavy luggage. He swung the back doors open and found a large metallic clamp sitting in the back just like Ryukyu had said, clambering onto the back to bring with him. At first he struggled due to the surprisingly heavy weight of the clamp but managed to lift it onto his shoulders and bring over to the unconscious Bullet. He placed the iron maiden so that it would stand up on end, Ryukyu lifting Katsukame and placing him into the metal prison.

When doing so, something metallic had dropped out of one of his

pockets, catching Midoriya's attention with a curious hum. The metallic object was revealed to be a small silver syringe that had not yet been injected as it rolled around in a semi-circle before coming to a halt. Once Ryukyu had fastened the clamp onto Katsukame the sidekick bounded over to the syringe and picked it up for inspection. "Hey Ryukyu, this fell out of his pocket."

"Let me see." Midoriya held the syringe above his head as Ryukyu craned her neck downwards for a close look. **"Hmm, my guess is that's a Trigger."**

"A Trigger?"

"Much like performance enhancing drugs, a Trigger temporarily amplifies one's Quirk to drastic levels before wearing out shortly. FatGum reported that the villain he and his sidekicks had confronted some time ago injected himself with this during their bout but it didn't last long. My guess is that was a crude version, and this might be a more refined substance."

"So we should destroy it then."

"No, keep it in your utility belt for now. It's a very dangerous substance, though desperate times will call for desperate measures. One of our own may need it if we require to fall onto a trump card, that will be our card. We must move, we cannot stay out here for long."

Ryukyu transformed back into her humanoid state once they were certain that the detainee had been secured, leaving him against the side of the outside wall. They assisted whatever heroes and officers they can in subduing the Yakuza who were resisting arrest before making their way inside the mansion. Bubble Girl and Centipeder were at the height of a mysterious staircase that descended into a world of darkness to which the Ryukyu Hero Office took without looking back. Plummeting into a labyrinth of madness.

-

"Whoaaaaa." Hado droned as the three heroes made their way down one of many hallways. She looked all around her to observe the

warped and twisted walls and ceilings, turning and morphing into odd looking routes straight out of some fictional novel. "This looks like one of those things at an amusement park where it's dark and there's lights to make it look like the world is moving around you. So trippy."

"Is this what one of the Bullets did?" Midoriya asked. "The one who can take shape of an object he morphs into?"

"It does appear that way, though the details that were mentioned only suggested that he can control an object the size of a refrigerator." Ryukyu explained. "Not the entire facility like this. These effects may have been caused by a Trigger, which means two of the Yakuza so far have access to the drug. I wouldn't be surprised if the others may have it in their back pocket as well. We must exercise caution."

"Whoa check out this weird looking thing!" Hado yelled from the right, catching the attention of both Ryukyu and Midoriya. In the middle of the hallway and parallel to the floor was an odd looking column that extended from one wall and morphed into the other through some bizarre tunnel. The third year tried to peer through the small cracks of the column to see where the tunnel led to but was unable to in the end. "If there's anything that video games taught me, it's that cool stuff is usually in spooky tunnels like this one."

"Step aside." Ryukyu ordered to which Hado did so quickly. The dragon cracked her right knuckles and punched at the stone column, splintering it from the rest of it's body and bashing at what was still connected. With each punch she destroyed heavy chunks of solid rock and concrete, finally managing to do away with the obstacle to reveal the tunnel. "Well, this is most certainly a spooky tunnel."

'Note to self Izuku. Please don't ever make Ryuko angry in the future. But...is it wrong of me to think that was actually pretty...hot?'

"Whether this is an alternative route or not I don't know, but we must take our chances to reach Eri's location. Follow me." The two females clambered into the hole in the wall and began to slide down a sloped passageway, their feet gliding and grinding against the surface to control their direction. *"Deku!"*

"U-Uh right, sorry!" He answered before jumping after them into the darkness, finally snapping out of his imagination about the dragon he adored. With his right fingers he sent a smash behind him so that he could catch up to the first two, passing by Hado who was constantly going 'Wheee' while sliding downwards and pretending to snowboard. Eventually he was able to pick up on peculiar sounds that were echoing off of the tunnel walls and coming towards them. *'What the heck is that?'*

The three finally made it to the bottom of the slope, hopping over a slight drop off into a massive area. The sounds that Midoriya heard became much clearer due to the source being right in front of him. A large man, muscular but not as big as Kastukame, was firing away at FatGum's body, the hero's figure much smaller than it originally was and skinnier too. Standing behind the man was another in a dark robe but unmoving from the action, as if he was somehow watching the event unfold through closed eyes. And in the furthest right wall of the open area was Kirishima just barely standing on his feet with severe injuries on his forearms and a look of despair tinting his vision. "Kirishima!"

"Hmm?" The robed man hummed before turning to the newcomers with a hand up over his eyes. "How peculiar. Rappa. There are three more heroes amidst this fray."

"I don't care who they are or what they're doing here!" Rappa answered while still drilling his fists into FatGum's body. "Just keep that Overjerk nose of yours outta my business alright Tengai?"

"It's OVERHAUL. Do not disgrace our master. Very well then, continue on with your meat-headed tactics you brute. I will handle these three on my own accord."

"These two were not in the files, they might be outsiders." Ryukyu stated, transforming into her draconian state once more. "**Deku to FatGum! Nejire-Chan with me!**"

In a flash Midoriya zoomed his way over to the one known as Rappa and FatGum in order to takedown the former. But his plan ran into a steel wall when a yellow glow surrounded the two of them and encapsulated the combatants in a small cocoon of a barrier. The

student grunted in pain, the front side of his body definitely not enjoying this feeling of pain he's encountering right now. *'A barrier?'*

"NRGH!" A bellow of pain came from Ryukyu after a surge of Hado's energy had rebounded off of another barrier that surrounded Tengai, the waves knocking into her core and pushing her back.

"Whoops! Sorry!"

'So they're like a spear and shield combo, this one being able to rapidly punch his enemies while the other employs a shield if things get too hairy. FatGum needs my help now but there's no telling how strong this barrier is. Hmm...if he's able to create multiple barriers that might mean the strength of his barriers is decreased as the number get higher. More barriers means less concentration on the strength and more so on the numbers. So instead of attacking just one of them..'

Midoriya looked all around him to observe the layout of this weird void inside the estate. It was a giant open area that was somewhat shaped like a dome, the ceiling caving in about two stories or so above the ground. If he can manage to build up enough momentum that could shatter the strength of the barriers, he'd able to metaphorically kill two birds with one stone. *Metaphorically.* He definitely doesn't want any unnecessary blood on his hands during an operation like this.

He knew he couldn't just stand around any longer, otherwise FatGum would have his defenses destroyed completely. The time to act is now. First he sprinted towards the perimeter of the area, Full Cowling arcs of lightning streaking behind him and lingering where he once was only seconds ago. Eventually he gained enough speed to where the entire lining of the bottom became lime green in color, and once he reached a specific velocity Midoriya leapt upwards and pushed off with his right foot, Dragon Stepping his way into the air to ascend above the others. Just like he did on the ground he followed the perimeter of the walls to pick up any speed that may have been lost, then positioned his feet against the surface beside him to wall run around the area.

"What's he doing?" Hado asked as Midoriya turned into a flash of green way above their heads.

"Gaining momentum for something big!" Ryukyu answered. **"Focus on the other one, I'll handle this one."**

"But the shields-"

"Will mean nothing compared to what Deku's planning. Even with the barriers in place, assist FatGum. Don't stop with the assault!"

Ryukyu lunged towards Tengai with her claws pulled back, slashing at him in a ferocious strike. The claws scraped against a newly formed barrier but even with the cocoon around the robed Yakuza she kept going and going, hoping that her efforts will whittle down the strength of the shields in place. A surge of energy from her right crashed into the barrier around Rappa and FatGum, Hado continuously sending her vitality into the powerful golden spirals that collided into the yellow auras. Every other second the dragon would glance between FatGum and Midoriya, her worry growing larger by the second due to the former's condition getting worse and worse with each blow.

'Now would be a GREAT time if ever Izuku to do whatever you have in store!'

"Fools. Do not lay hope in the possibility that you will be able to break my shields." Tengai stated from behind his barrier. "My barriers are as strong as my mind, and my mind is unbreakable much like my will. But continue to exhaust yourselves if that's what you're aiming for."

"Our objective isn't to break these barriers of yours." Ryukyu answered with both of her claws slashing downwards over the top. **"Merely to distract you from the bigger picture to which you're blind to."**

"What?!"

"NOW DEKU!"

"Dragonnn.." A right foot pushing off against the wall propelled Midoriya into the air as he twisted himself to be upside down in mid-

air. With his left he pushed against the sky to send him rocketing back towards the earth while spiraling into a continuous front flip cycle. On the last cycle he opened up his right palm to mimic dragon claws, and slashed against the space below. "SMASH!"

Three knives of pressurized air were unleashed against the ground, breaking the barriers below like a sledgehammer against a wooden surface. The ground quaked and rocked from the impact of the smash as Ryukyu just barely managed to swoop over to an injured Kirishima to protect him with her wings and large body, Hado snatching up FatGum and taking to the skies. The streaks of air were strong enough to cut into the Earth itself and left miniature ravines that were several feet deep beneath the surface. Rappa was struck directly over the head with the tip of a slash as Tengai had been sent spiraling through the air and tumbling into the wall to be knocked unconscious.

Once the chaos of the smash was done and the vibrating came to a halt, Ryukyu slowly peeked her head above the curtain of her wings to scout the area, lowering her defenses when the coast is clear. **"We're good for now. Everybody regroup."**

"Whew, to be honest, I don't think I would have been able to last much longer with that guy." Skinny Gum commented as Hado slowly brought the hero back down to the surface. "The time I needed to prep my big move would've been too much."

"You were preparing something by constantly getting hit?" Hado asked.

"Yeah, but like I said I don't think I would've lasted much longer, so it's definitely a good thing that you guys popped up when you did. Thanks for the help."

"No problem!"

"Kirishima." Midoriya bounded over to his 1-A classmate, Ryukyu turning back into her humanoid state. He kneeled down beside the red-haired student and closely observed the damage that was sustained to his forearms. "What, happened?"

"I...I broke." Kirishima wept, trying to form his hands into angry fists but found it hard to do so. "I went out there with my ultimate technique, and I broke. And I couldn't do anything afterwards because I'm just a boring idiot once *my Quirk is gone!"*

"Do not be ashamed of your weakness Red Riot." Ryukyu assured with a hand resting over his left shoulder. "Weakness is the foundation of strength, and strength will pave the way for greatness. Take pride in the fact that you know what it's like to feel weak, that you know what it's like to feel despair. Look back on today not as a mistake but as a reminder to keep growing stronger and to keep improving, so that you may overcome this obstacle should it appear again. After all, Crimson Riot would want you to keep persevering. You carry one half of his name of course."

"Ryukyu, I'll take care of Kirishima and detain the others." Skinny Gum stated. "You guys should keep moving and see if you can meet up with the rest."

"Agreed. Once you two recover you should try and find your way back up to the surface if possible. Don't exert yourselves any further than you have to."

As Ryukyu and Hado made their way towards a door located on one side of the area, Midoriya stayed behind, giving his classmate a few more moments of much needed company. He tried to give a few words of assurance but ultimately found them to fall on deaf ears, a look of complete loss in their eyes. Skinny Gum came around his side and patted his back. "You should get going with your office, don't want to be left behind. I'll take care of him."

Midoriya sighed, gave a few pats against Kirishima's shoulder, then bounded over in the direction where his allies had run off to. The face that Kirishima wore is a face that he's seen multiple times by now, mainly in the mirror of his room. Hopefully when this is all over he'll be able to catch him by himself and have a moment to discuss what happened. And how he's been there several times in the past with seemingly no escape.

Turns out the door led into a small medical room to which Ryukyu advised the other agency to utilize to their advantage. Another door

inside that room led back out into the labyrinth of the estate, but something was off about this certain hallway. Immediately the draconian woman noticed that the coloring and texture of the wall before them was much more different than all the others they've ran past. It was bland in color and the material with which it was made seemed crude, almost like an amateur's piece of work in comparison to the designs around it.

"Hmm."

"This wall seems out of place right?" Hado asked. "I noticed that too."

Brushing her hair away from her right ear Ryukyu placed the ear up against the wall, listening closely for anything that might be on the other side. She furrowed her eyebrows at what sounded like rumbling or some kind of heavy object moving around at insane speeds behind the surface. Something was definitely going on, though she had no way of telling unless they had a clear view. She took a step back from the wall and punched it with her right fist to reveal an absolute mess of a battleground. Spikes were constantly growing and shrinking inside the revealed room and they were dangerously close to the newly formed hole.

!

"*Nrgh,* LOOK OUT!"

FWOOSH

Before they could even move, Hado and Ryukyu were both pushed out of the way just before a large spike rocketed it's way towards them with a dangerous tip. The tip that was now piercing straight into Midoriya's stomach to spill blood against the floor and pinning him against the wall. His head whiplashed from the impact of hard surface before going semi-limp in his position.

"Midoriya!"

"No.....NO! IZUKU!"

Chapter 21: Red Dragon Gauntlet Smash

"NO!"

Head bashing against the wall behind him and picked clean off of his feet to be pinned against the hard surface, and what felt like a concussion coming on along with a solid concrete tip shredding into his abdomen, Midoriya felt like a tsunami of pain just completely washed over him within an instant. He coughed once, coughed a second time with a small buckshot of crimson staining against the gray spear and a few droplets dabbling onto the floor below. It was hard to breathe and it took everything in his power just to not scream out in absolute pain due to the hellish sensation digging inside of his skin. Not that he wanted to move at all but he figured that if he tried to wriggle or squirm free it definitely wouldn't feel pleasant by any means.

"Nononononono." Ryukyu scrambled onto her feet as quickly as she could, trying to assess the damage with a pair of shaking hands. She tugged a bit around the head of the spear to see if it would budge the slightest bit but wasn't able to due to whatever it was manipulating it being stopped after it pierced him. Her hands diverted themselves up to his face, the sidekick panting just to stay awake after the impact given to the back of his head. "Listen listen, you're going to be okay. You're going to be okay."

"*Tch,* Ryukyu? I, *nrgh,* I don't mean to sound like a downer or anything." Midoriya chuckled through pained wheezes. "But this kinda hurts."

"Shhh conserve your strength, don't talk just focus on staying awake. Umm, okay. Okay we have to get you back to the medical room as soon as possible and get the wound treated. I'll have to break off a

piece of this spear so that we can move you. Brace yourself." Ryukyu clamped her right hand around Midoriya's left shoulder and directed her left fist down the spear of rock for a break off point. Hado ducked underneath the hazard and joined her partner on his right side to catch him in sync with her mentor. "On three. One...two..."

On the third count she raised her first upwards, then bashed it against the solid rock to break off a good chunk of the tip. In doing so the very point itself moved around slightly but it was just enough for Midoriya to break his fortitude and yell out in a guttural groan which nearly made Ryukyu break her own will at his pain. "I know I know I know I'm so sorry I'm so sorry."

"Mmph, it's okay Sensei." He hissed through grit teeth. *"It's okay."*

"A hero puts on his cape so that he may protect a little girl who's hurting and in pain!" A voice yelled from within the newly revealed area. *"You're strong, but I'm stronger!"*

"Mirio?" Hado piqued at the sound of her Big 3 ally, rushing over to the hole and glancing inside. There, standing in the middle of it all and combating the enemy Yakuza was Togata with a completely disheveled hero uniform and battle damage making itself present across his skin. "Mirio!"

"Hado! Assist Midoriya and take him back to the medical room! FatGum will treat his wounds along with Kirishima's."

"What?! N-No!" Midoriya argued while trying to sit himself up but in doing so caused a surge of pain around the penetration point, forcing him to slump back down. "R-Ryukyu-"

"This wound will only be a detriment to you Midoriya, I'm sorry to say this but you'll only be getting in the way. You have to get this treated immediately." Ryukyu ordered with a hand secretly snaking it's way up behind his head, away from Hado's line of sight. "It's for your own good."

"Ryuko." He whispered, a pleading look in his eyes that begged she wouldn't force him into stopping right here and right now. Her right hand clamped down onto his left hand and squeezed it. *"Ryuko please,*

I can keep going I promise I-I want to fight alongside you as your sidekick-"

"I told you in the beginning, Izuku, that your health is much more important than a measly title I give you. Recovery and rehab is far better than to continue fighting. Do you remember?"

"I...I do."

"This is for your own good, I promise. And, I understand that we are not at that point yet but, if something happens..." She applied more pressure onto his squeezed hand. *"...if, something happens...just know you mean the world to me...*Hado, take him away. Immediately."

"N-No, no please!"

"Sorry about this Midoriya." Hado apologized, gently looping her arm underneath his left and carefully helping him into his feet. "Ryukyu's right we gotta get you fixed up."

"Once you hand him over into FatGum's care, get back here instantly." Ryukyu ordered, turning to her left and spotting the boy who was looking back to her with a worried face, fearful that this may be the last time they see each other alive. She smiled at him brightly which made his fears all the more terrifying, before turning into her dragon state and taking for the battlefield.

"You're strong for a Yakuza I'll give you that." Togata commented. "But I'm stronger! And there's nothing you can do to say that everything I've ever done has now gone to waste! It's over, CHISAKI!"

"Overhaul..." The Yakuza growled before shredding through his right glove with his Quirk. "THE NAME'S-"

"OVERHAUL!"

POW

A huge claw came flying into the scene and crashed right into the left side of the mob boss, spiraling him through the air and crashing against the ceiling. Togata was nearly blindsided by the heavy mass of a full on dragon had he not phased out for several moments and

popping back into solid form besides the large dragon. "Ryukyu!"

"LeMillion, where are the rest? Did they run into trouble?"

"I don't know, I ran ahead of everybody so that I could manage to snag Eri just before they escaped with her."

"Where is she now?"

"There." The third year pointed over to a direction away from the chaos, a tattered cape strewn over a small mass on the floor. Poking her head out from the red cloth was Eri, frightened and confused at the mess all around her.

"Take Eri, and get back to the surface." Ryukyu ordered. **"Our priority is to secure the little girl above all else, subduing the Hassaikai is only a secondary goal."**

"You plan on taking him on by yourself? He's strong! And if he manages to get a hand on you-"

"Forgive me for interrupting but I'm fully aware of what his capabilities are, from both the briefing and the changing of this area around me. But regardless of the threat we must focus on getting Eri to safety before all else. Now go, and see if you can reunite with those who may have lose their way."

"Are you sure about this?"

"I am, and I thank you for being worried, but rest assured this is my duty as a hero. To ensure that those who are in need of somebody to look up to, will live to see another day. Now go Togata, do not make me ask again."

Togata stuttered for a moment, his body trying to decide if he should stay and fight alongside Ryukyu or take Eri back up to the top. With his Quirk he'd be perfect in counteracting the change in scenery made by Overhaul's designs which made him want to stay and fight, but at the same time Eri shouldn't remain in this hell of a facility any longer than she has to. He's failed to save her once, he cannot fail again.

Sputtering to himself, Togata bolted over towards Eri, wrapping the

cape around her lower half and picking it up all together. He made for the exit of the recently made hole in the wall and turned over his shoulder just before he rounded the corner. "Good luck! We'll be waiting for you up top!"

"Tchgrrr, heroes. Why do you always have to stick your nose into manners that don't pertain to you?" Overhaul growled through a popping of his left shoulder, Ryukyu growling back in a much deeper pitch. "Eri doesn't want to be saved by you idiots, she knows well enough-"

"**SILENCE!**" Ryukyu exclaimed. "**Normally I would ask that you forgive me for interrupting, but not this time. Your words are tainted with nothing but lies, and I have much better plans to do than to sit here and listen to what you have to say. While I think it's foolish of me to even ask this it wouldn't be right of me to deny you this option either. Surrender. This entire ordeal can be avoided if you cease your hostilities.**"

"Surrender? When I'm so close to achieving what's been coming for some time now? You must be stupid."

"**Very well, if you don't wish to surrender then-**"

KRA-KOOM

The ceiling cracked for a moment before it completely broke down into pieces, large chunks of rock and debris falling towards the ground. Both Overhaul and Ryukyu were forced to move out from underneath the debris lest they were crushed from the heavy weight and sharp falling objects that were similar to giant icicles. Along with the giant rocks came something even bigger, laughing out loud and bellowing with an deep rumbling before it landed on a ground with a tremor around it. "*Ahhhhhh,* now I'm REALLY in the mood for some action."

"Impossible." Ryukyu muttered under her breath, looking up to see a Bullet that was previously thought to be taken out of action.

"Hoh-hoh-hoh, I'm big, and I'm BAD!" Katsukame roared in his new form. Unlike before, he was now colossal to the point where he

heavily outweighed the dragon in mass, even gaining the lead in height by a few meters. "Good thing I managed to take that Trigger before it all went down, and now I can really let loose! I'll be sure to put the vitality of all those police officers up there to good use. Come here babe! You and I are gonna party!"

"If you think victory is assured by a difference in men then you will be utterly disappointed. This is not the first time I have been outnumbered, and this will NOT be the last!"

-

"Comeoncomeoncomeon right here on the table."

Hado hurriedly guided Midoriya over to a table, FatGum in skinny form clearing away a variety of unnecessary objects from the surface. Carefully as she could she helped her junior lay across the surface with back against the cold metal, pushing his hood off of his face to clear the nose. He grunted out in pain for a moment due to her hair brushing up against his wound on accident, the girl apologizing profusely for her mistake. "What do you need from me FatGum?"

"What happened here?"

"A giant spike just came out of nowhere and struck him right in the stomach! Ryukyu said it doesn't appear to be that bad but she told me to bring him here anyways just in case. Is there anything I have to do to help?"

"Nothing, I'm good for now." He replied, snapping on a pair of light blue colored nitrile gloves, unzipping a fresh first aid kit that was only used for the bandages on Kirishima's arms. "Get back to Ryukyu I'll take it from here."

"Take it easy okay Midoriya?" Hado said. "I'll see you when this all over."

"Thank you, *nrgh,* Senpai. Good luck." He seethed through painfully grit teeth, his right hand being given a gentle squeeze from his senior. She patted his hand and exited from the room to rejoin Ryukyu in the fight.

"Alright I'm going to be honest with you kid? I don't have a medical license, but guess what. I don't need one to let you know this is going to hurt, A LOT." Skinny Gum started with his teeth opening up a pack of salty powder. "It doesn't look like the injury's too deep, just puncturing a little bit, but there's still a small bit of debris left in there that I have to take out. I'll try to make it painless but just know you're probably going to cry like a little baby and I'm gonna laugh at you for it."

Midoriya tried to chuckle at the humor coming from the hero but immediately regretted it due to the pain in his stomach. "S-Sorry, I would laugh but it kinda hurts to do so."

"Or maybe because my jokes aren't that funny to begin with. It's alright kid you can be honest with me." The hero used his left fingers to roam around the open wound and hovered over the top of the entry with the salt packet in his right hand. "Alright, on the count of three. One...two...three."

Midoriya braced himself as Skinny Gum inserted his index and thumb fingers into the wound, gently digging around for a small chunk of rock that had broken off. "AHHHH!"

"YUP! Yup I know kid just hang with me for a few more moments while I get this rock out!" The hero growled in anger, frustrated that he couldn't seem to find the small stone that had dislodged itself in the student's stomach. *"Come on dammit* where'd you go?!"

Kirishima shambled over to the other side of Midoriya's table and took the latter's right hand into his own like two friends greeting each other. "You've got this man stick with it! Just stick with it!"

"GOT IT! HOLY ROLY-POLY we struck gold."

"Oh geez." Kirishima winced, shuddering at the stone of broken debris that Skinny Gum pulled out of the wound, drenched in a crimson shower. The hero poured the powder around the wound carefully as to not accidentally get too much inside of it. Once it had been sealed shut he took to the anti-septic wipes with his student's help, cleaning the area off of all the excess blood that may have spilled out. Cautiously, Kirishima did his best to hold his friend up by this sides

while Skinny Gum used a large roll of bandages to circle around the torso and wrap him up like a cheaply done mummy.

Skinny Gum took off his gloves and tossed them into a nearby biohazard container, strolling over to a nearby cabinet of pharmaceuticals. He searched through the many vials and bottles of labeled medications before spotting a box designed for morphine containing several squeezable tubes of the potent substance. He took the box from the cabinet and opened it up along the way back to the table, procuring a single light brown colored tube and removing the cap. "Alrighty here comes the magic stuff. This shouldn't knock you out but you'll feel a little bit of the effects."

The tip of the needle penetrated Midoriya's left shoulder before the tube was squeezed dry and injecting the liquid into his body. Instantly the student took a deep breath in and out, the effects instantaneously settling in and making him a tad bit drowsy. *"Ahhh."*

"Kirishima, you think you'll be able to watch over him for me?"

"Me? Why me what about you?" The student asked.

"I'm going out there to help the others." The hero answered. "Rappa's attacks may have shredded through majority of my Fat but some of the built up energy is still inside of me, which means I have just the right amount of enough juice to let off what I was originally planning to let off. It's only enough for one shot though, so I gotta go out there and make it count. I need you to stay here and look after him for me alright?"

"I..."

"Listen, whatever happened back there, don't let it get to your head Kirishima. You can't allow a mistake to let you lose your will to fight before the villains' own. As heroes we have to keep going to make sure everybody goes home at the end of the day, and that means we have to hold onto our Unbreakable spirit. Alright? Just like Crimson Riot back in the day."

The student grimaced, tightening his hands into fists to feel the pain in his forearms. So much for an ultimate move, and just when he

started to believe the lie that he had finally made his Quirk stronger. "Alright fine. I'll stay here to look after him."

Skinny Gum sighed through his nose and gave as big a smile as he could, though clearly even he was under the chains of fatigue after his battle with Rappa. He reached over and patted Kirishima's left shoulder who remained motionless and stoic. "Thanks Kirishima, this is a big responsibility so please take care of him alright?"

"Yeah...sure."

"I'm sure the others will find this room soon, either this room or they'll come across Ryukyu and the rest of us. Lay low for now and regain your wits, leave the rest to us." With that, Skinny Gum left the side of Midoriya's table and bounded over to the exit, rolling his right shoulder in a windmill motion with a balled fist. The door clicked shut behind him, and silence befell over the entire room.

Aside from the labored breaths of Midoriya who did his best to keep it as quiet as possible, nobody else said anything. Kirishima looked down at his classmate who for some reason held a fearful look in his eyes, like he knew something that the red head didn't know. That look...that look of fear in her eyes reminded him of the look of fear in the girl's eyes long ago, and how he was unable to will himself into moving in order to save them. What he thought to be resolve was broken that day much like his Unbreakable had been broken today. Both of them, shattered into itty bitty pieces and thrown into the wind.

'Stronger?' He thought, falling back into a chair that he didn't even know was behind him. His hands were limp against the insides of his knees as he stared to the floor underneath Midoriya's table. *'Tch, yeah right, like Hell I got stronger than before. I tried to protect FatGum with my ultimate move and all I did was just stop the guy for two seconds before he moved on. I was nothing out there, just like I was nothing back then. Don't I have anything else besides my Quirk? Why do I have to be so boring?'*

"Kiri, *mmph,* Kirishima." Midoriya grunted through baring teeth, doing his best as to not move so much around his central core. "Are you okay?"

The red head scoffed with the back of his left wrist wiping away at his mouth, a dry smirk on his face. "Yeah, I'm peachy Midoriya. You should have seen how useful I was out there for FatGum. Which was practically nothing. And here I was thinking that I had gotten stronger after all of this time. Pfft, some idiot I am for thinking that."

"I wouldn't say that about you Kirishima. We've, *o-ouch,* we've all grown stronger during this year, nobody's gotten weaker. A-At least in my opinion."

"Take away our Quirks, and what do I have compared to everybody? Nothing. I don't have anything that can be put in the same argument as the rest of you guys. Once my hardening gets taken away I'm the most boring bastard on the roster."

"You think you're the most boring person out of all of us?" Midoriya grunted. "Kirishima, I lived through majority of my life being Quirkless, and people thought that in itself was boring enough. I don't stand out like Iida or Shoji do, I don't have the crazy personalities of Ashido or even Kacchan. But you have that 'manly' spirit as you like to call it, and how you want to take in the same ways as Crimson Riot. Honestly I was a bit surprised when you said that your name was inspired by his own since not a lot of people these days even look back to heroes that old. But that name inspiration alone is what doesn't make you boring.

Listen, as much as I really want to help you with this, I think we should worry about it later. I don't know about you but, I don't want to lay here for the rest of the operation while everybody else is fighting. I want to go back out there."

"We can't." Kirishima raised his arms and flopped them back down over his legs to briefly show the bandage wrapping around his forearms. "I'm busted up, and you have a freaking hole in your stomach. And you're saying you want to go back and fight? We're no good to them we'd just end up getting in the way."

"You're right. In our condition we'd just be sitting ducks, but, maybe if we had something to help tip the edge into our favor, we'd be much more helpful. Something like this."

With his right arm Midoriya unclipped one of the pouches on his utility belt on the same side and retrieved a small object, holding it to Kirishima for him to take. The latter gripped the object and opened up his palm to inspect with a curious look. "What is this? Some kinda syringe or something?"

"It's a Trigger." Midoriya replied. "Ryukyu says that it's basically like a performance enhancer for our Quirks."

"Oh yeah, the guy I fought weeks ago pulled something like this! FatGum says this kinda stuff is illegal. But, wait. Why do you have one?"

"The Bullet from earlier had it but it fell out of his pocket, Ryukyu told me to hold onto it in case we ever have to pull out a trump card. I guess now would be a good time right?"

"Man...I don't know about this." Kirishima hesitated. "FatGum says this stuff can be dangerous sometimes, even when it's not made properly. When I went up against that criminal the effects of this thing were powerful sure but they quickly wore off after a few minutes or so. Would we even have enough time to do something within those minutes?"

"The window might be small, but it's big enough that I still want to take it regardless of the risks. Overhaul is said to be the most dangerous out of all of the Yakuza, and our own teachers are going up against him. I trust Ryukyu and everybody else but at the same time I'd prefer if we completed this operation with as less injuries as possible. We got hurt, so I wanna make sure nobody else gets hurt either."

"Is there even enough for the both of us?"

"To be honest, in that small container? There is, but probably not enough to sustain our bodies for the regular amount of time." Midoriya answered. "If we split it down the middle no doubt the time of effect will be halved but, with our Quirks I think that's just enough to get the job done."

Kirishima chuckled as he clenched a fist around the syringe, slumping

back in his chair with head falling behind his shoulder. He looked up the ceiling with a goofy smile on his face at how ridiculous this all sounded. Not only will they be using a highly dangerous drug that has been deemed illegal in Japan, but they'll be using it in an amount that more than likely will cause damage to their bodies. It might be half of the dosage in the vial but even half of a dose can still cause problems depending on the chemical makeup of the Trigger. A Bullet was walking with around one of these, so more than likely it was supposed to be a last ditch effort for the Yakuza member. This will be used just because the two boys wants to redeem themselves. Which may very well be the definition of stupid.

"This is...*tch,* heh. This is crazy man. But then again, I guess we've done crazier things haven't we."

Midoriya tried his best to wheeze out a laugh, ultimately clutching at his stomach with his left hand. "Yeah. We did go after Kacchan so I guess this might not be the worst?"

"Considering this stuff could potentially destroy our bodies man, this might be THE worst. I ain't exactly happy with my performance so far in this operation, but if this is going to let me take back some of my dignity...fine. Let's do it."

Kirishima shot up from his chair and searched around the room, laying his eyes on a syringe that looked just like the one in his hands, sitting idly in a cabinet of other medications. He strolled over to the cabinet and took the syringe into his other hand, placing both of them onto a nearby counter. The container of the Trigger was slowly removed from the back, revealing the liquid to be a somewhat deep orange color that made the red head uneasy about all of this. He looked over his right shoulder to see Midoriya was watching him as his eyes also fell onto the liquid and swallowed tightly, giving a nervous smile that didn't exactly stoke any confidence.

"I-I mean.." He stuttered. "We can act like it's soda?"

Kirishima scoffed and sighed, opening up the the container for the empty syringe. "This is the most dangerous soda I'm about to take then."

Eyeballing the amount to be split down the middle he closed both of the syringes and walked back over to Midoriya. "When I went up against that criminal, I didn't see him inject anything when he used the Trigger against me. I think he may have snuck it into his neck."

"The neck huh? *Huhhh,* alright then. The neck it is." Midoriya took the syringe into his right hand and held it above his face, tightly clenching it with shaky fingers. Underneath the light he can see his arm visibly stuttering at the risk that he's about to take, in the right corner of his vision being able to see Kirishima just as nervous. *'One For All...and a Trigger...just how much power will I be able to exert in this short amount of time?'*

"Count of three?"

"Uh, y-yeah. Count of three." Both males nodded at each other and raised the syringes up to their necks.

"One.." Kirishima said.

"Two.." Midoriya continued.

"Three/Three."

-

"COME HERE!"

"HADO!" The large tail of Ryukyu smacked Hado out of the air just before the sidekick was crushed by the colossal Katsukame, the dragon placing herself into the space and grappling with the Bullet. The claws of her feet dug into the ground underneath her to keep her foothold against the brute but slowly, she was beginning to slip up against his strength. ***'Dammit! The moment he absorbed Hado's vitality earlier was the moment that may have sealed our defeat. I never should have told her to come back.'***

"BWAHAHAHA! Come onnnnnn, just a little feel?" Katsukame taunted as he took a giant step forward and forced the dragon back. "I promise I'll be gentle."

Ryukyu growled and clamped her teeth onto the large trap muscle of

Katsukame, causing him to yell out in genuine pain. He wrapped both of his arms around her in a giant bear hug and began to squeeze tightly, placing a vice grip on her sides and crushing it like a giant snake with their prey. Due to his arms being partially pressed against her wings she was unable to lift herself off of the ground thus providing him the perfect opportunity to lift her into the air and throw her back down against the concrete, the ground splintering around her body with chunks of rock breaking away from the earth.

"Ryukyu!" Hado cried out, trying to scramble onto her feet and assist the dragon. Some of her vitality had been robbed by the Bullet, and combining that with the attacks she still pushed out despite the robbery it left her practically unable to continue. But even so she tried to stabilize herself back onto her feet in order to do something, anything to help out her teacher in the fight.

"Let this be a reminder..." Overhaul snarled with his left palm slamming against the ground. "That you should have kept that stupid nose of yours out of my BUSINESS!"

"OUTTA THE WAY!" Skinny Gum yelled, tackling Hado out of harm's path just before a throne of spikes converged on the girl's position. The spikes skewered into the ground with one of them cutting clean through the male's left ankle and breaking off due to his momentum, a cry of pain exiting from his throat. The two heroes tumbled off to the side with Skinny Gum clutching at the ankle and hissing through his teeth. *"TSSSSSSS oooooooooh.* That's a bit sharp."

"FatGum!"

"Oh no you don't baby!" Katsukame exclaimed as he pressed down onto Ryukyu with his hands, the dragon resisting by meeting his palms with her claws and pushing back. "You and I still got a dance to attend to in Hell, you wouldn't wanna miss out would you?"

"Overhaul!" A voice cried out from a corner of area, revealing a man in white robes with a plague mask and a gun. "I have one! Just one left!"

"Chrono! Hit them! Hit them with the bullet now!"

"Uh-oh." Katsukame teased. "Looks like somebody's Quirk is gonna go bye-bye. Who do you think it's gonna be huh?"

"NO!"

The Bullet Chronostasis pointed the barrel of the gun towards the two heroes who had been separated from Ryukyu, aiming right down the middle to where their bodies met. As this happened Overhaul started to reshape the ground around them with more spikes converging on the sides to prevent either of them from moving out of harm's way and forcing one of them to be the victim of a QDD. Aim...hold...

BANG

Went the sound of a gun being fired and a red vial piercing through the air towards the heroes. It was up to fate to decide who would be the one struck with the QDD and suffer from the loss of their precious Quirk.

Would it be Hado? No longer being able to fly into the air with her life energy converted into a power output with a golden illustrious color?

Or FatGum, no longer able to absorb any kind of damage and remain in this skinny form of his permanently?

It appeared to be the latter, as he pushed Hado down onto the ground and tried to cover her up with his body so that he would be the one to be struck with the QDD. His upper body was pressed over the top of her back with legs covering up her sides, doing his best to minimize her exposure. He closed his eyes and braced for the impact in three...two...one...

.
..
...

"*..the hell?"* He whispered at the absence of a sharp object or something painful striking him on his body. The hero slowly lifted his head up to check the issue, and was taken aback when somebody had jumped in the way of the bullet. A red vial digging into the skin of a

wing protecting them both. "Ryukyu?!"

BOOM

A heavy object crashed through the wall besides the heroes, a blur of green and a bulk of red bursting from the smoke of debris. Overhaul didn't have an opportunity to see for himself what the commotion was before the green blur whizzed around him and struck the Yakuza on all angles, sending him flying in the direction of Katsukame who had been slammed to the floor after he was caught off guard by Ryukyu. The blur continued to move at high speeds before coming to a halt in front of the heroes besides the red bulk, revealing the clear images of the individuals.

Ryukyu transformed back into her humanoid state, but not from her own free will. She felt the strength of a dragon begin to flee her body with the wind but was too distracted by the sight in front of her, eyes in shock with an awe-struck mouth. "Iz-....Midoriya?"

"Kirishima?"

"It's Riot!" Kirishima exclaimed, his body seemingly bulked up and hardened into stone across every part of his skin imaginable. "The Unbreakable Red Riot!"

"100% of my power." Midoriya stated, arcs of lime lightning streaking across the ground around him and hair standing up on ends. "100% of my power will be enough, it has to be!"

"Wait a minute." The dragon said. "Did you take the Trigger?!"

"Yeah, we did. A trump card right Sensei?"

"You're joking!" Skinny Gum scolded. "What the hell is wrong with you boys do you realize the sort of danger you're putting your bodies in right now?!"

"You should've waited for an official hero to instruct you into administering the dosage not yourselves. Midoriya, you and I are going to have a VERY long talk about this. PERSONALLY."

"Sorry Fat, but you might have to save those words for later."

Kirishima replied. "I don't think we have much time in this state, and I don't like sitting around while you guys are out here giving it your all."

"The same goes for me Ryukyu." Midoriya added, meeting the heroine's glare with a smile. Albeit he wanted to crumble right then and there at how intense her gaze was, so sharp it was piercing the very interior of his soul. "A-Am I dead when this is over?"

"I'll do my best to ensure that you are."

"Oh geez."

"Katsukame..." Overhaul whispered, placing his right palm against the brute's left leg. "Your body will be enough."

"Huh? Whadduya mean by that?"

No answer was given to the Bullet, his body instantly transmuted into a whirling pile of flesh for one second, then turned into a grotesque sculpture by the next. Midoriya and Kirishima watched as the once normal sized body of Overhaul was suddenly transformed into something giant, colossal and overall completely out of their league. They were essentially just a giant walking pile of muscle and scary looking shapes with the upper torso of the Yakuza boss himself sticking out from an opening in the huge body. It even made Ryukyu in her dragon form look like basic child's play when taking the two heights into comparison.

"Now, thennn.." Overhaul hissed in his new form and a crazed look plaguing his eyes. "There's no point in delaying what should have been done in the first place. I'm killing you heroes and I'm taking Eri back!"

Overhaul placed a giant limb of his body onto the floor, transforming the ground and reshaping it into a danger zone. A wave of fatal spikes came flying towards the heroes as Kirishima jumped in front of it's path and took the full brunt of the attack with arms forming an X in front of his body. The spikes crashed into his body in wave, after wave, after wave of nonstop damage that kept him in his place. Still though, Kirishima was dead set on remaining where he stands and

will not allow a single spike to get past him and harm the others.

'AUGHHH, dammit! This hurts! But I'm not moving, I can't move! If it cracks, harden it. If it bleeds, seal it. If I break...'

Chivalry is that state of my heart! It isn't about having confidence, or not knowing what it is to be fearful. I'm a hero, and that's why I protect people. Once it's decided in my heart, then that is something I would die for. Living a life with no regrets is what it means to me, Crimson Riot!

"I! WON'T! BREAAAAAAAAAAKKKK!"

"Man-CHESTERRRR-." A voice hanging above the Yakuza's head revealed a ball of blurred lightning, swirling with lime green color at first before clearing into a perfect image. A right foot was held high above Midoriya's head before he propelled himself downwards in a straight line and brought the heel of his foot down to crush the earth with a ground shaking blow. "SMASH!"

POW

For a moment Overhaul was staggered, but not completely due to the linear and easy to read movements from the successor, even with the speed difference between he and the rest of them it wasn't hard for his tactics to be predicted and evaded. The kick was much stronger than he anticipated it to be sure but it wasn't enough to completely take him down, thus resulting in a counter attack with a large arm sweeping across the ground and crushing anything in it's way. Midoriya moved fast enough for a brief afterimage to remain where he once stood and zoomed around to be underneath the gargantuan Overhaul to deliver a cyclone kick into the core, sending the giant mass of a body flying into the air and out through the hole that had been broken from the surface.

"Hey wait for me!" Kirishima cried out, but his words fell on deaf ears after his classmate launched himself into the skies to chase after the villain. "Dammit!"

"It's not much," The voice of Hado said from his right side, taking his wrist and shoulder into her hands. "But this is all I've got left for now so do your best."

Hado swept Kirishima off of his feet and began to spin him around in a cycle, gathering up speed with a small bit of her Quirk accelerating the point of rotation on her feet. She took aim as to where and when she needed to let go of the boy and when that time came, sent the last remaining portions of her Quirk into a short burst to turn him into a human red rocket straight towards the action. Once that was finished Hado immediately fell face first onto the ground, and exhaled greatly.

"Whew! I'm pooped.... Does anybody have any orange slices?"

As Midoriya pierced through the air at a high velocity his body was beginning to tear itself, a sharp pain in his legs and what felt like a knife cutting through the left side of his collarbone. *'Tch, even with the Trigger in effect I can't keep One For All at 100% for long. I have to end this here and now!'*

The student focused into channeling his energy for one last mighty strike, kicking away an arm that was coming towards him in the process. The force of the kick was enough to completely decimate and gib the grotesquely shaped limb into mere chunks, using the broken pieces as platforms to bounce on. Midoriya sped his way past Overhaul and on the last platform leapt up into the sky to be higher than the Yakuza's peak of ascension. He pulled his left arm behind him with his fingers mimicking dragon claws and grit his teeth for the final blow.

'This is it!'

On the other end of Overhaul was Kirishima, still shooting upwards to the action at a bullet's speed. His right arm was cocked at his side and body still hardened beyond his maximum limits, ready to make up for his performance earlier against Rappa.

"Here it goes! Red-"

"Dragon..."

Both sidekicks channeled all of their Quirk's powers into their hands, the distance between all three airborne individuals becoming shorter and shorter. Wind pressure began to shift around Midoriya's claws as

Kirishima prepared himself to dish out his ultimate technique. For FatGum, for Ryukyu, and for Eri.

"GAUNTLET-"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

POW

A fist pummeling into the left side of Overhaul's body, driving itself into his ribs with knuckles digging deeper.

WHOOSH

A trio of pressurized air bursts cutting through the space and slashing at the giant transmuted body, sending it crashing back down towards the earth.

Overhaul's modifications were shredded into absolute bits, the pieces of flesh falling apart at the seams and gibbing from the cutting air. The giant body accelerated within seconds and didn't take any longer than ten to crash back onto the ground and dismantle itself completely. Dust and debris were kicked up into the air with a huge tremor rocking the surrounding area and houses. Those who were either inside the Yakuza estate or within the maze of a labyrinth were shocked from the impact of the crash, wondering if it was an earthquake or some nuclear explosion that had just occurred right beside them.

Once the smoke had cleared and the ground had calmed back down, it was time for Midoriya and Kirishima to crash back onto the surface as well, cratering onto the streets with their feet while still under the last effects of the Trigger. But they wouldn't have any time to celebrate this victory of theirs, not with the effects immediately wearing off. The red head released the hardening of his Quirk and fell onto his knees, aching from the pain that creaked across his body at how long he pushed his Unbreakable technique through his system. He screamed out in pain and was too distracted with himself to see Midoriya cough up a glob of crimson that spilled against his lower lip, falling onto his side and having a short spasm. It felt like his entire body was just tearing itself apart slowly as his eyelids began to

shut themselves.

The last thing he would see being a beautiful woman in a red Qipao running straight towards him and crying out his name.

-

"I wanna see you Work Out for me
Work Out for me"

"Aye we got a good thing, don't know if imma see you again, OOH!" Midnight's voice echoed off the walls of her home's shower, music being played through a set of speakers as the mist clouded up the glass from the hot water. A brush was in her left hand to act as a microphone as the gyrated her hips to the sound of the music, enjoying some time to herself after a stressful day's worth of school.

BZZZT

On the counter of her bathroom her phone began to vibrate just as she turned off the water, still humming to the sound of the music playing. Midnight heard the vibration the second time it came around as she hopped out, draped a towel over her body and sauntered over to her phone. She looked at the caller ID to see the name 'Hoshiko' pop up before answering.

BEEP

"Whadduya want woman...Mm-hmm, yeah I saw the aftermath on the news...uh-huh...wait...wait slow down slow down, what do you mean it's gone?....So you're saying Ryukyu's Quirkless now?...Midoriya?...HE'S IN A COMA?!"

Chapter 22: Absence

Warning: Slight NSFW.

/

"Excuse me, Ryukyu?" A nurse called, the Dragoon Hero and Ms. Hoshiko waiting outside of a hospital room in a duo of chairs. "The doctor says you can enter now, he has the full evaluation ready."

"Thank you." The secretary answered as the two women rose from their seats and made their way inside the room. Ryukyu's headband had been taken off, loosely hanging from the fingers of her left hand to reveal both of her eyes. Her pupils were still golden but the slits were now gone, replaced with the shape of a black circle instead. They weren't showing but her razor sharp teeth had been reverted back into normal teeth with typical human canines. No longer the dragon she once was.

Inside the room were two individuals, a doctor and a heavily wrapped up patient with a support system attached to their bodies. The doctor was middle aged with short grey hair and slight bags under his eyes, wearing the typical white lab coat and black scrubs underneath. The patient was Midoriya, under the spell of a deep sleep with his chest slowly rising and falling with each taken breath. His entire body spare the face had been wrapped in heavy bandaging that reached all the way up to the base of his head just underneath the lower jaw. A vital signs monitor constantly beeped in unison with the student's heart rate, a slow yet steady pace being emitted at a constant interval. The afternoon sun was beginning to dip beyond the horizon line, creating a faint orange glow across the sky that shined through the window.

"Ladies." The doctor greeted. "Sorry for making you two wait, I was just making sure I have all the correct details."

"That's okay doctor." Ryukyu assured. "How bad is it?"

"Well to say the word 'bad' is a complete understatement, I'd say something along the lines of horrible. Torn muscle fibers across 70% of his body, skin damage of different levels across the surface, several broken bones and fractures that were taken care of thanks to the extensive surgery, and a few punctures from the side effect of the Trigger. Our investigation discovered that some of the bones were actually broken in the aftermath of the Trigger being worn off, either due to the effect sending one last surge through his body or completely letting go of it's support that it had around his bones. One of the most damaged areas was his left hand, practically every bone within his fingers were destroyed after the effects wore off.

As for the spasm he had that you mentioned Ryukyu, that was again due to the Trigger shocking his nervous system with tremendous force. While it's a miracle that he didn't just burst apart at his joints after the effects were gone I wouldn't exactly say this is a good alternative either. Our scans indicate that he is in a fully fledged comatose state, and judging by the pattern of his brain waves we don't exactly know when he'll wake up. Technology has improved since before the emergence of Quirks to where we are now able to give a prediction for when comatose patients will start to break out of their stasis. Though, for some reason we're unable to do just that for Midoriya, thus forcing us to just wait it out for this one.

As for the other, Kirishima, it's much less of an issue compared to this one. A few torn muscles and a broken forearm but other than that nothing else too threatening. Thankfully, he was not placed into a coma."

"Isn't there anything that Recovery Girl can do?" Ms. Hoshiko asked. "She's at U.A for a reason with that healing Quirk of hers."

"She is able to slowly repair the extensive damage in his physical body yes, but unfortunately her Quirk doesn't allow her to bring somebody out of a coma. She's been scheduled to regularly visit to give doses of her Quirk to him but even with her help she won't be able to force him into waking up since her Quirk draws a heavy toll on somebody's energy. Unfortunately, the best we can do is play the waiting game."

Ryukyu pinched the top of her nose with her right fingers, a broken exhale exiting from her lips in a stream. Ms. Hoshiko gently patted the heroine's back with her left hand as the Dragoon Hero wiped away at her right eye. "***SNIFFLE**** I um, I-I understand that you're unable to predict when he'll wake up but if was up to you doctor, what do you think?"

"Well, he didn't suffer any trauma damage to the head which is definitely a good thing." The doctor stated. "Injuries like that can have a tendency to play a heavy role for comatose patients but, every coma is different. Those who sustain something simple like a tap to the back of their head can be out for months, even years at a time. While those who have been in something like a car crash where their vehicle had been toppled and rolled over can be out of a coma within two weeks or so. Again, there is nothing we can do than to sit on the sidelines for now and wait for the game to play out. But if you want my very best ballpark guess then I'd say...two months, maybe even three.

Worst case scenario he might not even awaken from this state of his, and he'll pass away just like this. Though we'll do everything in our power to ensure that doesn't happen."

"Three months?" Ms. Hoshiko repeated. "That's a long time."

"Indeed, but the best we can do is to just hope his health doesn't deteriorate to the point where he'll no longer be able to wake up from his state. Also, the lab was able to send me the reports of your blood draws Ryukyu. They ran several tests with the vials and they all came back to be the same, negative. I'm sorry."

Ryukyu sighed and nodded her head, clearing away a stream of wetness that trailed down her left cheek. "May we have some time alone please?"

"Of course, and if you need anything just press the orange button on the remote over there. A nurse or myself will see to you. His mother has already been contacted by U.A so she'll be arriving shortly." With his last words the doctor gave a subtle nod before taking his leave from the room, closing the door behind him quietly.

The moment it was just the two women in the room along with the patient, whatever remained of Ryukyu's foothold immediately crumbled into pieces, a steady stream traveling both of her cheeks with a hand clamped over her mouth. Not for her own self but for the one who was now confined to the prison of his mind, unsure if he'll be able to leave stasis safely or not. The secretary turned Ryukyu's body towards her and looped both arms around the woman, cradling her head just underneath the right side of her collarbone as she wept, and wept, and wept.

"Shhhhh." Ms. Hoshiko hushed with her right hand placed over the back of Ryukyu's head, pushing her face into their little haven of comfort. Every now and then a few hot tears would stain through her business shirt and slightly burn against her skin, but it was tolerable. *"It's okay, it's okay. He's going to wake up from this coma safe and sound, not a worry around. Safe and sound. Not a worry around."*

"This is my fault." Ryukyu whispered into the secretary's body. *"It was my fault that I told him to keep the Trigger on his body, I should've destroyed it the moment we found it. Then he wouldn't be in this current state of his."*

"He knew what the side effects may have been from taking the Trigger, Tatsuma. Midoriya's a smart student and I'm sure that he's smart enough to understand what kind of aftermath his body would have been in after taking the drug. I'm not saying it's his fault either, from what I've been told it was his power combined with another's that were able to put at an end to the Yakuza boss, if anything something like this may have been inevitable. It was either them, or it may have been somebody else to suffer this fate but on a much worse scale who knows. Don't put the blame on yourself, otherwise you'll end up where you once were years ago after that incident."

"What if he doesn't wake up from this? What if he just, he just..."

"We might be forced to sit on the sidelines for now but that doesn't mean we can lose hope that he'll wake up. We have to keep our heads high and spirits positive. He'll come back to us in time. He'll come back."

Something that disturbed Ms. Hoshiko about their little embrace was the fact that she can immediately tell how much of a difference there

is in Ryukyu's strength now than it was in the past. Previously there were several instances where the heroine would accidentally squeeze a little too tightly and slightly crush the poor secretary, but now even as she hugged the woman with all of her strength, the absence of her draconian power was absolutely horrifying. Several hours ago after the details of the Yakuza raid were released to the public, talk show hosts and other media sources were already beginning to question whether or not Ryukyu should be called just that anymore, Ryukyu, all because of the loss of her Quirk.

This angered Ms. Hoshiko mainly because this instance also happened to All Might and his loss, yet people still refer to the man as All Might and not by his regular name. So why should it be any different for her friend?

The secretary has already told Midnight about the current situation, the R-Rated Hero currently checking up on Kirishima before she'll head to the room where Midoriya's held. Eri has also been placed in this same hospital to be treated for the horrible wounds along her forearms and to be carefully researched due to the horn on her head. The police briefing stated that the girl's Quirk played a major part in the QDDs, thus probably having a Quirk that either destroyed other people's Quirk or something else entirely. Though, only time and careful care will be able to tell just what exactly made the little girl so special.

Ryukyu removed her head off of Ms. Hoshiko's chest, quietly apologizing for the small dots of her tears that stained against the white shirt. She rubbed both of her eyes with the sides of her index fingers before strolling over to the side of Midoriya's bed, reaching down and gently taking a hold of his right hand into her own. She squeezed, and was hoping with every ounce in her body that he would somehow squeeze back to let her know that he's here and that he isn't underneath the spell of a coma. But hoped as she might there was no squeeze being returned to her, just the cold sensation of bandages wrapped around his hand. No voice other than the constant beeping from his heart monitor.

The woman sighed before using her left foot to pull up a nearby chair and sit herself down onto the cushion. She never let go of his hand, carefully caressing the inside of his palm with her index finger. She

didn't want this, she didn't want these ugly bandages around his body that blockaded her from the warmth of his skin. She wanted him back and she wanted him back right now to hug him, to feel him. To kiss him. To love him.

Placing the student into a coma was like placing one of her feet to be asleep after sitting down for so long. She would be able to function yes but it would be much more difficult and unpleasant than if it wasn't asleep. After 27 years within the next few weeks of being single and finding somebody that really made her feel special, it felt like a cup of water that had just been filled was now starting to leak out from a crack on the side. Spilling the liquid into an abyss that can never return.

As a dragon she always had her eyes on the colors of gold and jewelry, but never before has she ever been so infatuated and love struck with the color of emerald green. She's even replaced a few drapes in her office that were previously golden to be the color of his hair, every now and then looking over to the cloth and growling with a pleasant hum of her chords at how it reminded her of him. To see that infatuation of hers wrapped up like a mummy and confined to a hospital bed broke her heart, rebuilt it and broke it all over again in an endless cycle. Ensuring that she suffered from the most emotional damage that she can suffer from.

With her left forearm laying onto the guard of his bed she rested her head onto the limb, keeping her eyes on his face as she watched over him with a solemn gaze. *"Izuku?"*

"..."

"...Izuku."

"..."

"Please wake up...Izuku..."

-

Please wake up...

A voice echoing in the distance was quiet, yet still loud enough to be heard

over the faint humming of a void. There was nothing around except for the color of darkness, a shroud of mystery covering this world in anonymity. Is this even a world? A dimension? What exactly is this?

Izuku...

'...Ryuko?' Midoriya's voice echoed throughout this void, a swirling of black fog taking shape within the dimension. The swirl covered the entire body spare his eyes going up to his hair, and a few open areas on his arm. He looked down at himself to observe this bizarre smoke that was covering up majority of his body and tried to open his mouth but found himself unable to do so. He couldn't speak nor mumble anything out, only being able to form words inside of his mind. 'Ryuko.'

He looked around the void for any sign of where his loved one might be, finding nothing but an empty space all around him. He looked up but felt like he was looking down, looked left even though it may have been his right. What is this place?

"Heh, it's a pretty confusing little hang-out isn't it?" A woman's voice said from behind Midoriya, turning around cautiously to greet said voice. When doing so he locked eyes with a beautiful woman wearing a ponytail and onyx eyes reflecting to him with a smile. "Hey there kiddo, looks like we finally managed to meet after all this time."

It wasn't just a woman either, there were more of them, spirits almost. Each of them were just as visible and surreal as any regular human would be with actual emotions and clear cut details about their person. There was only one woman however, everybody else was male along with a not completely formed spirit that was almost a golden or a deep yellow in color. There were eight of them in total, and each spirit aside from two were seated in what appeared to be a throne made out of stone or some kind of rocky material with a closed door behind the main throne. The two who were not seated in their chairs had their foreheads resting against a wall as they hid their identities from Midoriya.

Confused as to what this is the student looked between each person as they in turn looked back to him, stoic emotions with cold eyes gazing into his very soul. The only pleasant one for the time being was the woman in front of him who kept her smile on her face with a warm personality being emitted. "Hey, don't worry about these guys they won't bite. Unless you

ask them to, but you're not into that kind of stuff."

'Who are these people?' Midoriya thought. 'If only I was able to open my mouth and speak with them.'

"We're in your head buddy, and we can hear you clearly."

'THEY CAN?!'

"Yup, a little perk of living inside your body through One For All of course. We're all practically linked with each other spiritually."

'One For, All...wait a minute. Are you all...'

"That is correct." A lanky man stated with the smallest of curls on his lips. "We, are the ones who have wielded One For All before you, Ninth. We, are your predecessors."

Even though he wasn't exactly breathing the student still felt like his breath was just taken away from him, his eyes opening in awe at the realization of who these people are. The predecessors of One For All, all sitting before him like a group of friends gathered together to enjoy a holiday. Were these the same individuals that he witnessed back at the Sports Festival, who seemingly conveyed their energy into his body so that he may break free of Shinso's control? They were definitely much better looking now than they are before considering they were covered in this same shroud like fog that he's covered in now. The past users, in the flesh. Or, spirit, since they technically aren't alive anymore hence the absence of flesh but still, the point is made.

His eyes skimmed over each past wielder with a curiosity boiling inside of him, so many questions beginning to fire on all pistons in his mind. His mind's, mind? It was a confusing topic to think about considering they were in his head yet somehow he's still able to have thoughts inside of his head as well.

Izuku...can you hear me...

'Ryuko.'

"Sorry kiddo, you won't be able to answer her even if you tried." The woman commented. "Not with this coma of yours."

'A coma?' He asked. 'So I'm not temporarily asleep right now?'

"Well you are asleep heh, except you'll be asleep for a REEEEALLY long time. And to be honest with you Ninth? We're a bit worried."

'Why?'

"You used One For All in a state that caused total damage to your body." The lanky man from before said. "Due to your training with the woman known as Ryukyu, the maximum output that you would have been able to use it at without causing serious damage to your limbs would have been forty percent. It would have hurt a little bit yes but your body would not have suffered from any long term damage. The fact that you combined One For All with a dangerous substance such as a performance enhancer, you were practically asking for your body to be completely destroyed.

Your muscles started to rip at the fifty-five percent threshold, and at seventy percent your bones were beginning to break. At one hundred percent you have caused damage that will take time to rebuild, and don't forget that your limbs are at risk of being lost too. Combining this incident with all the previous ones? Not even we are sure that you will wake up from this place."

'No...No that can't, that can't be true I-I have to get back to, my mom. To All Might to my friends. To Ryuko...I can't leave them behind.'

"This sucks kid, this really does." The woman sympathized before making her way over to a vacant throne and taking her seat on the cement. "But the way you're feeling about this is the exact same way that we feel about it. One For All is at risk of being wiped away, and before All For One has been completely eliminated too. Society-"

'I don't care about One For All.' Midoriya snarled with what he believed to be his right fist balling tightly into itself. 'I'm sorry, but that's not the top priority on my list right now. What I care about right now is waking up and getting back to the woman that I am grateful for ever coming across. After so many years of my life being treated like garbage because of my Quirkless nature I finally have the opportunity to find somebody who loves me for me, and now you're telling me that opportunity is at risk of just falling through my fingers? Just like that?'

"We've been watching your entire interactions so far with Ryukyu, don't think we don't know how you feel about her Ninth. It's obvious that you two hold something special for each other, and we wouldn't want to take this away from you despite the risks of finding love with One For All. But we can't lie to you either, and as harsh as the truth sounds it wouldn't be right if we kept it from you. The truth is Ninth that you just have to face the fact that you may not wake up again. You'll die, and so will we. Right now the only choice you have is to hunker down and hope for the best.

While you're here, you might as well get comfortable and get to know us, all of us. After all, you're the one who will be inheriting our Quirks. I'm Nana, Nana Shimura. I was the wielder before Toshinori."

"Toshinori? Oh yeah All Might. Wait, so you're the one with the floating Quirk?"

"That's right." She replied. "You had a little taste of it during that battle simulation during school, though it kinda resulted in you being busted up a little bit. Sorry about that."

'Wait, sorry, wait wait wait.' Midoriya requested with his arms being held up in front of his body to mimic a halting gesture. Even though it looked like he was just holding up a pair of large black noodles with no detail whatsoever. 'So, am I actually able to utilize the past Quirks of each wielder? As if it were my own?'

"That is correct." The man answered. "I am the First wielder of One For All, which means this Quirk was created from the combination of my own and a twisted gift of my brother's. Each of us have something that will be bestowed upon you, Ninth, in order to defeat my brother once and for all, and end his reign as the demon lord he claims himself to be. You, will be the one to finally complete this power and set forth what has been a long time coming."

'Which is?'

"Freedom. Freedom from the influence of my brother, and freedom from the darkness he so terribly controls in the underworld. Your time is now."

"Previously, One For All was too weak for us to try and communicate with you like this." Nana explained. "Even in your sleep we couldn't find a way

to reach out to you, to speak to you like we're speaking now. But your training alongside Ryukyu has vastly improved the power in which you are able to exert which in turn improved our own strength to contact you. During the simulation, I tried to see if maybe my Quirk would somehow be able to form a bridge between you and us, but all it did was keep you suspended in the air for a few moments and nothing more. Our second attempt was today."

'Today?' Midoriya asked. 'You guys tried to reach to me today?'

"That's right. When the giant cement spike was coming towards Ryukyu did you notice anything different? Notice something that happened just before it reached you guys?"

'Hmm...wait a minute, now that you mention it there was something that occurred. It was only for a split second but I felt something almost stab me, or something sharp just pierced the back of my head. It felt like a knife just drove into my brain and gave me a slight headache.'

The seated wielder all turned to a man with long, shaggy hair, a series of jagged scars dancing down one side of his stoic face. His gaze was icy cold, turning it towards Midoriya with his piercing eyes. "Danger Sense."

'I'm sorry?'

"What you experienced was a small glimpse, of Danger Sense. That was my effort to bridge you with the rest of us while also aiding you in your troubles. However, One For All infused into Danger Sense had increased the power in which the signal is sent to your brain thus making it feel as if you had been impaled. I knew the risk, though regardless of the risk we still had to take the chance. This is my Quirk, you will grow to be accustomed to it in time."

'That's if I even have enough time to use it again.' Midoriya commented. 'If there's a chance I'm just going to remain here until I pass away, then wouldn't anything I've learned just go to waste?'

"Definitely." Nana answered nonchalantly. "It'd be like teaching you a song just to suffer from dementia the very next day. But you're stuck in here with us just as we are stuck in here with you, but in a good way. Kick back for a little bit it's not like you'll be going anywhere. This is a good

opportunity for you to learn everything there is to learn about One For All. I mean, who else to learn about what Quirks there are than from the ones who have wielded it before you."

"Even if there is a possibility that you will not awaken from this coma you still need to know the origins of what you may inherit." The First user added. "If there is a chance that you can continue, then it is vital that be prepared for what may lie on the road ahead."

'Let's say I do wake up from this coma, and I do inherit the Quirks that you once used.' Midoriya started. 'Will my body suffer from the same injuries from when I first started using One For All? Like, breaking bones and limbs all over again?'

"It's a possibility. Since neither of the wielders before you have ever done something such as this it's possible that the raw power of One For All infused into their Quirks can in fact injure you, a good example of this might be Blackwhip. But you'll come across that bridge when you come across it, not a moment earlier. It's best that you learn from us what each Quirk is and what sort of mindset you should have when using them."

"One of the easiest methods for you to utilize some of our Quirks is your emotions. When you were soaring through the sky with that Dragon Step of yours, in your subconscious mind you were thinking about Ryukyu and how she flies through the air, hence making it a bit easier for me to try and break through the curtain with my Float. Emotions are a big part of One For All but you have to learn how to control those emotions in order to make this power effective in any situation. So Ninth, ready to go to school for One For All? We'll be your teachers of course."

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(One Week Later)

CLICK

"Hey guuuys!" Kirishima called after entering the 1-A dorm building. "I'm home! Finally."

"Kirishima!" Majority of Class 1-A were gathered in the common area due to dinner being wrapped up, the only ones missing being Asui in

the bathroom and Todoroki who didn't even bother in coming down, and of course Midoriya who was bedridden back at the hospital. It was Ashido, Hagakure and Uraraka who all three bounded over to the red head, observing over the bandages on his arms and a layer of wrapping running diagonally across his chest that was being slightly exposed due to his baggy shirt. The first to speak was the pink skinned acid thrower. "Holy crap you look like crap!"

"Yeah, I feel like crap. Guess that's a firsthand experience to let you guys know not to mess with Triggers heh."

"Kirishima!" Iida exclaimed. "It is a welcome sight that you are able to return to us just one week after the operation, it seems Recovery Girl was able to fix your injuries in no time. Please join us for dinner so we may celebrate your return!"

"Thanks Iida, but we don't gotta celebrate anything. I'm just glad to be out of that hospital that's for sure."

"And Midoriya?" Yaoyorozu asked. "Mr. Aizawa tells us that he's currently in a coma and the doctors are unsure of when he will awaken."

Kirishima sighed, strolling over to the kitchen counter and leaning against it. "Yeah. It's pretty bad. They said that his entire body just got shredded from his Quirk and even more so after the Trigger wore off. They're even saying that he might not even wake up from the coma."

"That's terrible."

"It is but, I'm not willing to lose faith and that believe he'll just leave us like this. No way. Midoriya's strong, a lot stronger than we initially gave him credit for. He'll come back to us."

"Stupid Deku's smart enough to know that there may have been risks in taking something like a Trigger." Bakugo commented from the common lounge, his head resting into a propped hand. "With a Quirk like his he should be lucky that he didn't somehow gib himself throughout the time of effect. Bet he'll remember that for next time, idiot. If there even is a next time. Maybe in the next life."

Kirishima squinted, feeling a bit bothered by those words. Whether it was because he was tired or because of something else, he didn't know. But it didn't sit well with him, and he doesn't have the energy to argue against Bakugo lest he lost his own temper. So he'll let it slide. *For now.* That may not be the case if he decides to open his mouth again and say something rude like that.

"Aw man." Hagakure whined. "If he's in a coma that means he won't be able to attend the dance after the Festival! I was really hoping to see who'd take to the dance."

"You know what I think?" Ashido added. "I think he may have gone for somebody completely out of left field, like Kendo! Imagine, a guy like Midoriya with the 'Big Sis' of 1-B that is Kendo? That would've been spicy. Here I was hoping to find out who it would've been to dance the night away."

"***ahem**** As was, I." Yaoyorozu commented quietly, purposely looking away with a hand over her mouth. "Who knows just who he would've taken to the dance."

"Heh, guys please. I think a dance is the last thing that he should worry about." Kirishima commented before spotting something out of the left corner in his vision. Laying on the kitchen counter was a baby blue bi-folded card with a picture of a bedridden man, a thermometer sticking out from his lips with an ice pack over his head. The student took up the card and opened it to reveal multiple signatures from the class, all of them wishing their very best for Midoriya. "Hey. I didn't know you guys were gonna send him a get well card too."

"Well we couldn't just send you one and leave the other one out." Jiro commented. "He might not be awake to see it when it gets there but at least he'll see it when he wakes up. Almost everybody's signed it."

"Almost?"

"There's you, and then take a guess as to who the other one is."

"I'm not signing a damn card." Bakugo growled. "Not for somebody who's a complete idiot like Deku is."

"Dude just shut up and write in the card bro." Kaminari complained. "You don't even have to write anything special or inspiring, even writing your name on the card is enough considering who you are. I'm not saying it's going to happen but what if he never wakes up? Isn't there something you wanna tell him before it's too late?"

"That it's his own fault for taking the Trigger. Stupid hair was stuck in the hospital for a week with a Quirk much weaker Deku's, how long do you think it'll take for him to come out? You guys are looking at the possibility of him waking up when in reality you need to be looking at the possibility of him dying. Don't try and act like the world will stay colorful with pixies and rainbows all over the place. If Deku dies, then he dies. Oh well, move on from it."

Kirishima looked between everybody in the room spare Bakugo, the students uneasily shifting in their positions with worried looks on their faces. It's clear that everybody had at one point thought about what would happen if Midoriya did in fact pass away during his coma and leave them behind. A future like that seemed so grim, the idea of a classmate never to return again frightened them to their very core. They were aware of this future yes but as heroes in training they wanted to keep their heads raised above the dark water and focus on the positives instead. The positive being that they are all reunited in time and continue their journey to graduate from U.A.

He was tired yes, but this irked him enough that no matter how tired he would be this kind of nonsense just wouldn't continue. Not on his watch.

Kirishima moved across the common area, traveling from the kitchen towards the common lounge, around the back of the couch and onto Bakugo's side. He looked down at the set of blonde hair with a disgust in his eyes and a feeling of self-stupidity at how blind he had been to this situation. "Hey. Bakugo."

"Tch." The bomber scoffed, turning to his left and looking up. "What do you want?"

"I understand that you're an asshole, but you don't have to be a bitch too."

All eyes that weren't diverted to Kirishima, definitely were now.

A spine chilling silence took the area into an iron grip, causing a few throats to tighten up as if they were in fact caught in a grip. It took Bakugo several moments for him to soak in what he had just heard, slowly furrowing his eyebrows and glaring into a pair of solid red pupils like a king had suddenly been disrespected by a mere peasant. "..what the fuck did you just say to me?"

"You heard me." Kirishima answered coldly. "I was in the hospital for a few busted bones, not because my voice was going out. You heard me clearly, Bakugo."

"Whoa, whoa whoa hey guys let's calm down here okay?" Sero asked. "Let's not cause any trouble about this."

"You got a problem with me shitty hair?"

"I do now. Before, I used to put up with your explosive attitude because that's just the kind of person you are. Blowing away the enemies with that awesome Quirk of yours and not giving a care in the world for anything else. Out of our entire roster you, Midoriya and Todoroki are the strongest three if you all are placed into the right situation, I don't think anybody can stop you three if you all team up too. As your friend I always knew that this cocky guy personality of yours was just a way for you to show the world what kind of hero you are, but at the same as your friend it's my responsibility to keep you in check. And I'm checking you right now.

What you're saying about Midoriya? That isn't going to fly right now. I get that you two have your past history with each other but that doesn't mean you can sit here and insult him while he might very well be on his death bed. You don't think we've thought about the possibility that he may never wake up again? You really think we're that stupid? We're not Bakugo, we may not be on the same level of Quirk handling as you are but we can guarantee that doesn't mean we're stupid too. I was stuck in that hospital for seven straight days, and for seven straight nights I was worried that I might wake up and hear that one of my friends passed away in his coma. Do you understand how scary that is? How scared I was that a nurse or a doctor would come to my room and tell me that kind of news?

When we were inside of the Yakuza compound he talked about my hero name, and when I was stuck in bed all day I started thinking about his hero name too. Deku. It didn't cross my mind back then but now as I had time to think about it, when we were choosing our hero names he stated that in the past Deku was a label used to bring him down. To make him feel bad about himself. He and Uraraka barely became friends by that point in time due to it still being around the beginning of the year, and you were the only one who had previous history with Midoriya before U.A. You were part of the issue, weren't you. You were part of issue that Deku was being used as a label to make him feel like a piece of crap, to make him feel like he didn't have a chance. Why else would you refer to Midoriya as Deku instead of his proper name? His REAL name.

I'm tired, and quite honestly I don't have the strength to even argue against you Bakugo if you decide to open up that mouth of yours. You can talk about Midoriya if you want but you WON'T disrespect him considering the risk he took to complete the operation! He understood the risk of taking that Trigger given just how strong that Quirk of his is, and he still took it! He took that syringe and he injected it into the side of his neck like a man! And you?! You're over here sitting on the couch like it's a weekend afternoon and talking so casually about the fact that he might just up and die in his sleep and not give a crap about our feelings!

The best thing we can do is to keep our heads held up high and hope that one day he can be in that classroom again with us. He's our friend, our classmate. And he's part of the reason as to why you were able to be saved that night of All Might's fight. So be grateful for him-"

Kirishima stomped his way over to the kitchen counter, scraping up the card along with a nearby black pen and made his way back towards the couch. He slammed the card down onto the coffee table in front of the couch, and shoved the pen into Bakugo's face. Nearly poking his left eye with the butt of the tool.

"And sign. NOW!"

-

22 days.

22 days have passed ever since the Yakuza raid, and 22 days have passed of Ryukyu coming to visit Midoriya and sit by his bedside to keep him company.

Currently, the woman was on the left side of his hospital bed, a drawing pad resting against the installed guard that prevented him from rolling off if it were to happen. Just beside his right leg was a green pencil bag with several art accessories including colored pencils, markers, a short ruler, erasers and pens. Ryukyu's talent never really resided in art skills, more so just a hobby she used to do during her introvert days of high school. But ever since Midoriya fell into his coma everything just seemed to take a high dive into the pool of boring and it was difficult for the woman to keep herself entertained. Sitting in a chair beside his bed was the most fun she's experienced, mainly due to just being in the company of the person she loves.

There was nothing on the drawing pad other than a giant stereotypical heart with wings, the heart being green in color with the same wings from her headband accessory. Ryukyu still wears her red Qipao with boots but has abandoned the headband for now, it just felt so bland to wear considering the absence of her Dragon Quirk. This drawing was the same drawing that she came across in his room the evening that she went to go visit him, his drawing being golden instead of the current green. It wasn't as detailed as his nor was it anything worth mentioning to an art museum but, it kept her mind flowing. Anything to help keep herself distracted from the weight of the situation.

"Izuku?" She whispered, paying close attention to any sound that might be emitted from him other than the constant breathing in his support system.

"..."

Just like the countless other times she's said his first name, it wouldn't be answered, crushing her hopes like a glass cup underneath a foot. The possibility that he may never wake up from this coma is something that she's cried herself to sleep to for majority of those 22

nights. While it's true that it was he who used the Trigger, Ryukyu still felt like the blame is on her shoulders for not instructing him to destroy the substance right then and there. If it wasn't him then it should have been her foot coming down over the top of the syringe to destroy it. Regardless of who it was, this should never have happened.

After nearly a month's worth of trying to call out to him she should know better, but deep down inside she begs and cries to hear his voice again. Even if it was just for a little murmur. Placing her pencil against the surface of her drawing pad she leaned forward with her left hand, sliding her palm into his right palm and squeezing-

KNOCK KNOCK

"Come in." She answered to a duo of knocks, quickly leaning back into her seat and pulling her hand away from the sleeping student's. The door handle clicked before it was gently pushed open, revealing a set of long green hair first before the rest of the head peeped through. "Mrs. Midoriya?"

"Ryukyu." The mother greeted, entering the hospital room with a wrapped bento box in a yellow cloth, hanging from her left hand. With her right hand she gently closed the door behind her and maneuvered her way towards the heroine with a warm smile. "I thought I'd find you here. I mean, you have been here every day since the operation went down."

"Well, I don't exactly have anything else to do since my Quirk was erased, I'm practically stuck in my apartment all day long. I'd much rather spend the time alongside my student than to be stuck at home. Not much has been given in my way due to what's happened. Aside from somehow being placed at number ten in the recent board rankings, I don't think I deserve a placement that high."

"Just because you no longer have a Quirk doesn't mean you don't deserve to be placed within the top ten. A hero's worth in my opinion doesn't reside in the strength of their Quirk, but in the strength of their heart. The fact that you're taking it upon yourself to come see my son everyday throughout this ordeal, makes me grateful and happy to see that somebody truly cares for him."

The mother pulled up a chair on the left side of Ryukyu, taking her seat beside the woman and holding out the bento box. "Here. This is for you."

"Wha-No, you really shouldn't have Mrs. Midoriya." Ryukyu said.

"Please, take it. You look exhausted beyond belief, I can tell by the bags underneath your eyes. How much sleep have you been getting?"

"Not much, if I'm being honest. It's hard trying to fall asleep knowing one of my students is in a dangerous coma."

"I understand that, I mean I am his mother after all." Mrs. Midoriya joked. "But, still. This is no reason to deprive yourself of sleep, it's not healthy for you. Eat up. You look like you deserve a meal to replenish that spirit of yours. Plus, think of it as one of my tokens of gratitude for looking after Izuku. It really means a lot to me."

Ryukyu looked between the box being held out to her and Midoriya's mother, switching between the yellow cloth and a warm smile. She did forget to eat breakfast this morning, so truth be told she was a bit on the hungry side right now. Plus with a smile like that it would make her feel guilty if she turned down a token of gratitude. Now she understands where the son gets his soft-hearted and kind nature from.

Deciding it would be best not to argue with a mother Ryukyu placed aside her drawing pad and took the bento box from the green haired woman, giving a tired smile in thanks with sleep-deprivation tinting her golden pupils. "Thank you."

"It's my pleasure." The mother assured. "After all, I certainly wouldn't mind making food for the girlfriend of my son."

"***GASP***." Ryukyu gasped, fumbling with the bento box for a moment as Mrs. Midoriya laughed quietly at the sudden nervousness exhibited by the once calm natured woman. Once she *thinks* she had a firm grip on the box again she placed it onto her lap and looked at the mother out of the corner of her eye. "What uh, w-what would make you claim something like that? I-I-I, ***AHEM***. My relationship with your son is strictly student and teacher. It would be wrong of me to

interact with him in a manner that might get him into trouble."

"Oh please Ryukyu I'm in my 40's. I've lived long enough to know what the signs of love look like, you make it very obvious."

"I...do?"

"I know what it's like to look at that special somebody like they're your entire world. Because for the moments that you look at them, they are. That little flutter in your heart, that little gleam in your eyes, the little jumps for joy in your chest when you have even the smallest of opportunities of being around them, I know what that's like. It's so special it's like magic, and you tend to forget that everything else in this world exists whenever you're near them. Isn't that right?"

"I....Y-Yes...Yes that's, true."

"Don't be embarrassed or nervous about this Ryukyu, if you have feelings for somebody then you should be proud of those feelings, don't feel like you have to repress them."

Ryukyu bit the bottom left corner of her lip, thumbing the sides of the bento box for a few moments as she pondered over the words. She turned to Mrs. Midoriya who was awaiting her with still that gentle smile of hers. "And, you're okay with this? Knowing a pro hero has, infatuations, for your son? You'd allow it?"

"Ryukyu." The mother took the heroine's left hand into the clasp of her two hands, holding it in the space between them. "Ever since my son began his time at your agency I've never seen him be so happy about having the opportunity of seeing somebody. I'd get phone calls and texts from him saying how wonderful you are not just as a hero, but as a person. He may think he's hidden it but I know full well that it isn't just tutelage that he values from you hm-hm, oh no. I know it's something very special. He may not have admitted it directly, but I know he'd like to spend several days with just the two of you.

And if he wants to spend the rest of his days being with a woman like you, then please. Please let me see those days until my time comes. You are a beautiful, smart, young woman than means the world to

him. I would never dare to take away something so special between the two of you."

A tear rolled down the left side of Ryukyu's face, her right hand going up to smear it even though she wanted to dry it. Her sleep-deprived state of mind combined with Mrs. Midoriya's words were enough to make her break for a moment, forming a tired curl of her lips that almost quivered in happiness. "Thank you. Just...thank you. Hearing you say that you are in approval of this makes me want to cry right now."

The mother chuckled, releasing Ryukyu's hand so that she may clear away her eyes. "Please don't. Not that I don't want to be a pillar for you to lean on but because crying will ruin that beautiful face of yours and make you look old. Like me."

"You are not old Mrs. Midoriya."

"Pffft, please. My knees get tired just from waking up in the morning Ryukyu don't act like I'm not old. And I usually don't ask heroes for requests but there is one that I'd like to make. Just this one time."

"Yes?"

"Eat, then go home and spend the rest of the day in your apartment. I understand that it's difficult for you to entertain yourself but it's also important that you take care of yourself, your mental health is very important and depriving yourself of sleep isn't going to help at all. I can stay here for the rest of the afternoon, I've finished everything that I needed to finish for the day anyways, let a mother look after her son. I promise I'll notify you first if something shows up."

Ryukyu sighed, then nodded. "Very well. If you'd like me to return to my apartment then that's what I'll do. But, please if anything-"

"I. Promise. Ryukyu. The moment you leave this room I will set my phone on the counter with the dial button ready. Just look after yourself for tonight, okay?"

"Okay then. Thank you, Mrs. Midoriya."

"No, Ryukyu. Thank *you.* For showing a care like no other for my son,

it's very appreciated." The mother exhaled through her nose and looked over to her sleeping child, memories of the past flashing through the back of her mind. Out of the right corner of her eye she spotted a card lying on the small dresser beside his bed, a vase of flowers, balloons and other wrapped gifts placed nearby. "If you don't mind, can you hand me that card over there?"

"Hmm? Oh yes, of course." Ryukyu leaned in her chair to snatch the edge of the card with her fingers, handing it to the mother soon after.

Mrs. Midoriya thanked her and opened the card, reading the multiple signatures and messages of well wishes that were made out to her son from her class. "Aw. Isn't this lovely."

"I was actually here when they delivered the items. It was their Class and Vice Representatives who came to drop them off."

"That's very sweet of them, I'll have to thank them if we ever cross paths. Oh look, even Katsuki's signature is in here heh, that's a surprise. Funny how I can still hear Izuku say Kacchan over and over again."

"*...Kacchan?"*

"Yes that's right. Izuku had a special name for Katsuki since they grew up together and what not. Kacchan was the nickname for him."

"Is that, so?" Ryukyu squinted.

"Is there something wrong?"

"Oh no it's nothing, I wouldn't worry too much about it. Just, *remembering,* something is all. Just to clarify what's his full name?"

"Katsuki's? Katsuki Bakugo."

"Katsuki. Bakugo." Ryukyu repeated, opening up her bento box and staring into the void. At last, she knows the true identity of this 'Kacchan' character, and she knows what he's done. And what will be coming his way shortly.

Maybe I should've done what you told me to do, Kacchan...

'Katsuki Bakugo. You and I, are in need of a talk.'

-

"Huhhh." Ryukyu sighed as the hot water from her shower head trickled down her face and behind her shoulders, trailing down the sculpture of her nude body. She rinsed out the last remaining bits of shampoo in her hair before she turned off the water and gave a light shake of her hair, some of the strands sticking to her skin.

The woman hopped out of the small glass box of her shower and went to work in drying herself off, sleep basically knocking on her door like a mailman with an incoming package. Truth be told there were several instances during the shower where her eyes had shut themselves and almost remained shut were it not for the sensation of the water beading against her closed eyelids. Sleep definitely sounded like the perfect medication right now, all she has to do is dry herself off and straight to bed she goes. It didn't take much for her to finish up, just a quick blow dry of her hair and a rub down of her body with a clean towel does the trick. Once she was dry she slipped on a crimson red nightgown that exposed the top valley of her cleavage, the areas around her side hanging loose and free.

Whatever last areas weren't completely dried up she decided to just leave alone, getting to bed for possibly another late night her main objective for now. She balled up her Qipao and underwear into the used towel and placed them into a hamper, turning the lights off in her restroom. Just before climbing into her bed however she went to check up on her phone that was charging on a nearby nightstand. No new messages, which somewhat put her at ease and uneasy at the same time. Ease in that Mrs. Midoriya didn't report any incidents regarding the son and unease in that he hasn't woken up yet either. Because when that day arrives she'll be all over him like a wrapper around a candy bar.

Ryukyu set her alarm for the morning, then turned off the light on the stand to clamber into bed. Waiting for her in bed was the Midoriya plushy that initially was placed alongside her own plushy back at her office, but ever since the operation went down, has now moved to her home to act as a support-cuddling buddy that was very much needed. It wasn't the real thing but in the end it reminded her

of him, so that's what matters. She scooped the plushy into her arms and hugged it tightly to her chest, giving it a kiss over the top as she closed her eyes to try and get some decent sleep for once.

"Goodnight Izuku." She whispered, quickly falling into a constant rhythm of inhales and exhales. The sleep deprivation combined with her emotional exhaustion finally caught up to the woman as it dragged her down into the pits of a deep sleep.

Or what she thought to be a deep sleep. Because the conflict and storm within her mind turned that deep sleep into a five minute nap, waking up and going back for a ten minute nap. Ten turned into six, six turned five. Ten. Fifteen. Eleven. Four. And eventually, none. Frustrated with her inability to fall asleep Ryukyu groaned and sat herself up on her bed, tiredly rubbing her eyes with her right index and thumb fingers. She sniffled and looked out the window of her room, the moon hanging above the earth with it's heavenly white glow that somewhat irritated her eyes. So much for Midoriya's mother telling her to take care of herself.

Ryukyu looked down to the Midoriya plushy that was beside her right leg, scooping it up to knead the soft material in her fingers. Her eyelids felt so heavy yet somehow she just couldn't find the strength to sleep. SLEEP. It was so simple yet for some reason so complicated for her body to just do. She's drank a warm glass of milk, took several melatonin pills and even did a workout before going to sleep but each night ended up with the same result. Tiredly staring out her window in complete exhaustion and frustration. But on this night, something crossed her mind.

Recently she's been looking into methods that may help her fall asleep faster or stay asleep longer, and there is *one,* method in particular that stuck with her. Just the thought about that method sends a rising heat into her cheeks with a flustered tint of red plaguing her skin. Though whether or not it will actually work is a bit questionable since she's never done something such as this. Looking at the Midoriya plushy in her hands, would it even work? Would this method indefinitely send the woman into a deep sleep that she desperately needs? It's, *dirty* but, quite frankly, she'll take any method she can get. Even if it involves a few minutes of private intimacy.

Ryukyu shifted around on her bed until she laid down with her head in between the pillows, her blanket kicked off to the side for the time being. Her hands shuddered as she took a moment to REALLY think to herself on whether or not she wanted to go through with this. It wasn't scary nor was it nerve racking but more so just a question of how her body will react to the first occurrence let alone even have the stamina to perform it. But there's a first for everything, and tonight will be her first.

She closed her eyes and envisioned the image of Midoriya in her mind. He was in his hero outfit, the Ryukyu themed colors draped across his body with clawed headband covering his right eye and wings sprouting behind his head. No, that wouldn't work. She needed something a bit more exposed for this to work something a bit more fleshy and revealing. So, she removed the hood from his face and partially unzipped the top of his outfit to expose a portion of his chest. The sight of his skin causing her breath to hitch immediately as he drew closer. For a split moment she faltered, but regained her focus to imagine the student right in front of her as if it were reality. After that came the more *explicit* parts.

She imagined his hands traveling up the sides of her body and up to the front of her chest, but even when she imagined it she didn't feel anything. It was like there was nothing happening in the first place. So with her own hands Ryukyu took a gulp of the tight knot in her throat, and cupped the underside of her breasts. Once again her breath stuttered as she pictured it to be Midoriya's hands fondling her breasts instead of her own, his callous hands gripping the underside of her heavy assets with their rough yet soft sensation. His skin digging into the cloth of her nightgown. A single heavy pant exited her mouth and out into the air, enough of a stimulus to kick her mind into overdrive.

The exhaustion of her mind along with the pent up frustration of not being able to feel Midoriya was like the catalyst for her thoughts to finally ignite, a heat rising in her core. She continued to imagine the student fondling and playing with her breasts, her own hands gripping and tugging at the heavy assets with quiet moans humming inside of her throat. It kicked into the next level when he reached underneath her night gown and slithered his hands up her body to

grip the real thing, the skin of his fingers digging into her lush breasts that kept his hands full. A hearty moan exited from her lips as her own hands startled to fondle her breasts even harder with a fire growing around her lower region.

She huffed, her eyelids shut tightly to the image of the student. One of her fingers brushed up against the hardened nub of her left breast, releasing a loud moan into her room with no care that anybody else would be hearing.

The heat around her entry point grew intolerable, causing her to unconsciously reach down with a hand thinking it would do something. When doing so it sent a jolt of electricity up her spine at the wet sensation before it co-mingled with the image in her mind and took control of her hand. With one hand on her breast and the other around her outer wall she begin to stimulate both areas to the explicit imagination. But of course, in her own mind it wasn't her own hands but Midoriya's instead. Using his lips to kiss the side of her neck with tongue lulling around her skin.

For nearly ten minutes or so this continued, reaching a point where her hips started to buck every now and then when climax was just on the horizon. Two times did her index finger slip inside the gates and send a wave of immeasurable pleasure throughout her body and nearly took the woman right then and there. By this point, she didn't give a single care in the world at how loud her moans were, or her cries of his first name. The only thing on her mind, literally, was his warmth embracing her and loving every single centimeter of her body with a youthful vigor. Her hips began to gyrate and roll into the air before at last the moment of climax arrived, freezing her spine and sending a torrent of electricity down her back.

Wave after wave liquid begin to spurt out from her body, lasting for nearly thirty seconds until the last of the torrents had finally exited her walls. Ryukyu panted and breathed heavily, one of her eyes nearly closing shut after the tiring experience she just went through. For her first time doing something like this she found the experience to be quite pleasing during times of complete exhaustion but doesn't exactly see herself doing it every night. Not when it creates a mess like this. The woman cleaned up by replacing the sheets with fresh ones, took yet another quick shower that wasn't as long as the first

one, and slithered back into bed. This time however falling into a deep sleep. And staying, in her deep sleep.

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BZZZT

Principal Nezu: Good evening Ryukyu! I apologize for the heavy delay on this request, I may have gotten carried away in a game of chess with a few old friends of mine, my sincere apologies. But I just wanted to inform you that I have granted your request, and that you are appointed to have a sit down with Katsuki Bakugo tomorrow.

Chapter 23: Reality

tick...tick...tick

The sound of the ticking clock on the nearby wall was the only sound inside of the private room, nothing else even daring to break the silence for a split second. With one leg crossed over the other and her eyes fixated outside of the window to gaze upon the beautiful day Ryukyu inhaled for several ticks before exhaling for the same amount, taking a few ticks of rest in between each cycle. Her left index finger tapped the outside of her right forearm to be in sync with the ticking clock as she patiently waited for somebody to arrive.

Patience in waiting for the student to get to the room, but impatience in wanting to know their methods as to why.

Why did it ever occur to Katsuki Bakugo to go so far with his words as to nearly cause somebody to commit suicide. What reason could he possibly have that would justify his actions against Midoriya. From Ryukyu's perspective there is none, and she wholeheartedly believes in the fact that there will never BE a reason that can justify actions such as those, it's despicable. She's experienced her fair share of bullying in high school from the popular batch of students always trying to butt heads with the more quiet ones thinking their presence is equivalent to a god and their followers. She later found out though that those same kids were discovered to be insecure about their status within society and tried to cover up that insecurity with a sense of superiority. Might that be one of Bakugo's reasons?

Kacchan. That word alone makes Ryukyu's blood boil in anger, but not towards Bakugo, towards Midoriya. The two of them might be in a romantic relationship yes but even still she has rights to catch him in areas where he needs to be caught, such as why he continues to call a bully like that instead of their last name. He had no right to be named as Kacchan, nor should he have ever been called that if this all

stems back to the very beginning of their journey together.

Though, try as she might to be completely seething at Midoriya, Ryukyu just wasn't able to find herself to do that. Not when taking into account the emotional progress that he's made throughout their adventure. At the very beginning of this Work Study he was timid, his posture was in a way that wanted to prevent any and all attention being drawn to him, and while he *still* has a tendency to does this from time to time, his mind becomes a giant shackle on his journey to becoming a real hero. Now he's grown into somebody that's willing to give his answer in confidence even if it means it ends up being the completely wrong answer in the end. His efficiency levels with his Quirk have bounded into new feats and he's much more determined to becoming a pro hero now that she's by his side.

Thinking about how much happier he seems now than he was back then, made her chuckle a bit with a gentle curl of her lips. Ryukyu isn't one to boast but just for this one time she'll take bragging rights in knowing that she's probably the biggest reason as to why Midoriya is much more confident now than in the past. Though, her humble personality won't allow her to state this out loud.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Three knocks on the door followed by a click of the door handle signaled the arrival of who she came to see, quietly clearing her throat before looking over to the door. The first to step through was Principal Nezu who she gave a quick smile to, and immediately after him came Bakugo.

Her smile dropping instantly at the sight of him.

She didn't need some special vision-like Quirk to see just what kind of person the young man was. Ryukyu's sense of smell wasn't heightened or anything but the boy was practically reeking of arrogance, brash manners, a meathead personality, and a complex that places himself higher above the rest. His eyes of red were much like Miruko's but these eyes were tainted in cocky stupidity whereas the rabbit's were tainted with cocky confidence. While his combat skills are one to be given credit for along with the usage of his Quirk she still isn't going to pretend like Bakugo's abilities will clear him of

all his wrongdoings in the past. He might be attending a high school destined to train the next generation of heroes but that doesn't mean he will ever be one. Not until he has repaid the heavy price on his shoulders.

This immature sense of superiority was evident by the disinterested look on his face, merely giving a grunt at Ryukyu and nothing else. This didn't bother her since she had a feeling he would act this way towards something that may not be of any benefit to him, if anything it was almost enough to make her chuckle at his sense of foolishness. She's seen this kind of behavior in time and time again, and she knows exactly how to break it.

"Sorry for the little wait there Ryukyu." Principal Nezu apologized. "Ectoplasm had to speak with me about something important on the way."

"Oh there's no need to apologize Principal, truly." Ryukyu assured. "I'm not in a rush, today is very casual in terms of my plans."

"Bakugo this is Ryukyu, you may be familiar with her since your classmate Midoriya is performing his Work Study there."

"Hrmm." The student half acknowledged half growled in response, slumping down in the couch on the other side of the coffee table between he and Ryukyu. The heroine secretly reveled in the idea at how quickly this facade of his will crumble under her experience. The tiniest of smiles forming onto her face.

"Well then, I'll leave you two alone to talk it out. Once business is finished here Bakugo you may return back to your dorm for the day. Ryukyu, I hope you might find a potential sidekick for the future." And with that Principal Nezu gave a quick bow before leaving the room, closing the door behind him to leave hero and student alone.

tick...tick...tick

"Katsuki Bakugo." Ryukyu greeted with a nod of her head, somewhat slumping her shoulders to make it seem like she was bowing. "Thank you for taking the time out of your day to come speak with me. This will not take up too much time, I assure you."

"Tch, whatever." He growled. "So what does Deku's Work Study teacher want to do with me? Is he not living up to your expectations? That shouldn't be a surprise."

"On the contrary, actually. Midoriya's efficiency with his Quirk has improved drastically, much more than what he initially came to my agency with. I'm sure you may have seen this in class? Perhaps during, some sort of training?"

"Yeah, I've seen him and his lame new moves. Nothing compared to what I can dish out but they're alright I guess. Nothing special."

"Nothing special huh? Hmm." Ryukyu hummed before reaching down for a cup of tea, taking a sip from the wide rimmed white cup before placing it back down onto a saucer. "Is it nothing special because you are comparing it to your own moveset?"

"Somebody's smart." Bakugo huffed. "Deku's moves might be all flashy with that green lightning of his but he doesn't have the experience like I do. Me? Tch, none of the losers in our class have the combat experience like me, aside from that Icy-Hot bastard."

"Icy-Hot? May I have an explanation?"

"Endeavor's runt."

"*Runt of Endeavor's*...ah, Shoto Todoroki correct? I have read up on his file and I must say he shows a very promising track record should he manage to combine both aspects of his Quirk in unison."

"Combination of his fire and ice I don't care, cause that's not the reason as to why you're here. What do you want Ryukyu."

"I'd like to get to know you a little bit. As Principal Nezu said, in hopes that I might find a potential sidekick later on down the line." Ryukyu feigned. *'Though I'd rather have my wings clipped from dragon form than to have a student such as you by my side. Best Jeanist's words are still fresh on my mind like he had just told me this morning.'*

"So what about me."

"In your opinion, what do you think makes the mark of a true hero?"

"A hero." Bakugo hummed. "Somebody who blows the crap out of any stupid villain who gets in their way. Somebody like me."

"Somebody combat oriented to dispose of the tough villains?"

"Damn right."

"Hmm, I see." Another sip from her cup of tea. "And what about the bystanders who might be caught in the vicinity? Would you pay any attention to them?"

"If the bystanders were born with a functioning brain they'd know to get the hell out of the way, why should I worry about some idiot who won't move when there's villains in the area. Let some other extra deal with the boring civil work."

"Let's say you've been placed into a situation where you are forced to save a bystander. Say, a piece of large debris had broken off from the side of a building that was affected by your Explosion, and is now falling to the ground and threatening to crush the bystander. Would you step in then?"

"Yeah I guess, no point in letting my mistakes go unfixed-"

'Oh really?'

"-I'd blow that stupid piece of rock to Hell and tell the civilian to go die somewhere else. They're in the way."

"You don't really seem to hold any personal interests for civilian matters." Ryukyu poked. "Why is that?"

"Why should I get mixed in with that crap when I could be busy blowing those stupid villains past kingdom come." Bakugo answered. "I have an Explosion Quirk to cause Explosions, not to sit pretty in a conference with my hair done."

"And if you were to be held accountable for an incident that might swivel the public into a light of controversy on your end?"

"I'd tell those idiots to shut up and stick their noses into some other business, I don't give a crap about what they think. If people don't

like me then oh well, not like the world's going to end just because some snotty little brat prefers a different hero over me. If anything that kid needs to be given a reality check of which heroes are his favorite, because know this. I'll be a much damn better hero than All Might ever was and everybody will know my name across the entire world. You're looking at the next #1 hero Ryukyu, something that Deku won't have a chance of beating me to."

"Well, I suppose everybody has their own methods of dealing with the press, no hero is the same as the next. But do tell what is it you said earlier? No point in letting your mistakes go unfixed?"

"Yeah. And?"

"Any mistakes in particular that you've made in your life so far that you'd like to fix?"

"Nah, not really." He answered bluntly. "Other than the fact that I should have crushed those stupid League idiots for kidnapping me when I had the chance, nothing else comes to mind."

"Really?" She asked. "Nothing from per say, your childhood or your days before attending U.A? Maybe you said something to somebody that you probably shouldn't have said in the first place?"

"Nope."

"Hmm, interesting." Ryukyu picked up her cup of tea. "You seem to be content that you haven't made any mistakes then, that's good. Mistakes do have a tendency to be a shackle in our minds but unless you break those then you'll never be who you want to be."

"Mm."

"And what of your hero name? I assume much like your classmates you've chosen one?"

"I've got a few, though I already know the stupid school won't approve of them. Guess they don't know good taste."

"Guess not, I mean why else would they approve of somebody by the name of Kacchan?"

"..."

One word.

One word was all it took for Bakugo to freeze up for several moments before his brain processed the word that just came out of Ryukyu's mouth. His gaze shifted from a bland corner on the wall towards the hero who lifted the cup of tea up to her lips with eyes closed, elegantly taking her sip from the beverage. "...what did you just say?"

"Hmm? Oh." Ryukyu brought the cup back down to the saucer with a small clatter. "Sorry, was I not loud enough for you to understand what I said? I apologize about that, I didn't realize being Quirkless meant the volume of my voice was going too. I said who wouldn't approve the name of a hero who goes by, Kacchan. It seems rather catchy, does it not? Much like oh I don't know...Deku."

The student squinted, his deep red eyes meeting her golden eyes at the halfway mark, furious water colliding with a serene river. Her cool composure irked him slightly but it wasn't enough to cut the wrong wire and make him explode. Not just yet at least. "He's told you."

"I wouldn't exactly say that. I mean he told me *indirectly."* She chuckled, thinking back to how Midoriya was speaking to himself the night she accidentally slept through the entire afternoon in his room. "But not entirely, no. What is it that you think he's told me?"

"Don't give me that bull crap Ryukyu, I guess I shouldn't be surprised that you of all people would know considering how much of a change he's gone through."

"So you've noticed this change for yourself?"

"The whole damn world's noticed." He replied. "And quite frankly I don't give a damn about how much of a change Deku goes through, he still won't amount to somebody like me. He's too naive, too baby faced about the fact that the world doesn't care about his feelings. With a Quirk like his he should've defeated me in our little scrap but he didn't. Why? Because he's the type of person to have something handed to him and still fumble the ball."

"I've read up on the altercation between you two, how it was you who dragged him out onto the training grounds after curfew for a brawl. Though the reason why wasn't stated."

"Good, not like I'd tell you anyways. Just know that Deku lost-"

"I usually don't interrupt people while they speak due to it being bad manners, but you won't be referring to my student as that for the remainder of this conversation." Ryukyu ordered. "I understand your past history with each other in growing up but it seems to me that you use Deku in a negative manner than a positive one. You'll refer to him as Midoriya, or Izuku considering you've grown up besides each other for your whole lives basically."

"Pfft, like hell I'd call him Izuku. I think I'd rather be Quirkless than to be calling him by his first name."

"Midoriya it is then, and being Quirkless isn't so bad." Ryukyu smiled. "Oh but then again, you wouldn't know that since you don't in your words, 'give a crap about civil matters', more so causing Explosions with that Explosion Quirk. But would you not paying any mind to those around you justify your actions against them?"

"I've already fought it out with that nerd." Bakugo growled. "What more do you want me to do? Get on my knees and pray like a dog?"

"I don't want you to do anything really, more so open your eyes to the reality of what you've caused onto a fellow student. You do understand the severity of your actions yes? How your constant bullying and tormenting has cracked the shell of somebody who's been by your side for so long?"

"I didn't ask for him to be there, I didn't ask for that nerd to stick by my side like a chip on my shoulder. I'm not here to amend what was done in the past Ryukyu I'm here to blow these stupid villains to Hell."

"And yet you stated earlier that there's no point in letting your mistakes go unfixed." Ryukyu reiterated. "Now you're telling me that you do not choose to amend what had been done in the past. So choose your words Bakugo, you do not have the luxury of choosing

both."

"I'll choose whatever I want to choose how's that." Bakugo stated. "Nobody tells me what to choose or not choose."

"Do you know what I see? I see the mind of a child who believes he sees himself in a position much higher than those around him. A child with a blanket around his shoulders and a paper crown over his head pretending to be king of the sandbox."

"Shut your mouth."

"That same child grows up with a superiority complex and thinks that the entire world around him is just a giant sandbox for him to mold into his own desire. A small clump of sand changed there, a few lines etched into the grain over there, and a small castle formed in a corner. The globe just seems to revolve around his palm and if anybody steps into his sandbox they'll be angered even if that new individual holds no malicious intent or goal in changing the sandbox's layout. You are that child."

"Shut up!"

"And now like a child you're raising your voice at me in an attempt to force me to halt. Midoriya never intended to destroy that sandbox world of yours, instead you allowed that sense of superiority to immediately see him as a threat, correct? To see him as a blemish upon that 'perfect skin' of yours that you needed to liberate yourself from. Am I correct in assuming that it was solely because he was Quirkless for majority of his life, and you feared that a Quirkless individual would be better than you and your Explosion Quirk? That your sandbox would be taken over by somebody else? So you harassed him constantly and taunted him to the point where he once thought about taking his own life. Has he ever told you that? About how he climbed onto the railing of a bridge and legitimately thought about jumping off?

Or better yet the time where you stated he might have better luck in the next life by taking a swan dive off a roof. Do you recall about that occurrence? It's blatantly obvious to me that while you may have matured physically, you still haven't matured mentally, that

pampered mindset of yours still lingers behind those red eyes. Miruko might even scoff in disgust at the fact that your eyes are near similar shades with each other. Who are you to tell a person that they should take a SWAN DIVE off of a roof and hope for better fortune in the next journey."

"What's done is done there's no changing the past." Bakugo spoke up. "Unless you have a time machine or somebody with a Quirk that's able to travel through time itself then by all means bring them up, but until then I wouldn't speak about the past like it could be rewritten. History between the nerd and I is sketchy as hell I know that, but blame his own stupid mindset for wanting to stick by me throughout the years like gum on a shoe. And you wanna know the part that makes him stupid as hell? It's the part that he still bothered to spill the beans early in the year about where his Quirk came from. You come into U.A talking that bull crap and acting like you're trying to make it right for your student when you don't even know the story about his power."

Ryukyu squinted, remembering back to an incident during their first patrol that she hadn't told Midoriya about yet. She told him that her sense of hearing was keen enough for her to listen in on quiet conversations when she concentrated hard enough, but she didn't tell him that she heard about the big thing he and Sir Nighteye were talking to each other about. Mainly because of the fact that she was hoping Midoriya himself would come forth with it and tell her about what exactly this strange power is, but he never did so. Which means she knows the name but not the story.

"I am aware," She started, hoping that Bakugo might be able to go into further detail about whatever this is. "About this...One For All."

"Hrmm, so he did tell you about it." Bakugo sighed annoyedly. "So that means you're in the likes with the rest of our stupid little party."

"That being?"

"The nerd, me, All Might and Recovery Girl, and whatever the hell other extra there is out there that knows about it. So much for some secret power."

"He's told you everything?"

"The second time he did, the first time he decided to be a complete dumbass by telling me after the first battle training, saying that he was given this power by somebody else but didn't go into too much detail about it. After our fight was when it all came spilling out by All Might and how this power can either crush society or save it. Tch, that moron. Being so idiotic like that as to just yell out that he was given the Quirk instead of being born with it. Clearly he doesn't know the meaning of secrecy.

If you think I'm the dumbass here for what I've said to the nerd in the past then think again, the real dumbass is the nerd himself. He really thought it would be a good idea to tell me something like that despite everything I've ever done to him. And for what? All for the sake that he'll hone the power into his own and somehow beat me with it to become a better hero? Pfft, please. I could've taken this information and ran with it towards the villains, but I didn't. Cause I'm not a brain dead moron like he is and because it's going to be ME at the #1 spot. One For All or not I don't give a crap what kind of power the nerd has, he won't beat me when it comes to the hero rankings.

The 1-A extras call me pessimistic for thinking about a future where the nerd is dead. I say I'm just thinking about a future that might become a reality. We're training to be heroes, that doesn't mean we can pretend that the world is some rainbow where everything is pretty with stupid glitter. You're telling me that I'm still a child? Pfft, please. The reality of the matter is that everybody else in that class are just a bunch idiots who don't have the stones to accept what might be coming. I don't say this to be negative, I say this to be truthful. If he dies in the coma, then he dies in the coma. Oh well."

"Yes well that wouldn't bother you that much now would it." Ryukyu stated. "You've already told him to end his life, shouldn't be a surprise that you'd be so nonchalant if he dies now."

"What's the whole point of this visit Ryukyu?" Bakugo asked. "You tryna get a confession out of me?"

"I am trying to get the truth as to why. Why, were you so foolish as to subject one of your own peers through emotional and mental hell.

Because being honest with you, I'm able to take this up to Principal Nezu right now and notify him of what you've done to one of your classmates. I won't however, seeing as how Midoriya may not be in agreement to that idea, but just know that power will always be in my back pocket. Though, I'm not afraid to tell Midnight about this since she and I are on close ties with each other, and whether or not she chooses to tell the principal is then up to her. So if I were you, I would give me the answer as to why."

"So I'm being blackmailed here."

"Not necessarily. I never said that if you don't answer my question I'll spill this information to who I think it should be brought up to, those were not my words. I merely said that if I were you, I would give the answer as to why. Because I can assure you Bakugo, I might be Quirkless, but that doesn't mean I am powerless. I will not allow any more of this nonsense to be continue when it comes to MY student. So be a good little boy, and talk."

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CLANG

"No no NO!" Nana scolded, the sound of Midoriya's head clanging against the side of a streetlight. "You're supposed to freeze BEFORE you reach the streetlight not when you hit it!"

'Augh man, this Float Quirk is hard.' Midoriya whined while unsticking his forehead from the side of the metal pole. 'I didn't think that I'd be able to traverse like this with something so simple.'

"One For All has grown stronger since my time due to the culmination of Toshinori's strength along with yours. What used to be a simple Quirk has now turned into something versatile that can almost, ALMOST, be considered as a flying Quirk but not quite yet. There's a very big difference between floating and flying. Luckily we have the training ground of your mind to simulate urban environments like this, heh, so be lucky this isn't the real thing. Come to think of it this same street is exactly the street I used to patrol back then, huh. No wonder it seems so familiar.

You're already used to activating and deactivating it casually, you know

what it feels like to be moving around in an invisible ocean. All you have to do is apply that feeling in a mere instant and you'll be able to nail this session right on the head. Your body's a car, One For All is the passenger. You just have to apply the brakes at the right moment and you'll avoid getting in a car wreck. Trust me, car insurance definitely isn't cheap. Especially considering how young you are? Sheesh, you're in for some financial torture, even more so if you decide to have that kid with Ryukyu."

'I wasn't planning on-'

"Ninth, yes you were." Nana smirked. "We're in your head you little green goofball. Don't act like you haven't had a few thoughts about what it would be like to have a child with her. It's a very sweet concept but talking from experience? I don't recommend it, but that's just me though."

Midoriya looked to the imprint of his forehead against the faux streetlight, rubbing his hand against the dented metal as he contemplated about something. She's right, Nana is completely right about that. There were a few instances during he and Ryukyu's time together that he's thought about what the future would be like if he started a family with her. What kind of mother she would be and what kind of father he would be. They weren't long moments or anything that really kept him up throughout the night but more so just quick little thoughts about children between the two of them, something that gave him a bit of inspiration to keep going with her.

Majority of it mainly stemmed from the duo of Ms. Hoshiko and Midnight, constantly going on and on about how they would be the perfect aunts and take their little dragon baby on trips to the mall, getting their hair done and the local water way. That's IF the child will even inherit the dragon Quirk to begin with since he didn't inherit any of his parents' Quirks, which scared him a little bit to be truthful. The idea of having kids was nice and all but then it boiled down to the fact that there's a chance they might be born Quirkless, and they might be subjected through the same path of pain that he was subjected to. He didn't want to wish that kind of lifestyle upon anybody.

Though, before thinking any further about starting up a family with One For All in possession he'd like to have a few words from the only user who's experienced it for themselves. 'Excuse me, Nana?'

"What's up." She replied, currently floating in the void and slowly rotating forwards in a leisure front flip way above his head.

'What were you thinking when you had your family? I'm don't want to push you or anything for the answer but, I just wanna know what was going through the mind of a One For All user when they had their child. Because, what with me finding out that Tomura Shigaraki is your grandson, what was it like being a parent?'

There were several long and awkward moments of silence, the faint humming of the void around them being the only audible noise. It was crystal clear to Midoriya that this was a sensitive topic for Nana due to the fact that her own grandchild is one of many forces acting against One For All. With the past users of One For All connecting into a common network that meant he's able to feel what Nana was feeling right now. She was distraught, broken at the reality that her own bloodline had turned into a high ranking member within a league of criminals. He didn't need an answer to know the truth.

In a long and heavy sigh the former wielder descended back towards the floor where Midoriya was standing on, vaguely reminding him of how Uraraka would descend when deactivating her Quirk. Once her feet touched the ground she fell down onto her rear end with knees forming into a ramp and her forearms looping outside of her knees, her steel eyes staring out into the darkness around them with a cold emptiness. The boy also sat down beside the woman on her right and waited patiently for her to speak first, not wanting to make it seem like he's trying to egg her on for the answer already.

"Ninth." She started. "Before I tell you about my experience, I need you to promise me something."

'What is it?'

"Promise me that if the situation arises, and there is nothing else that you could do to save him, promise me that you will kill Tomura Shigaraki."

'WHAT?!'

"STOP...and listen. Please."

Midoriya stuttered for a moment and thought about arguing with her about the idea that he should take a life to save it, but ultimately decided to hear her out on it instead.

"I know that what I'm asking you seems drastic, maybe even un-idealistic." Nana explained. "But you have to understand that as a hero, sometimes the only way to save a life is by taking another one, there just isn't any other way to put it.

You are young and thankfully you haven't come across this situation yet on your journey, but there might come a time in your life where you might have to kill somebody if it means saving them. This, Tomura character, isn't what I wanted my grandchild to grow into. This isn't my blood, and if it is then I am ashamed of it. If this is the result of me trying to preserve the identity of my son from the world then I have made a grave, grave mistake. A mistake that I am unable to fix after I had passed. But you, Ninth, you are able to fix that mistake.

I know this seems selfish of me to ask but please I beg of you, you must kill Tomura if you have to. All For One has turned him into a creature of his own will and a creature that has to be purged from this world. Please give me your word on this promise."

'I...I don't know if I can keep something like that. All my life I've grown up with the idea that heroes don't kill, that they can always find a way to save the day without finding the need to take a life. And now you're asking me to kill somebody if the situation calls for it? I don't know if I can do that. I will tell you this, though. If a scenario such as this does in fact come about and I have to kill him for the sake of keeping a peaceful world then...I'll try my best, Nana. I will try my best to fulfill that promise.'

"Thank you. I know this may seem like a heavy task that I'm asking from you but I wouldn't place something on your shoulders that I wouldn't carry for myself. You might be the one to end the life but you won't be the only one to suffer for it. I am here as well.

I had a son, Kotaro was his name, the most perfect little boy I could have ever asked for. Fluffy little cheeks with short dark hair, basically the spitting image of his father. Life was good before I started a family but along came my husband and a son later on, and it became perfect. We

had fun and played with each other like all families should, and there were times where I didn't even think about One For All still being held by me. I was so blinded with the happiness of my family that I didn't even see the danger creeping up until it was too late. Until my husband died in order to keep our son safe from All For One.

If All For One was going to come after my family, I knew instantly that I couldn't place them alongside me, otherwise having Kotaro taken from me too. So I had no other choice but to place him into foster care, and completely erase his identity from public records. As a mother I loved him and I loved every single feeling of happiness that he brought to me because it made me feel like everything in the world was absolutely perfect. But while being a blessing, One For All is also a curse. A curse that prevents you from finding peace in love knowing that All For One is willing to pull out all the stops just to make you break. To make you fall onto your knees and cry about the deaths of your loved ones, all because you took up the oath of becoming the next wielder.

I can't stop you from finding love Ninth, but I can tell you that I don't recommend starting a family while One For All is in your grasp. I know this sounds easy as just saying that you can give it away and relieve yourself of this burden but, we've already told you about the truth."

'That I might be the last wielder of One For All.' Midoriya said, recalling to a conversation he had with the past wielders a few nights ago. 'And that the Quirk might be too powerful to hand down to somebody else.'

Nana placed her right hand onto Midoriya's shoulder in comfort. "I'm sorry but, this practically means you're stuck with it. Otherwise things might go wrong for the person you try and give it to. Which means it jeopardizes your chance of finding love with this and settling down. Why do you think Toshinori was so hesitant on finding somebody to love. It's because of this."

'So...I can't start a family, is what you're saying.'

"I never said that Ninth. I'm merely saying that if you're planning on having a family you need to understand the risks that are at hand first. Until All For One and his influence is completely eradicated from this world then you might not have the opportunity to start what you want to start. But that's okay for right now because you're only eighteen, you still

have the rest of your life ahead of you to think about. I would say there are also plenty of fish in the sea for you to choose from but I think the other wielders and I know what you have to say to that."

'No.'

"Heh, yeah. We thought so. Look kid, I can't stop you from doing what you're doing in real life but I can tell you this. Be careful. Just, be really, really careful about the people who are close to your heart. One wrong move and you may end up killing them indirectly. Understand?"

Midoriya nodded, and if he was able to form a smile onto his face then he would so that he may show her that he understands what she's conveying to him. All For One must be brought down, no matter the cost. 'Yes, Nana. I understand.'

"Good." She smiled. "You're a lot easier to teach than Toshinori, that's for sure. Alright kid let's do a re-run of this little session.

Nice...okay remember you have to apply the brakes in an instant alright? Don't just wait until the last possible second to do so otherwise you'll just wreck the car...okay, easy now...okay now brake, brake! BRAKE BRAKE BRAAAAKE!"

****CLANG****

"Oh for crying out loud. AGAIN!"

'Aughh man.'

-

"Rock paper scissors SHOOT!"
"Rock paper scissors SHOOT!"

Scissors.

Paper.

"YES!/Aughhhh." Midnight cheered as Ms. Hoshiko groaned in defeat, staring at the backside of her right hand that formed the loser's choice of paper. The R-Rated Hero picked up a notebook with the

numbers 1-20 etched onto the left side of the paper in a column, the numbers 1-6 already being filled in with different names. At the top of the sheet were the words *Names For Our Dragon Baby* along with several doodles and drawings of baby-related images. "Add another two names for Nemuri Kayama."

"Man this selection process sucks." The secretary groaned. "Why do we have to play Rock Paper Scissors just to give them a list of what they should name their baby?"

"Because knowing you you're going to put more names on your list than the list I'll be giving, which means you have more influence for the names and more numbers for them to look at. This is fair. Playing Rock Paper Scissors and the winner adding two names onto the list is a fair way to give contribution in my opinion. You just so happen to suck at the game."

"Blah-blah-blah whatever. Alright lemme hear the names."

"Okay here's what I got, I tried to take inspiration from some real life idols so I hope they turn out to be good choices. There's Nemuri if it's a girl, and then there's Kayama if it's a girl."

"Wow...that is so original, Midnight." Ms. Hoshiko stated. "Totally not trying to put your own name into a child that doesn't belong to you."

"Hey listen I'm not the one who's going to be selecting the names okay?" Midnight defended. "That choice is up to Midoriya and Ryukyu not me. Isn't that right Midoriya?"

"Zzzz....Zzzz..."

"See? Those snores of his means he agrees with me."

"Midnight be honest here. And I mean completely, 100% honest." The secretary requested as she looked over to Midoriya, still underneath the plague that is a coma.

Over time majority of the bandages had been taken off to reveal multiple scars upon scars over his body, but his body had healed into a much better state than it was initially. A streak of rough skin danced across the back of his left hand where he had broken every

bone in the digits after using a Trigger-induced Dragon Smash. His hair was a little bit longer than normal due to an absence of the barber but it was still just as green, just as messy, and just as soft. The last fact being confirmed by Ryukyu who would often times skim her hand through the forest of his head.

"Do you think he'll wake up? It's about to be two months now and to be real I'm a little bit, well, scared that he might not wake up."

"You aren't the only one." Midnight sighed. "Some of the other faculty members are starting to think the same way, myself included. But even as I think about a future where Midoriya passes away I also think about the future where he doesn't, and how I want to keep that image of the future in my mind. We cannot lose hope that he will awaken from his coma just because two months have passed since he went under with no sign of waking up anytime soon. What sucks for him is the amount of school he's been missing out on. Now that winter's approaching some of his classmates are thinking about taking up on Work Studies again, and just last week he missed out on a joint training class with 1-B."

"Normally I couldn't even care about missing out on school but considering it's U.A I don't even wanna think about the amount of content he'll have to catch up on."

"Again, we can't lose hope, not just yet. After all, we still have a baby to be an aunt to."

"Yeah, I suppose you're right. That baby is the only worth fighting for heh. *Huhhh*, such a precious little green haired angel. My little-"

"Kayama Midoriya. So perfect."

"Ew. That name just sounds disgusting, especially that first name."

"EXCUSE YOU. That is a perfect name if you ask me. What, do you think it sounds better if it was named after you instead? '*Hey Mommy? Where did Hoshiko come from in my name?'*

'*Well you see sweetie, Hoshiko is named after the snot nosed little secretary that used to work alongside me, who always flirted with every*

guy that was younger than her on the street like a dirty little animal because she was so desperate to get some."

"THAT IS NOT TRUE YOU WALKING PORNO!" Ms. Hoshiko growled, the two women butting heads like a pair of rams. "I'll have you know that when momma wants some momma can get some whenever she wants! Like hell she has to wall through the street like some desperate washout whose boobs have more sag than a deflated basketball. I.E YOU."

"***GAAAAASP***. My boobs are not saggy! They are...w-well...leave my boobs alone! You desk hussy!"

"Condom outfit!"

"Catfish!"

Good grief those two women just cannot keep it down can they, no respect for somebody trying to get some sleep.

Yeah, Midnight and Ms. Hoshiko are a pretty crazy duo but I guess it works out in the end. I mean they are still close friends with each from what I've seen so far.

Whatever floats their boat I guess, no point in trying to make it sink. Well Ninth, as good as it sounds to be a lazy bean and keep sleeping, looks like your body's healed enough and it's time for you to wake up. Remember, DO NOT go crazy with One For All right off the start. Give your body a little time to adjust before you decide on trying to activate the other Quirks. Right now the easiest one for you to activate will more than likely be Float since it doesn't involve any physical alterations, but Blackwhip and the others will wait a while.

I'll keep that in mind. Thanks, Nana.

Don't mention it, and if you are gonna treat your woman? Do wear protection please. At least until All For One blows over.

Just to clarify if that moment does arrive, you guys aren't gonna watch us...you know...

Kid, we watch everything you do, but we don't watch EVERYTHING you

do. Just because we're dead doesn't mean our sense of privacy is dead too. Don't worry about a bunch of peepers during you and Ryukyu's special moments.

That's a relief.

So you do you kid, and show her what a good smash looks like.

WHAT THE-

Wakey-wakey the school bus is here. See ya when you come back home Ninth. We'll be waiting.

"What did you say? Oh, sorry! I couldn't hear you over the sound of your balloons starting to deflate themselves!"

"Leave my boobs alone!" Midnight huffed. "You're lucky that Midoriya has a girlfriend right now because if he didn't, he'd be completely honest with us and say that my balloons are perfect as they should be. Isn't that right Midoriya?"

"I-I guess.."

"Exactly! And you're one to talk considering your boobs are-....eh?"

Both women creaked their heads towards the bed, all sound stopping within the room aside from the constant heart monitor. They looked to the helm of the bed and saw that barely, *juuuuust* barely, a left eye was open with a tired yet cheeky smile formed onto the face of the sleeping student. Or, once, sleeping student. He's awake now.

"M...Midoriya?"
"M...Midoriya?"

"Hey." He rasped through a tired voice. *"Sorry if I scared you."*

"Holy crap!" Midnight threw the notebook off of her lap, not even bothering for the fact that it smacked Ms. Hoshiko right in her face as she ran over to the student's bedside. "Y-Y-You're awake!"

Midoriya closed his eye, taking a deep breath in and out while still retaining the tired smile on his face. *"Sorry if I can't keep my eyes open*

Sensei, I'm a bit tired right now."

"Wow. You took a two month nap and you're still tired? You and Aizawa have to be related in some manner."

"Mom? Ryuko?"

"Your mother's probably at home or work, Ryukyu's currently on a cruise." Ms. Hoshiko answered after joining Midoriya on the other side of the bed. "We told her to spend some time to relax, she's been coming here to see you every day and staying for the entirety of those days. Like yeah we get that you two are practically boyfriend and girlfriend but GEEZ. Take care of yourself woman. I'm getting a doctor then contacting the both of them immediately."

"Wait." Midnight ordered, tapping a finger against her chin. "We can tell his mom about this but don't tell Ryukyu. When does she come back from her cruise?"

"Next Tuesday."

Midnight chuckled sinisterly with palms rubbing together, somehow managing to protrude a dark cloth out of the void and don it over her body. *"Mwahahahahaha. Goood, goood. Execute order, sexty-sex."*

"Isn't it sixty-six?"

"Nope it's sexty-sex."

"I thought it was-"

"NOOOPE."

(One Week Later)

Hoshiko: Okay I just got done talking with Ryukyu and she's on her way up to her apartment. Dragon mommy's on the way.

Midnight: Okie-dokie. The surprise is in play and waiting. Wait. You call Ryukyu dragon mommy?

Hoshiko: What's wrong with that?

Midnight: No comment ☺ .

PING

A pinging sound echoed off of the walls, the sound of small wheels rolling off of the lift and onto the floor following soon after. An exhausted sigh exited from Ryukyu's mouth as her shoulders slumped downwards along with her head falling back a bit. Sleepy was an understatement to what she was feeling right now, the only thing on her mind is the softness of the bed along with her suave covers. But unfortunately she'll have to go through a light brown trench coat, a solid white T-Shirt and her jeans first before slithering into bed.

The cruise that Midnight and Ms. Hoshiko had paid for was a bit of surprise when it was first brought up to Ryukyu, and immediately she tried to politely refuse since it was such an expensive trip to a tropical island. Though, since it was a two on one situation with the stubborn minds of a secretary and a R-Rated Hero combined she really didn't have much of a chance when it came to protesting against them. So with a bit of reluctance Ryukyu decided to just accept the cruise, a one week long vacation aboard an all expenses paid private boat with nothing but heroes as passengers. She will admit it was quite lovely to be able to lay back near the poolside and bask in the sun, wearing a bikini top that didn't expose too much with a red cloth draped around her lower body and a mimosa on the table beside her.

One thing that did irk Ryukyu, though she supposes it shouldn't come as a surprise, was the fact that many of the heroes *(more specifically the male ones)* would try and hit on her in an attempt to know her on a romantic level. There was even an occurrence where two guys tried to flirt with her at the same time hoping that all three of them would have fun that night. Some of them were nice and friendly but her heart was dead set on staying with Midoriya, so obviously she had to shoot down their attempts at flirting. To her it was a bit humorous seeing the guys she turned down go from sweet and friendly to sour and bitter. Though it's not like she took any pleasure in crushing their dreams, it did make her a bit sorry if anything. She just hopes that for their sake they don't act that way with the next girl they try to hit on.

At last the woman arrived at her door, searching for the set of keys

from her purse. Due to her exhaustion it took her several more moments than it should've taken her just to find a stupid little key ring. But that's because they weren't even in her purse to begin with and instead being in the right pocket of her coat to which she groaned in frustration once she found them. She inserted the golden key of her apartment into the lock, twisted it clockwise and pushed the door open. *"Huhhh, finally.* Home sweet...home...."

THUD

Went the sound of her purse falling off of her shoulder and onto the floor. If her jaw was able to make the same sound and able to stretch far enough to reach the floor then it certainly would've considering the sight before her.

All the lights in her apartment had been turned off, the only source of illumination coming from a set of candles that were beautifully lit on her table. Rose petals were arranged in a way to mimic a floral red carpet that led up to a small ring that was also outlined with the crimson petals, a single person standing in the middle of said ring in patience. They were dressed in an all white tuxedo with a black collared undershirt, a golden rose protruding from the left breast pocket. Their hair was a little bit longer than usual but it was just as she remembered, the messy tufts of green that she could never get enough of. And that smile. That smile of his that reminded her of how precious his soul is despite being through a Quirkless hell for majority of his life. That same smile that's hers and hers alone.

"Hey, Ryuko. You look amazing."

"...Izuku?"

"Yeah, heh." Midoriya chuckled. "That's me."

"...Izuku?"

"Yeah? I'm, I'm Izuku."

"..."

"..."

"...Izuku?"

"Oh boy." A bit worried that Ryukyu may have broken a few servos in her brain Midoriya followed the trail of petals towards the door and stood before her, gently taking her right hand into his own. He stared into her golden pupils and noticed that what Midnight had told him was true, her dragon Quirk was no longer present, thus making her once slit pupils turn into normal ones. This did ache him a bit since he knows what life is like being Quirkless but that doesn't mean he loves her any less than he did before. He fell in love with the woman, not the dragon. "Hey."

Ryukyu continued to stare silently into his eyes, several moments turning into what felt like an eternity. Without warning she took her right hand away from him, quickly reached up his left cheek to grab a hold of it and yanked on his skin.

"OW! What was that for?!"

"It's not a mask." She said quietly, then proceeding to roam around his head with her hands just to make sure it was in fact the real thing. His hair was real, the soft skin of his face was real, his shoulders were real, his diamond freckles were real. This wasn't some sort of dream or a hallucination.

"What? Of course it's not a mask Ryuko it's me, Izuku...it's me."

This was reality.

It's me. All it took were those two simple words for Ryukyu to finally click into play about reality. This was him. This, is Izuku Midoriya. Her hands were finally able to find a comfortable spot to be placed in, one on each side of his neck with fingers going behind him. The feeling that she held for him came back in full force at the realization that he's okay and he's awake from his coma, no longer held behind a support system and barred from each other.

A quick sniffle was all it took for Ryukyu to completely break down into a mess of waterworks as she brought him into a tight embrace and clutched onto him as if her own life depended on it. Midoriya chuckled a bit, more so just happy to see that there was somebody

outside of his mother that cared about him like this. He returned the embrace with his arms looping around her sides and his right hand going up behind her head to caress it and hold her together, all while she wept uncontrollably into the right side of his chest. The same reason that she was crying in absolute streams was the same reason that he couldn't get that stupidly large grin off of his face.

Minutes of crying later Ryukyu removed herself off of his chest and wiped away at her eyes, giggling a few times at the elation coursing through her body. Midoriya gave her all the time she needed to compose herself before he was nearly toppled over at how fast she came at him, lips colliding into his own and not even giving him a chance to process what was going on. He placed his right foot back for better standing before he melted into the kiss, placing his hands at her side as she cupped the underside of his lower jaw. After nearly two months worth of not being able to connect with each other like this it felt like Heaven had just invaded his entire body with a series of euphoric waves in both his heart and his mind. He was about to have an all out heart attack from how fast his heart was pumping out blood but if he was being honest he really didn't care. When it's with a woman such as this he could care less about any kind of cardiac arrest he might suffer from. He'll be dead before he cares about anything like that.

That, or she'll kill him first for not caring it about. Only time will tell.

Their hearts infused into the kiss, driving away the coldness that once plagued their bodies after being separated from this for so long. The only reason they broke away from each other was because of a necessity called air. If it weren't for that, they may as well just fuse with each other at the mouth and remained that way permanently. It was Ryukyu who slowly broke away from him even though she had more than half a mind to just dive right back in for more and run the risk of suffocating like this. They slightly panted against each other before she cleared her throat and reached down to take a hold of both hands.

"*I uh*, ***AHEM***. I apologize about that it's just uh, it's been a while since we last kissed. And I missed you. A lot. I really, really missed you Izuku."

"Heh, yeah I-I can tell." Midoriya chuckled. "But, it's okay. I missed you too Ryuko."

"Did I ruin a surprise? I'm very sorry."

"Oh nonono you're okay you didn't ruin anything. I mean I wouldn't exactly call it a surprise since I didn't intend on jumping out at you or anything like that but, this is just something that I wanted to do before I fell into the coma. After the Festival my school planned on having a dance but the age restrictions for it wouldn't allow me to bring anybody of your age. Which sucks because I was kinda hoping that I would be able to bring you to the dance. Well, obviously the Festival's passed by now but I still wanted to have something special with you, something that I can remember back to and think about how lucky I am in life.

So, Ryuko. May I have this dance?"

Chapter 24: At Last

Warning: NSFW content.

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"When it comes to Ryukyu I...I'm in love in with her, All Might. I'm in love with Ryukyu."

The Symbol of Peace stared blankly at his successor for several moments, blinking every now and then whenever his eyes would start to become strained. The silence was so deafening between he and Midoriya that the latter's own heart was practically the loudest thing in the room due to how rapidly it was beating out of pure fear. He tried to search for any sign of emotion amidst the template of a blank face but found none, further pushing his 'fear-o-meter' past it's limit. The student glanced over to Midnight who in turn glanced back with an expression that said she was just as confused as he was.

*"*__AHEM__*." Midnight cleared her throat. "Um, All Might?"*

"...huh? Oh! Sorry about that I kinda got lost there for a moment." All Might chuckled. "It's weird you know cause for a moment it sounded like you said you were in love with her heh, how strange, I guess my hearing must be going out. What was it that you really said?"

Midoriya shivered for a moment thinking that this may not go so well in the end but was supported by Midnight who placed a hand onto his right shoulder and squeezed it. He cleared his throat and took a deep breath to calm himself before repeating his words. "What I just said to you All Might is exactly what it sounded like to you. I am in love with Ryukyu."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"...I'm sorry what'd you say?"

"Oh for crying out loud." Midnight picked up a loose sheet of paper from the table and crumpled it into a ball, tossing the paper projectile at All Might's forehead. "Quit acting so stupid you meatheaded dunce! Midoriya. Loves. Ryukyu. Stop being so stupid."

"S-Sensei please."

"I'm, I'm sorry it's just uh, heh. Y-You know I actually think I might have to go get checked for a hearing aid sometime next week but uh let me start off by saying-WHAAAAAT?!"

"Oh so now you heard him huh? Mm. Okay."

All Might sputtered like a broken car engine as he looked all around him to see if anybody else would understand how he was feeling. Unfortunately it would only be him that was in the boat of confusion, since it was only the three of them in the room of course. "Wha-b-but...but you...how did...you...when did-"

"Let's just take a deep breath All Might, and relax." Midnight instructed. "One question at a time, okay? Just one question."

"HOW?!"

"Without the yelling please."

"I already told you how, All Might. It really wasn't that hard for me." Midoriya smiled. "Ryukyu isn't just a teacher to me, at least not anymore. She's somebody special who really makes me feel like I deserve to be there alongside her. If anything I think the real question is how I didn't fall in love sooner."

"You...ughhhhhhh." All Might groaned with his left hand stretching across his forehead and rubbing both sides in a circular motion. He closed his eyes shut and tried to imagine that this was some sort of dream and that he could just wake up right now. But unfortunately this was not a dream.

This was as real as it can get. "You do, understand just what exactly you're saying, right?"

"Yeah." His student answered without a shade of doubt. "I know what I'm saying All Might. And I stand behind it."

"Young Midoriya something like this is highly, HIGHLY risky. Not just for you but for Ryukyu as well I mean what if you get caught? Do you know jusw how much attention you two are going to drag your way? It's not exactly an ideal decision for somebody to be in your position."

"Oh please don't act like that last part will stop anybody." Midnight commented. "Might I bring up the little fact that you told me about during your third year and a hero you came across at the supermarket that you were hitting on?"

"I-I HAVE NO IDEA AS TO WHAT YOU'RE R-REFERRING TO ****AHEM****. *Thus, I am unable to give my thoughts about said fact that I am completely unaware about with no knowledge whatsoever."*

"Mm-hmm."

"Young Midoriya how, how long has this been going on?"

"For several weeks." The student answered. "We kinda had a little talk about what we should do about it. It's true that my entire life I've always wanted to be a hero just like you All Might but now that I have somebody like Ryukyu in my life I don't really think I care about the consequences of something like this. She's special like that. Right now she and I aren't officially boyfriend and girlfriend, we're just testing something out for the moment to see if this what we really want with each other. But I can say without a doubt that I am in love with her. And there is nothing in the world that can make me say otherwise."

All Might sighed with his head dropping down, scratching the back of his right ear with the same side hand. He lifted his head lazily to meet eye contact with Midnight. "And I'm assuming you've known about this too since you're here?"

"I actually found out for myself after he was so clumsy as to show his lock screen." Midnight chuckled, Midoriya groaning a bit in embarrassment at

how stupidly oblivious he was that day. "Unless I'm unaware of anybody else knowing about this little fling then I am actually the first person at U.A to know. Because unlike you I actually live for this kind of stuff."

"This is weird as all hell Midnight and you know it."

"I know that. A teacher and their student dating? That's enough to land them both in some serious spotlight, but you don't look at this for what the risks are you look at this for what the benefits have provided. Compare Midoriya before he attended Ryukyu's agency to this current Midoriya and look at the difference. He has grown EXPONENTIALLY with his Quirk and with how he presents himself, you've seen it for yourself All Might don't act like you're blind to it."

"I'm not saying that I don't see how much he's changed I'm just saying there are factors to take into here. I understand that's it's just as easy as saying 'Aye-aye captain I totally understand what I'm about to do' but in reality it's not. You have to take into consideration of what kind of future will be set if you want to go through with this. You're eighteen Young Midoriya! Aren't there any other girls here that you might want to consider?"

"There's nobody here that can amount to what Ryukyu can bring for me All Might. No way." Midoriya stated. "Are you saying you're against this?"

"I'm not saying I'm against it I'm just saying that I want you to understand what you're getting into. Not just as being a student of U.A but as being a part of...you know what."

"I'll...I'll tell her about that, someday. If there ever comes a situation where I have to tell Ryukyu about that then yeah, I'll tell her. I trust her in keeping something like that a secret."

"Why do I feel like this is a coded conversation?" Midnight asked. "Is there something-"

"No there isn't."
"No there isn't."

"Okie-dokie. Guess I'll shut up and keep to myself then."

"Listen, Young Midoriya. I'm not going to act like I don't see just how

much of an impact Ryukyu has been on your life. It's obvious that not only has she helped you with improving your Quirk but she's helped you as a person, so who am I to take away something good from somebody's life. I can't stop you from going out there and doing whatever is you want to do with that crazy mind of yours but I can tell you this. You need to be careful about this, and keep that head of yours on a swivel. One wrong mistake and this entire situation will blow open like a bank robbery. Get that?"

"Yeah. I get ya." Midoriya answered. "So, you're okay with it? Me and Ryukyu?"

"Hell no."

"Oh."

"But, like I just said, I can't stop you from doing what you're doing, so I guess I may as well just shut up and get in line for the long run heh. Besides, I don't mean to brag but, you know." All Might dusted off of his shoulders with a smug grin and straightened out the collar of his shirt. "I used to be a player myself back in the day."

"OH-HOHH! YEAH. RIGHT." Midnight guffawed. "That is not true."

"Hey hey come on now I was good looking back then okay? I used to have the ladies lining up for me like a fully reserved restaurant...Midnight where'd you get that cap from?"

"Don't worry about it."

"Young Midoriya you believe me right?"

"I-I mean..." The student shrugged with an 'I don't know' look on his face. "I-I guess I could see that during your young age?"

"Oh-hoh yeah. Yeah those were the glory days alright." All Might chuckled as he thought back to his prime time hours of youth. "Yeahhh. That was the life. But anyways back to you."

-

"Ryuko. May I have this dance?"

Ryukyu stared with an open mouth for several moments before she giggled, tears still forming on the brim of her eyes as they interlaced their fingers with each other. "Yes. Yes I would want nothing more than to dance with you Izuku."

He exhaled into his own chuckle with the grin never leaving his face, nodding his head in joy as she closed her apartment door behind her and locked it for safe measure. The duo strolled their way towards the outlined petal ring as he reached for his phone inside of his right leg pocket and pulled it out, sliding it open to connect with a pair of speakers that were connected to the device wirelessly. He tapped a large play button on his screen and set it down onto the nearby table that had been moved to provide room for the ring as the music was set into motion.

What You Won't Do for Love
Bobby Caldwell

The two gave a bow with each other, Midoriya stuttering for a moment after he was in the bowing position for a few seconds longer than he should've been. Ryukyu laughed it off, instantly deducing that he was a bit nervous about this but still wanting to go through with it. The two pressed their bodies up against each other with her left arm snaking around to his upper back and his right arm caressing her lower back, their free hands clasped with each other and held out at their side. She rested her head onto the left side of his chest as he did the same over her forehead, their bodies melting into each other and infusing their warmths into the perfect little safe haven. Slowly they began to sway with each other to the flow of the music and communicated simply with their body language.

I guess you wonder where I've been
I searched to find a love within

To Midoriya, this had to be some kind of hallucination or a dream because the mood and everything about this was just so, utterly, perfect. The way Ryukyu felt in his arms as he rested his head over the top of hers and held her close to his body was a sensation that he didn't ever want to forget. Not now, not ever, not in a million lifetimes did he want to become a stranger to this feeling. While their outfits were opposite of each other's in terms of casual and formal it

really didn't matter what kind of clothing Ryukyu wore for him to know that she was undoubtedly the most beautiful woman in his eyes. Her dragon Quirk was just a bonus, but even when taken away it didn't bring her beauty along with it. She's perfect to him.

To Ryukyu, she knows that this is completely real and not some form of surreal imagery but even still it felt too perfect to be considered as authentic. His body was firm yet soft to hold against her own, his thumb gently rubbing against her lower back in a slow pace. By one month of his absence she felt like the entire world had been sapped of it's color, and by this second month she felt like she was going insane from not being able to hold him like this. Even the two times where she had to relieve herself at night wasn't enough to keep her mind from falling back into the same, empty abyss of missing him. And now that the warmth has come back to her like this she feels like she should be suspicious about some kind of spell or a Quirk being set into play here. But she can rest assured in knowing there are no outside forces acting against them. It was just the two of them and nobody else, as it should be.

Ryukyu lifted her head off of his chest and rested her chin against it, her golden orbs of perfection staring up into his emerald pupils. She smiled and went in for a gentle, passionate kiss that enveloped their souls into a fiery warmth that meshed their hearts with each other. The woman hummed lowly in satisfaction as they molded and moved their lips to perfectly fit the other's, taking small breaks in between to fill up on oxygen before going back in. There was a moment where Ryukyu opened her lips as Midoriya was beginning to close his, resulting in her bottom lip being caught in between his. This sent out a wave of a new electric feeling through her body before she returned to the normal pace of things. They ended as the main chorus of the song came back around, Ryukyu chuckling at how amazing that felt before resting her head against his body once more.

"This is a really old song Izuku." Ryukyu commented on his chest. "I'm surprised you even know something that dates so far back."

"It actually wasn't me that thought of it." He admitted. "Midnight was the one who suggested this song to me, I just agreed with her. It's not bad is it? I can change it if you want."

"No. No it's quite lovely actually, don't change it."

"Oh. Okay then."

"...Izuku?"

"Hmm?"

"Can we talk?" She asked. "I understand that we've been separated from each other for nearly two months now and I would want nothing more than to dance with you in silence but, there are some things that I can't get off of my mind. I need answers to them. Please?"

"Yeah, of course." Midoriya said. "If you want to talk then yes. I'd be more than willing to talk you about anything."

"Anything?"

The student opened his mouth to repeat the word but hesitated for a moment, the subject of One For All coming into his mind and freezing his tongue. He looked up at the ceiling and contemplated the consequences of what might happen should he reveal the truth about One For All to her, and remembering back to Nana's story about how her family was torn apart because of this Quirk. He really didn't want that to happen to Ryukyu but at the same time knew that he couldn't keep it a secret from her forever. One way or another she was going to find out just how deep the rabbit hole went and might end up being stuck there with him. Midoriya wanted nothing more than to spend the rest of his life with somebody as amazing as Ryukyu and if the cost of that would mean revealing the secret of One For All, then..

"..yes." He replied. "Anything."

She nodded slowly on his chest and remained silent for a few minutes, the duo continuing to sway with each other to the music. Midoriya was a bit confused as to why she wanted to talk with him but instead chose to keep quiet for now, the boy furrowing his eyebrows and looking around with his eyes as if he was trying to find some sort of clue as to what to do next. It wasn't until Ryukyu lifted her head to be on the same level as his and stared deep into his soul,

a shiver coursing through his back at how piercing her gaze was even without her Quirk. It made him feel like his knees would turn into jelly within the next few seconds.

"Ryuko?"

The woman bit her bottom lip and opened her mouth to speak but found the words to be stuck inside of her throat which made Midoriya a bit confused on how major this was. She shook her head side to side to regain her focus before locking eye contact with him again and taking the leap. "Can we talk...about One For All?"

And there it was. The bomb that he did not want to hear, had finally dropped. Truth be told he was just thinking about how he wanted to stay with her for the rest of his life just moments ago and how it would mean One For All being revealed one day to her. But he didn't think it would be here, he didn't think it would be now. The fact that she even knows those three words makes him feel like he's about to be sick to his stomach due to the danger that it brings with it. But if now is the time they are to talk about it then now is the time to talk. There is one thing though he wanted to know before continuing with the topic.

"Ryuko, how do you even know about that? Who told you?"

"Well there were two occurrences where I heard about this, One For All. Do you remember back to our first patrol and how we encountered Sir Nighteye along the way?"

"Yeah."

"And how he pulled you aside to have that conversation and how I can hear quiet noises if I can focus hard enough?"

"You knew about it since then? And you never said anything?"

"I didn't want to rush you for the answer, I was just hoping that maybe you'd tell me on your own accord." Ryukyu explained. "Judging by the fact that Sir Nighteye pulled you aside for something like that I knew that whatever it was, it was something that probably wasn't brought up too often, either by secrecy or something else that

was private. But you never did, so I never brought it up either. The second occurrence was Bakugo."

"Kacchan?! *Oh no,* he didn't, he didn't do anything bad to you? Did he? If he did tell me I'll-"

"Relax." She giggled. "There is no need to get defensive Izuku, I merely went to have a conversation with him about why he did what he did in the past to you. Why do you insist on calling him that? After all the horrible things he's done to you, you still want to be by his side? Really?"

"Kacchan and I have a rough history. I...I know that." Midoriya said. "What he's done to me back then could never be fixed, and there are times where I look back at those moments and wish I could've said something. But that's because I have a Quirk now compared to when I didn't have a Quirk back then. Yeah, a lot of people would call me stupid or an idiot or probably even insane just for wanting to stick by him. But I don't want to keep him around just for the sake that he would apologize for everything that he's done to me in the past. I want him to stay so that he can see in the end, I became the world's greatest hero DESPITE everything that he's done to me.

I don't want revenge, I don't want to embarrass him or humiliate him or anything like that. All I want is to show him that a useless Deku like me can be in the number one spot just like everybody else can. There were several times in life where I reached, uh, *low points*, because of what he's done. But that's in the past now, and in my coma I've realized now that I can't let those past moments get the best of me. Not when I have somebody like you to hold on to now when I need it."

"But, you told him. At least not directly the first time but you revealed the fact that you were given the Quirk instead of being born with it."

"I'll admit I wasn't really thinking about it much when I told Kacchan about it the first time, I just didn't want him to think that I was lying about being Quirkless. I'm assuming he told you about our fight after curfew?" She nodded. "That was when everything was revealed to him. One For All, the secret of how it was started and how it was

then passed onto me, and what it means for him too. Not even my own mother knows about this, that's how badly of a secret it has to be kept.

Look, Ryuko. If you're angry at me or disappointed that I didn't tell you about this when we started testing out this thing between us? I get it, honestly if you have a mind to give me a slap or two then I wouldn't even bother in stopping you. Maybe I deserve that. But, just know that I didn't hold this from you because I don't trust you I held this from you because you are special to me and I didn't want to lose you for it. I could never forgive myself if anything happened to you all because of this Quirk that I hold. If anything I'd rather go to Hell than to have something bad come your way because of me.

I trust you with my life, my secrets, everything about me, I'm more than willing to place into your care because I know you'll take care of me to the best of your abilities. And I want to take care of you too, Ryuko. I want to be the one that you can lean on when things get too rough or if you just want to lean on somebody because you're tired then I want that to be me. I want to be your special somebody just like you are mine. If you think that the risks of what I hold is too great for this to continue then...I understand. I won't be mad at you, I won't try and go out of my way to do petty stuff that will ruin your day. I won't even get in your way if you decide get out of my life if it means keeping your own safety. Why?

Because I really, really care about you Ryuko Tatsuma. Your hair, your eyes your beautiful looks your pretty smile everything about you I'm infatuated with. And if you think for a second that you're not that special to me anymore because you lost your Quirk then you're wrong, you are absolutely wrong if you think you need your dragon Quirk just to be special to me. Quirk or Quirkless, it doesn't matter to me because I know that deep down inside you are still that amazing woman with a golden heart that I fell completely head over heels for..."

If you really, really, ABSOLUTELY, truly believe that Ryukyu is the one for you Young Midoriya, then I will not stop you from finding love. You know the risks, you understand the consequences should you get caught, and if you still want to continue moving forward with her then you do that, and don't look back either. I never knew what it was like to

experience something like that during my time so maybe you can tell me how it feels, okay? But when you think you're ready to tell her those three special words, those three words that can change your world, you do something special.

You make a surprise or a gift or something that lets her know that you want to stay with her. Then when you're ready, and she's right there with you, you walk up to her, look her right in the eyes, clench your buttcheeks. And say this from the depths of your heart kid...

"I love you."

In absolute silence Ryukyu held her eye contact with him, Midoriya giving her all the time she needed to process the information. She wouldn't take long however when her lips slowly began to creep up into a smile, breaking out with a small giggle that soon turned out into a full fit of laughter. Not laughter that was the mockery kind but laughter of happiness and elation, as evident by the now flowing tears of joy down her face. She looped both of her arms around the top of his traps and brought the two of them closer to each other with foreheads resting against the other as she continued to laugh her heart out like she had just won the most grueling kind of battle there ever was. With his hands against her sides he couldn't help but chuckle every now and then with her, the feeling of being completely happy with each other more contagious than a deadly virus.

Towards the end of her laughter Ryukyu used her right forearm to wipe away at her eyes, sniffling and reinitiating eye contact with him while holding a large grin on her face. Her eyes were a bit glossy due to a few tears still being stuck in there but it's not like she needed to see anything in order to speak her mind. And there was only one thing on her mind that she wanted to say. One thing. Four words. One perfect sentence.

"I love you too."

Nothing else was said, and nothing else was needed to be said anyways before they both pushed forward and met each other at the halfway point once more. The flames of their own hearts began to crackle and spark to life as they held onto each other with everything they had, tightly gripping onto the sides of her body as she cupped

each side of his face and didn't even think about letting go. In this spurred moment of affection the music seemingly grew louder even if it wasn't actually turned up in volume which further added to the harmony of the room. The feeling of their bodies being held underneath their hands along with the sensation of their lips moving and connecting against each other was Heaven on earth. Or at least the closest it could be.

Their kiss had amped from something small and romantic into something heated and sparking. One moment they thought their hand placements were perfect just like this but in the next couldn't seem to stop themselves from feeling up the other's body. His hands roaming up and down the sides of her perfect figure as her own slithered around his neck and over the top of his trapezius muscles. One thing that was beginning to bother Ryukyu was the fact that his tuxedo was in the way of what she wanted, her tired mind egging at her dark side for something a little bit more fleshy. So she began to drop subtle hints by clutching at a few areas on his suit and pulling to give the impression of taking it off. Eventually she decided that she wouldn't even wait for him to do it, instead doing the job for herself by unbuttoning his jacket from the top going down. And he had no issue with that whatsoever.

With the last button undone and the front of his jacket opened free Midoriya made quick work of the article by sliding it off his arms and tossed it onto the couch behind him, revealing a black long sleeve shirt. When he turned around he was caught off guard when her hands forcefully pushed into his chest and knocked him backwards, a yelp exiting his mouth just as his rear end touched the cushion of the furniture. He was about to question her sudden roughness before deciding to immediately shut up and watch as Ryukyu did the same with her trench coat, unbuttoning her light brown jacket and not even bothering to care where she tossed it due to just throwing it on the ground. Doing so revealed her all white T-Shirt that hugged her busty assets so tightly that he could see the imprint in the cloth where her bra was stowed underneath, a bit of salivation making it's presence known to him.

The second she was free from her jacket the woman made her way over to the student, straddled him without a word and reinitiated the

kiss between them while planting her rear end onto his lap. If he didn't think he was in Heaven now then Midoriya was definitely thinking about it now. He was on the losing side of a kissing war but didn't really consider himself to be a loser considering everything else that was going. His hands roamed from her thighs, her slim hips, up the trail of her back and finally just underneath her breasts. Every single centimeter that his fingers were able to feel up was just as perfect as the last and he could keep doing this over and over again without getting tired of it. His mind was starting to become a bit fuzzy in terms of how to go about the next move but he didn't let a little fuzziness get the better of him, coming back down to reality by grabbing onto her waist.

Much like Ryukyu initiated the kiss, it was her who broke away from it, panting in unison with his own heavy breaths. She looked down to him as he looked up to her, both of them wanting to dive right back into the fight for more. For some reason it was getting hot for her, so hot that it felt like she was starting to burn up with a fever, and she's not oblivious to the stray glances Midoriya would give towards her breasts that were now in front of his face due to the breaking up of their lips. She knew what she wanted, and what he wanted too. So without a second thought she reached down to the bottom of her shirt and lifted it over her head to reveal a black lace bra that jiggled her breasts as they fell down. His eyes were practically on the verge of bulging out of their own sockets before she used her right hand to snake around the back of his head and push him into the valley of her assets.

For a moment he didn't do anything due to his brain failing to process the fact that his face was just pushed in between two large breasts that smothered him with their warmth. But once his hormones decided to speed up the process it was all instinct from there, using one hand on each asset to knead and sink his fingers into the soft skin. The way the tips of his digits just seemed to sink into her plush breasts sent a whole different kind of warmth coursing through his body and down to his lower region that was beginning to wake up from it's slumber. He licked his lips subconsciously and planted a kiss on the inside of her left asset, leaving behind a small marking of his tongue.

"TSSSS, oohhh, Izuku." Ryukyu huffed, keeping his head in between her cleavage for more. The moist feeling of his lips pecking against her breasts sent a new wave of pleasure crashing through her body as the heat of their hearts grew with the intensity. The moment he switched to full on kissing her assets was when she started to let her pleasure be heard, leaning over a bit and quietly moaning into his right ear. Every few kisses or so he would use his tongue to lull around the area and allow the moisture to settle against her skin and dive back in for more. The longer he went on, the harder his kisses started to become. And the harder his lower area started to become too.

It wasn't a secret to Ryukyu that both of their hormones were now starting to kick into effect and an object beginning to push into the bottom of her rear end. Absentmindedly she grinded once against the sensation and heard him groan at the feeling, his fingers tightening up against her breasts and halting for a moment. She paused and waited to see if he was okay before resuming the grinding against his lap, his hands switching from her upper assets down to her lower one and gripping each side of her rump to the best of his abilities. It wasn't a fast paced sort of grind but more so a slow and careful one, making sure to hit the deepest point of his groin before rolling back and repeating the process. It was done so just to make sure she didn't accidentally hurt him, and also to satiate the growing heat that was beginning to overtake her own lower region too.

The woman continued to huff and pant into his ear as she didn't even notice that the front of his black shirt was suddenly unbuttoned all the way and completely exposing the front side of his chest, revealing the scars across his body where it tore itself from the Trigger. With her right hand she gently took a hold of his hair and pulled him back, then reaching behind her to unclip her bra and remove it from her body. The moment her fleshy breasts bounced in his face in all of their glory was the moment he went back in and allowed his lusting mind to take over. Midoriya had no idea what he was doing, as evident by the sloppy and messy tongue work he did around her pink nubs. But frankly Ryukyu didn't even care in the slightest as it all felt pleasurable for her in the end. He was gentle with his hands yet rough when squeezing onto the skin of her breasts, every now and then reaching down and assisting her as best as he could with her

grinding. Whenever his tongue wasn't occupied with one of her buds she leaned down and took his mouth hostage with her own, passionately molding and moaning into his lips as he groaned back from the ever-growing heat between their bodies.

This has been a long, long time coming for Midoriya. He would plead guilty in court for the crime of occasionally taking glances at Ryukyu's body whenever she wore her Qipao. The way it was slit on the outskirts of her thigh to reveal the plushness of her legs behind a curtain made his mind surge into the deepest pits of a dirty mindset. And he wouldn't even lie about it if somebody confronted him about the topic. Thankfully Hado never noticed his eyes take their dirty peeks at their teacher's figure, cause if she did she probably would have began an all out questioning spree about why he was looking down there without even realizing what she was doing. But now that half of Ryukyu's figure was exposed and up close like this he just couldn't get enough of it. Her pulsating breasts against his chest whenever she inhaled and exhaled in a cycle was so tantalizing, she was so perfect. Her mold must have been broken after she was made.

The stiffening of his pants began to ache after reaching the limit of how much it was pushing up against the cloth, and to try and relieve himself of the pain Midoriya pushed his hips upwards which met Ryukyu's own hips in the middle of her grind. They both stopped, shuddering against each other at the feeling of their lower regions contacting before they broke away from their kiss with a light trail that glimmered in between their lips. She caressed the back of his head with both hands, sifting her fingers through the clouds of green while trying to catch her breath, the student doing the same with his hands atop of her thighs.

"Izuku...huff...I've never done this before..."

Midoriya's eyes widened slightly, the prospect of sex hitting him like an oncoming freight train. He put on a reassuring smile as he switched from light huffing to quick panting through his nose and switching his hand placement to her ribs to squeeze her gently. "I've never done this before either. So, you're not the only one. U-Uh but, that's if you want to do what I think you want to do."

She chuckled breathlessly and lowered herself to come face to face

with him, her breasts pushing into his pecs with their heavy warmth. "There is nobody else that I was thinking of doing this with anyways. It's just you. I love you."

"And the same goes for you, Ryuko. I love you too."

"Do you have any form of protection? If you don't I think we can hold out just a little longer to go get some."

"U-Uh, heh. Funny you should mention that, um..." Midoriya dug into his right pocket and pulled out a golden square shaped wrapper, holding it up in between them. "Midnight gave this to me."

"You're joking."

"I wish I was. She gave this to me and then she told me to 'poke holes in it so that Ryukyu can give us our dragon child. If she doesn't agree with the list of names we made up we can always call it Shenron'."

The woman giggled with he joining her in a chuckle. "So she wants a child yet gives you a condom, kind of counter intuitive isn't it."

"Yeah, it's a bit funny. So uh, I guess we just, get undressed here-"

"AHP." She hushed with a finger going up to his lips. "As pleasant as that sounds, I'd much rather prefer if we took this to a more comfortable, spot."

"The couch isn't comfortable?"

"It is. But so is the bed in my room."

"Oh yeah heh, right."

Ryukyu removed herself off of his lap as Midoriya looked at the contraceptive in his right hand and gulped. Was he really about to do this? Was today going to be the day that he would turn in the sacred card and become a full-fledged man as they say? To a woman with a godlike sculpture? In the past he's had thoughts about Midnight's curvaceous body but Ryukyu's was just...sheesh.

"***AHEM***."

Like a dog to a whistle Midoriya perked his head up to the sound of Ryukyu clearing her throat, the woman leaning against the frame of her bedroom door with her body curving to show off her physique. Holding one of the candles that he had lit by it's container she used a sultry right finger to trace the line of her abdomen all the way up to the middle of her breasts, then gesturing with that same finger to come follow her as she chuckled and turned away from him. Showing off the prize of her voluptuous lower end that swayed left and right with each step. Which brought the answer to his four previous questions.

Yes. Yes he was.

He zoomed to get off the couch and nearly stumbled onto his own face like an idiot after he tripped up on the corner of the table that had been moved aside. He secretly cursed at the table before entering Ryukyu's bedroom, freezing in his tracks with his breath leaving his body in a heated rush. Midoriya watched with hitched breaths as the woman had already reached the halfway point of removing her jeans, her slender yet toned legs being shown to him under the light of the candle that was placed on a nearby dresser. For some reason the dim light of the flame made this look all the more salivating as he found his eyes to be glued to the presented moon underneath an underwear of the same material as her bra. Once she stepped out of the jeans she kicked them aside with her left foot, spinning around and sitting on the edge of the bed with one leg crossing over the other.

"Come here."

There was no need to say that again as Midoriya hurried over to her bedside, Ryukyu giggling in excitement while laying with her back across the soft covers of her bed and the student clambering over her on all fours. Once again he took to her breasts, his partner hissing into a moan when his tongue swirled around the pink bud of her left breast. She used her right hand to push his head into her asset and with her right knee gently rubbed against the stiffness of his pants to stimulate him. She moaned while he groaned in pleasure at the re-introduction of the heated feelings between the two of them, using his free hand to clutch and play with her other breast to keep it busy. After a few moments she patted the back of his head to make him stop, following her order before being pulled inwards for a deep kiss.

Her hands roamed all the way across the surface area of his back with his hips gyrating in a fluid motion to compensate for the abundance of blood flowing into the lower area.

An absentminded lick of his tongue against her lips was enough for her to jump into the deep end, prodding at his mouth with her own before they both opened up to introduce themselves. It was awkward at first since they were both new to this experience but it didn't take long for them to grow accustomed to the feeling and engage with each other at the mouth. They swirled and prodded at the other's tongue until Midoriya couldn't take the aching pain in his pants anymore, breaking off from her lips and taking a moment to quietly groan. In real pain this time.

"Izuku?"

"Sorry." He chuckled. "It kinda hurts down there."

She puffed into a small laugh and caressed his face with each hand. "Well, guess there's no point in waiting anymore is there."

"...hey, Ryuko? Can I ask you something?"

"Hm?"

"Are you...are you sure that you want your first time to be with me? I mean since it's your first time I want it to be a good first experience for you ya know and I wouldn't want to make that first experience ruin the idea of sex for you in the future. So if you have any objections to this you can tell me-"

"Hey."

"Huh?"

"Look at me." She ordered, her calm and quite voice instilling a peacefulness into his heart. "Look at me, Izuku."

He did.

"I've said it twice now, and I'll say it over, and over, and over, and over again. I love you, Izuku. I love you, and I love you for who you

are to me and what you bring for me in life. For 27 years I never realized that I needed somebody like you beside me, until now. You have your flaws, your imperfections but you can trust me when I say that I love those flaws about you. I love those little imperfections that show up from time to time because it reminds me that you still have room to grow. Room to improve on that will allow me to see that growth for myself.

Think back to our first sparring session together and how I told you that I want to see that phoenix burn brightly and ascend upwards into a better journey. There is nobody else on this planet that I would want to spend my first experiences with, than you. I've given you my first kiss after all."

"That night was your first kiss? Crap, sorry if it wasn't so good, it kinda caught me off guard."

"It's okay. I mean I was the one who went for it without warning so really majority of the blame can fall into my shoulders. But, this. I want to experience this for my first time, with you. And if it doesn't turn out so good, who cares? We can always improve on it in the future right?"

"I-In the future?"

Ryukyu giggled at the piquing of his eyebrows, almost like a dog raising it's ears when offered to go for a walk. "Well this won't be the only time we'll be doing this that's for certain. That is, if you wish to stick by me of course."

"I don't think you need to ask that question to know the answer."

"Good, cause I won't be taking no for an answer."

Midoriya chuckled, and for a moment remained still as he stared into those beautifully golden pupils of hers that reflected against the nearby flame. He absorbed every moment of her raw beauty that he could so that it was forever ingrained into each little ravine of his brain. There was so much that he wanted to do but he knew that he couldn't keep her waiting forever. After all it's just like she said, this won't be the only time they'll be doing this. That's for certain.

Taking a deep breath to steady his nerves he slapped his cheeks and nodded to himself for the extra boost of confidence, removing himself off of her body to stand up. He pulled the wrapped contraceptive out of his pocket and placed it in between the right side of his teeth, undoing his belt and making quick work of his pants. Midoriya watched Ryukyu carefully to see if she would show any signs of disappointment of his now exposed member but sighed in relief when he found none and thanked the creators above for not ruining his night. He ripped open the small parcel with his teeth and placed the condom over his lower asset.

'Just relax, Izuku.' He thought to himself, approaching the side of the bed and assisting Ryukyu into a more comfortable position. With his hands snaking under her thighs he helped the woman scoot herself closer to the edge where he was waiting for her, planting his forearms onto the mattress with her ankles hooking over them. *'Just relax. There is still a chance that even with the condom on you'll accidentally impregnate here and be forced to become a parent in high school. A very small chance but it's still a chance regardless...aw crap. I shouldn't have thought about that.'*

"Izuku?" Ryukyu spoke after Midoriya was just staring into the absolute void with his eyes glued onto her abdomen. "Izuku."

"U-UH right! Sorry about that I was just thinking about...*something*. ***AHEM***. Well, here we go then, Ryuko. Tell me if it hurts at all. Please."

"Hm. You are so sweet, and yes. I'll notify you if something hurts. Just go at a pace that's comfortable for you. Okay?"

He nodded and made one last deep exhale to prepare himself. His right hand was planted on the inside of Ryukyu's left thigh to spread her area open as he eyed the location where he'll be slipping inside. This was it then, no turning back now. Well theoretically he could just turn back and run away from the situation like a coward but he won't be doing that tonight. Not when it's somebody like her.

Slowly he guided himself to the entry point and stopped just as the tip made contact with her outer walls. He looked up to see that Ryukyu was looking to him as well before she gave a nod to signal

that she was ready, nodding back to her in understanding. Once he was given the signal he gently pushed past her gates and groaned at the sensation wrapping around him, pausing every now and then whenever her grunts would become too loud. He gave her all the time she needed to adjust to the feeling and wouldn't continue until she gave the 'okay' to keep going, repeating this process until he was all the way inside. They both took a few seconds with each other to become used to this new wave of euphoria coursing through their veins, locking eye contact once more when they were ready. He gripped outside of her thighs for a better placement and began the process of movement.

Right off of the start Midoriya's head was going blank, unable to take his eyes off of her bouncing breasts as he slowly pushed in and pulled out in a cycle. Her moans were like notes of music that danced in the air before they entered inside of his canal and brushed every right corner of his ears with grace. He wasn't close to climax but he grit his teeth in order to prevent himself from yelling out too loudly at how amazing the heat felt as it wrapped around his lower member. And to think, this was with a condom on. Imagining the experience without a condom nearly made him throw in the towel. The white colored towel to be exact.

While the process was slow it was still all the more a sensational experience, taking his time to make sure she wasn't injured in any way while feeling up every bit of space that he could feel with his member. Once they both grew used to the speed he picked it up just a bit, making her breasts juggle with their weight as she increased the intensity of her moaning. He salivated at the lips and couldn't take the thirst anymore, falling onto her body with hands planted just outside of her sides to hold himself up. The left breast found itself in between his lips once more which caused the woman to squeal out in pleasure at the combined feeling of both areas being stimulated at the same time. Her hands were initially planted flat against his back but would sometimes dig into his muscle with her nails whenever his tempo increased slightly, leaving behind a few marks of red on his skin.

"~Ohh, goodness. Izuku!~"

"Aughhh, f-fuck. Ryuko!"

The woman was stunned for half a moment at the curse word exiting from his lips but brushed it aside after deducing that it was just his mind losing most of it's rational function. He stopped toying with her breasts and raised himself back into standing position, taking a hold of her hips and speeding up the tempo even more once he got used to it. His movements were sloppy obviously for his first experience but she didn't judge due to the fact that it was her first experience too. Who was she to criticize the way he moved if it was pleasurable for the both of them. She would shut up about it but found it hard to do so without moaning her breath out into the air, her chest pulsating rapidly into a series of pants.

Thinking about the first experience made her think back to his words on how he wanted this to be a good one for her, which in turn caused her to do the same. She summoned the strength to pat his forearms and get him to stop, ordering him to lay down on the bed with head against the pillows. He gave her a confused look for a moment before following her request as she rolled out of the way and gave him room to lay down comfortably. Once he was situated into the laid out position she crawled over him on all fours and positioned her hips over his own, sitting down onto his member and bottoming out with her rump against the top of his legs.

They both remained still, expressing the same erotic vocalizations at the new position they were in. Ryukyu's head was tossed back for a moment as she gyrated her hips slowly to get used to the feeling of his member going straight up inside of her. She looked down to check and make sure that he was okay, Midoriya giving the confirmation with a nod and eyelids halfway closed in pleasure. Once they both synced with each other in understanding she placed her hands flat against his chest for support and began to move her lower asset up and down his asset, the student groaning and not even being ashamed of the sounds he made. His hands took a hold of each fleshy half of her rump and tried his best to help her movements so that she wouldn't do all the work herself.

Ryukyu's voluptuous lower asset kept Midoriya's hands more than full, some of the flesh spilling out in between his fingers as it jiggled with each connection of their hits. He felt a little guilty in having her do most of the work so he started to move his own hips and meet her

at the halfway point, a squeal of ecstasy pushing out of her mouth and into his left ear. His eyes had been closed shut to keep his focus but the moment he opened them back up he was met with nothing but the sight of her breasts again and took to the buds for yet another time. Not even holding his tongue back as it swirled and circled around the circle of pink in a hunger.

"Nrghhhh!" He groaned into her breast, his arms coming around the top of her lower back at something new. The raging heat in his core began to grow in intensity and caused his thrusts to become harder and faster, slapping against the woman's bottom with a force. *"Ryuko! I'm, huff, I'm gonna..."*

No words were formed by the woman, at least no comprehensible words aside from a mixture of discombobulated sentences and noises. This was due to the fact that she too was experiencing a growth in her core that became closer and closer to the point of climax. All she was able to do really was huff out her moans and squeal into his ear as their hips pounded against each other in their revved up ignitions. Her mouth somehow found it's way to be over the left side of his neck, digging her teeth into the skin and leaving a hickey on his sculpture that he wasn't ashamed about.

The final reserves of their endurance were beginning to expend before the climax was overtaking them both. Midoriya's heat was starting to burn just as Ryukyu's climax grew closer. The impact of this thrusts had reached it's peak as he continued to move his hips right up until the very moment where they both reached the finish line at the same time. His member was fully engulfed into her walls as torrents of liquid began to cascade outwards with the spurts of white filling up the contraceptive. Their moans and heavy noises were silenced by their lips connecting with each other and engaging in one last heated kiss before the last of their hormones wore off at the end, tongues twisting around each other for the final moments until it all calmed back down.

Once they both finished in releasing their loads Midoriya dropped his hips back down onto the bed, panting over her left shoulder as Ryukyu huffed against the crook of his neck. Her breasts rose and feel with each of her heavy breaths as he looped his arms around her lower back and hugged her tightly, her lips giving gentle kisses

against his chest that made him feel warm inside. He chuckled with his eyelids halfway closed and a strong feeling for a nap coming on quickly.

"Huff. Heh, uh, whoa."

"*Yes*." She chuckled, resting the right side of her face on his body. "*Whoa, indeed."*

"*Did that feel bad at any point? I'm really sorry if I overdid it at all throughout that I kinda got lost for a few moments."*

"No, no that felt amazing Izuku. But that was because it was with you of course and nobody else. And yourself?"

"That was, amazing. But, that was because of you, of course."

He felt her smile against his chest before Ryukyu lifted herself into a seated position and take his hands into her own. "I'd say that we are due for a shower. You certainly wouldn't want to return to U.A in a sweaty mess that's for certain."

"Oh I'm actually not going back tonight." Midoriya explained. "Midnight pulled a few strings and was able to excuse my absence today and tomorrow. So, I was wondering if maybe I can, spend the night here?"

"You don't need to ask that question to know the answer."

"Good cause, I wasn't taking no for answer. NOT-NOT that I'm forcing you to keep me here of course but it's just that, I already have my backpack here and all that and I'm kinda tired to carry it back to my apartment."

"Does your mother know of your whereabouts?"

"No, but that reminds me. How does my mom know we're dating?"

"U-Uh.." Ryukyu chuckled nervously with a guilty hand rubbing the back of her head. "She actually managed to figure that out on her own. She said I practically gave it away in the manner that I looked at you while you were under your coma."

"Aughhh." Midoriya slapped a palm over his face and groaned. "She didn't give you too much trouble did she? She can be a bit much sometimes."

"No, not at all, though any amounts of trouble will always be worth it for you. Always."

The duo shared a soft kiss with each other before they both got out of bed and made for the shower, holding each other underneath the gentle streams of hot water. They soothed and synced their bodies to be on the same emotional wavelength of total calmness and peace, a much slower and laid back mood than their heated one during intercourse. Once they were finished Ryukyu decided that the best place to sleep for now was the couch since she admitted she was too tired in changing the sheets, Midoriya feeling the same way. They did remove the old covers and place them into a dirty hamper so that they may worry about it at a later time. Just not now of course.

After drying off Midoriya changed into a pair of navy blue shorts without a shirt, Ryukyu settling for a deep red nightgown that accentuated her figure. She procured a large blanket and pillows as the student set up the pillows on the couch, laying down and waiting until his partner crawled over him and used him as a mattress once he threw the blanket over them. The woman settled into his body with her head underneath his chin as his arms looped around her body and pulled her closer. Creating a little safe haven of warmth and comfort between the two of them.

"Is this okay?" He asked.

"It's perfect Izuku." She answered while planting a kiss on his chest. "It's perfect."

"That's, *uwahhhh...that's good."*

"Izuku?"

"Hm?" He hummed, not even given a chance to speak up before she planted one last gentle feather of a kiss on his lips and settling back into her position.

"I love you."

He smirked at how warm his heart felt whenever he head Ryukyu say those three words to him, snuggling the woman into him even closer and checking in for the night.

"I love you too, Ryuko. Good night."

Epilogue: Taking Flight

"Mrmmm." Midoriya groaned and stirred awake from his sleep, stretching out his legs first before doing the same to his right arm. He was careful in not moving around too much due to the sleeping beauty that is Ryukyu who was still asleep over his body, her soft snoring and sleeping coos being a welcome sound for his ears. Yawning widely he had to forcefully shut his own trap lest he accidentally yawned into her ear and disturb her before settling back into a comfortable position with his arms looping back around her body. With a hand underneath the pivoting point of her left knee he stared up at the ceiling and thought back to last night's moments with a blank stare on his face.

He lost it. He legitimately lost the one aspect about him that seemingly separated the boys from the men. And was he the first one of his class to do so? If he was then that meant he had the ultimate kind of bragging rights, even over those such as Kaminari and Mineta. Which is funny since those two were always the ones to talk about anything related to sex or just something perverted altogether, and it was Midoriya who would be the first one to lose the dreaded card that started with a V. His mother definitely won't be hearing about this until a while that's for sure. His classmates...definitely not. At least not now.

A smirk formed itself onto his face, and only now did he realize that he wasn't the only one awake. The sound of Ryukyu groaning into his chest was heard as he remained absolutely still for the woman to stretch herself out across his body. Any other moment than this he would have an all out mess of a nose bleed at the feeling of her breasts pushing into his chest but right now he was just too tired to even think about anything such as that. An experience like last night was an experience he wanted to have over and over again, but only during special moments between the two of them when they both needed it. The satisfaction of their souls along with their bodies was a

secret addiction. She yawned into his neck before becoming limp and smacking her lips a few times, her left hand clutching at his right trap muscle.

"Good morning." She said quietly with a slight rasp on her throat.

"Good morning." Midoriya replied, placing a soft peck on her forehead that she leaned into even after he stopped.

"Can you sit up, please?"

"Yeah, sure." The student took a hold of Ryukyu as to not let her fall off or accidentally slide from his body, sitting himself up on the couch while she continued to lean into him. The moment his back was exposed to the cold air of her apartment he winced a little at the markings where her nails had dug into his skin but was able to push through the pain in the end. "This better?"

Ryukyu nodded, removing her head off of his chest and looping her arms behind his neck to hold herself up. She smiled before leaning in for a good morning kiss, deep in it's passion but soft to it's touch. They both hummed in satisfaction all the way up until they broke away from each other with his left hand holding her lower back. It was bliss, waking up to each other like this was something they can both get used to and hopefully never get tired of it. Not with the way with their hearts were beating for each other. Ryukyu leaned back into the left side of his body and looped her arms underneath his own, caressing his back with her gentle touches unlike the rough digging of her nails.

"I am, very exhausted. I apologize if today won't show much movement from me."

"That's okay." Midoriya chuckled. "Last night was pretty draining so I don't blame you. Are you okay? Nothing hurts?"

"Well, I can't feel my legs that much so that's definitely a sign of something new. Don't know if that's good or bad though."

"I hope it's not bad."

"And yourself?"

"If I can wake up everyday like this? I'm perfect, Ryuko. I'm perfect."

She chuckled and listened to the soothing tempo of his heart beat underneath his sternum, wanting to do nothing more than to hold him for all of eternity like this. A permanent, lazy smile had formed itself onto her face as she thought about what to do today in terms of activities. Thankfully he didn't have to go to school due to Midnight's excuse which means they had the entirety of the day up until his curfew to spend with each other. First thing's first though she did need something to quench her thirst and he probably did too. "Would you like some tea Izuku?"

"Uhh, yeah sure. I could go for that." He answered. "Thank you."

She pecked his neck and moved to stand up onto her legs, wobbling a bit from the soreness of her first time. Midoriya carefully watched her to ensure that she didn't topple over on her journey to the kitchen, and when she arrived to the stovetop he thought about something. He's always seen this in movies, TV shows or even some kind of animation of two lovers waking up in the morning but never really understood how something so simple could feel so amazing. And as he watched Ryukyu rummage around one of her cupboards for a kettle he just couldn't wait to find the answer as to why, not with her exposed back being shown to him in her nightgown.

"Izuku is there any preference to what you'd like?" Ryukyu asked over her shoulder. "If you want I can give you a rundown of what I have to offer-oh!"

The woman was a bit spooked at the feeling of his arms coming around the front of her stomach, more so just surprised that she didn't hear him whenever he approached her from behind. With his arms clinging onto her body and his chin resting over her left trap muscle she could feel him melt into the embrace with a deep sigh and the relaxing of his muscles against her back. She would do the same, taking pride in how warm it felt to be held like this in the morning. This is exactly what she had been wanting for so long now, and it all started back to their first sparring session together when she opened up to him with a little bit about her past. That same nervous, stuttering boy was now the same one that she woke up to this morning after a night's worth of intense love making and exchanging

of their desires for each other. This was absolutely, perfect.

"Sorry, did I scare you?" He asked. "I just wanted to see for myself why this was always depicted in the media and stuff. Now I can see why."

"Oh trust me Izuku, I am not complaining at all about this." Ryukyu replied, using her left hand to reach up to his face and rub his cheek. "If this is what I get from waking up with you in the morning then by all means keep it coming. I have no objections now or ever."

"So, are we like, official now? Official boyfriend and girlfriend? I'm not saying now that we've had sex it should be real between us, but I don't think I can wait any longer to make this the real thing."

"Do you even need to ask?"

"Can I?"

"You can."

"Can I be your boyfriend?"

"And what do you think my answer will be?"

"No."

"No?" She giggled, twisting around in his hold to face him. "And what makes you say that?"

"Well it's just-...nothing really." He admitted, getting a real laugh out of Ryukyu as he rubbed his neck. "I tried to make a joke but I kinda fell off with it. Sorry."

"Well at least you tried so that's what matters. Though, I didn't realize my boyfriend was the type to crack jokes in the morning."

"Just trying something new to keep you happy. It didn't work though so maybe it's not a good idea."

"So don't try something new." She stated, cupping both sides of his face and directing his vision towards her. "Don't change into

somebody different in hopes that you would keep me satisfied. You make me happy just the way you are Izuku and I will always be content with who you are and how you normally act. I fell in love with you, for you. Not for somebody else."

"Ryuko.."

"Don't ever change, Izuku Midoriya. Not now, not tomorrow, not even six years from now. You are perfect to me just as you are imperfect in your own ways. I love you, so much."

"I love you too..." The student leaned down and placed a warm kiss on her right cheek, Ryukyu leaned into his lips and gasping slightly into his ear the sensation. He pulled away and smiled just as she smiled into his eyes. "Ryuko Tatsuma."

Tatsuma. For some reason that last name didn't sound right at all. Maybe if it was a different name...

"Seeing as how we're both not going anywhere for the day, would you like to spend the day with each other being absolutely lazy with takeout food?"

"Do you even need to ask?"

"May I?"

"Yeah. Yeah I would like that."

(Six Years Later)

Autumn. The light pink petals from a nearby cherry blossom tree were beginning to detach from their branches, and twirl through the air towards the ground, a gentle breeze allowing them to dance their peaceful dance before resting on the grass below. It was a chilly day even though the sun was in full effect, not a single cloud to be spotted for miles upon miles around. Several of the pink petals danced with each other before they floated towards a large grave stone, sticking to the front for several moments before unsticking from the surface and continuing on their journey. A left hand was placed against the marker as it gently rubbed the hard surface with it's thumb in remembrance to the fallen.

Lost to War but Kept in our Hearts
Here Lies In Eternal Peace
The Best Hero and A Better Aunt
Nemuri Kayama

Joining the left hand was an even smaller one, the sounds of cooing coming from a beautiful baby girl. Dressed in a purple puffy marshmallow coat with a same color beanie, light blue jeans and purple sneakers the little girl had short green hair just like her mother with slit emerald green pupils, only two freckles on each side of her face unlike her father's diamond formation. On her back were a pair of small dragon wings that were unsharpened due to her young age but in time will grow to become large and fierce much like her parent's during their time as a hero. Even though her age is before the normal age where Quirks would develop in an infant the doctors diagnosed it as a premature showing and nothing else that was drastic. No critical points being made that may have impeded her health through any manner.

"Ayamuri." 33 year old Ryukyu called to the little girl who continued to investigate the grave marker with her hands and cooing to herself. The woman sat on her knees wearing the same exact outfit as her daughter's but fitted for an adult of course, fixing a small kink in the little girl's beanie that made it stand out to the side. "This is Auntie Midnight."

Two year old Ayamuri had no idea of course as to who this gravestone belonged to nor did she even understand what was said by her mother, instead continuing to observe the marker in front of her with her childish curiosity. The little girl took a step back and staggered for a few more before Ryukyu caught her daughter with ease, picking her up by the sides and shuffling her knees over to another gravestone besides Midnight's. She placed Ayamuri down onto the soft grass as the girl took to this marker in the same manner as the last, investigating with the tiny palms of her hands and observing with her green slit pupils.

"And this Ayamuri, is your other Auntie."

Here Lies In Eternal Peace
A Best Friend and A Better Aunt

Aya Hoshiko

Just one month before the little girl was born, Ms. Hoshiko was lost in a tragic car accident that claimed not only her life but the lives of three other children as well. A rainy day combined with sleek roads and a driver not paying attention, resulted in the secretary attempting to push a group of kids out of harm's way, but in the end her life had been taken away. After all of her talking along with Midnight in desiring to be top-tier aunts it would never come to fruition in the end as they would not meet the little baby they envisioned for so long. So, in honor of their memory, the girl was named Ayamuri, combining the first names of Hoshiko and Midnight into one.

The news of both of their deaths hurt Ryukyu, they really did. While she didn't think about it much back then due to Midoriya still being in high school, now that a child has come into reality she wishes time could somehow be rewinded with the knowledge of their deaths in her mind and act as a force to prevent them. But sadly she doesn't have that ability, and even if she does have that kind of power an action such as that might set forth a chain of events that would prove catastrophic. Still, she could at least dream about her daughter interacting with the aunts that were Midnight and Ms. Hoshiko. And how their adventures together would take them across many different nail salons showing off their baby dragon that wasn't theirs but it was theirs at the same time.

Ryukyu replaced the old, withered out flowers of the graves with new, fresh ones, Ayamuri doing her best to 'help' with the process. Though her original intention to help was quickly diverted by a single pink petal that twirled around her in a circle and nearly made her dizzy towards the end. She fell backwards once more but this time was caught by a black tendril wrapping around her torso and picking her up into the air as the owner of the tentacle drew closer and took their place besides Ryukyu with legs crossed. 24 year old Izuku Midoriya, his hair just as ruly and messy as it was back in high school with more mature features overtaking his face. He had much more muscle than he did back then, the scars of the past fading out into forgotten memories.

A solid black hoodie with a green beanie, black jeans and same color

high tops were his outfit as Blackwhip slithered out from underneath his right sleeve. The black tendril had spewed out from his right forearm as he lifted and lowered Ayamuri repeatedly, the little girl laughing and giggling from being tossed in the air. He smiled and laughed with his daughter before turning to Ryukyu who was stone faced and unemotional about seeing her child so carelessly being tossed around like a volleyball. "What? She likes it."

"She's two Izuku." Ryukyu commented. "I'm almost certain two year olds have no sense of preserving their own safety. Remember that time she almost jumped into the deep end of the pool before we placed her floaties on?"

"Okay I will admit, that was my fault I was in a phone call."

"Yes I'm aware."

"But I wouldn't let anything hurt Ayamuri you know that. Otherwise Midnight and Ms. Hoshiko might come back from the grave to haunt me. I'm not really the biggest fan of ghosts."

Ryukyu chuckled as Ayamuri was brought towards her, catching the girl by her sides and placing them onto her lap. With her right hand she reached up to the girl's left cheek and gently wobbled her skin, the baby laughing and reaching up to try and take a hold of her mother's hand. "Yes I'm sure even those two would be willing to go through Hell just to make sure Ayamuri is safe. Kami forbid they come from the dead to enact their judgement."

"I don't think I'd put it past them." Midoriya chuckled. "Especially Hoshiko and how she was already trying to claim dibs on which days she'll be babysitting Ayamuri before she was even born. Hopefully I don't wake up in the middle of the night just to see her ghost staring down at me. By the way, are you sure you want to retire as a hero? Ashido said she's always willing to babysit if we need it, even Yaoyorozu came to me and asked if there ever was a situation where she could watch Ayamuri we should notify her. Her and Todoroki have been planning on having a child of their own for some time now and she'd like to have some experience first in taking care of one."

"Is that so? How lovely." Ryukyu commented. "I was wondering for a

while when those two would start up a family, what with them talking about it on live TV and all. As for me Izuku, yes. Yes I am very satisfied with my decision in retiring as a hero. While it sounds nice to have somebody babysit Ayamuri, I think I'd prefer if I'm able to spend the most amount of time with her as possible. Besides, I have more than enough money to take care of our needs, and if you are going to continue in being a hero then there's no need to worry about anything."

"Augh, geez. Now you're just making me feel guilty heh."

"Don't be." She assured, reaching over with her right hand to take a hold of his left. "As long as you remember to come back home to us at the end of the day Izuku, I will always support you no matter what. Because we love you. I, love you."

"I love you too, Ryuko." He said before they both leaned into each other and planted a soft kiss against their lips. The moment wouldn't last long however due to Ayamuri lightly chomping onto Ryukyu's left index finger and teething the skin while making nibbling noises. The parents chuckled in their kiss and broke away from each other to glance at their daughter. "Somebody's hungry. Just in time too, we have to meet up with the others in about twenty minutes or so at the restaurant. I think we should go now though in case of traffic."

"Agreed, if you want you can place Ayamuri into the car seat and I'll catch up with you. I won't be long I promise."

"Take all the time you need, see you back at the car." Midoriya lifted her left hand up to his lips and kissed the back of it, her wedding ring glimmering from her ring finger along with his own. He let go and reached for the little girl who in turn reached out to him with her own little paws. "Come on baby time to go see grandma."

With one hand on each side of Ayamuri the hero scooped her up and rose onto his feet, following a trail in between the graves that led back to the road. He lifted the little girl high above his head and pretended to soar through the skies as her dragon wings flapped uncontrollably from her excitement and elation. A small part of Ryukyu was irked at seeing her daughter be carried like that, but was brushed aside by a chuckle knowing the father would be willing to

die for her. She watched with a warm heart as the two people she loved most danced across the trail before she turned back to the gravestones in front of her.

Nemuri Kayama

Aya Hoshiko

Her left hand was placed onto Midnight's grave, her right hand placed onto the other as she sighed and bowed her head. "Midnight. Hoshiko. Until next time, thank you."

The sound of two birds chirping caught Ryukyu's attention to which she looked up to a branch on a nearby cherry blossom tree. Sitting around the core of the trunk was a small purple colored bird, and an all white colored bird of the same species. They chirped and pecked at each other before taking flight from their branch and soaring past Ryukyu who watched the birds with grace. Eventually their flight patterns managed to fly right over the heads of Midoriya and Ayamuri before ascending into the skies and disappearing on their journey to who knows where. It was a bit corny thinking that two birds would resemble those who have passed but for Ryukyu she took it as a sign. A sign that perhaps the two women were still here, but in a much more elegant form. A more peaceful form.

A small breeze sifting through her hair was the signal to leave as she said her final goodbyes and stood to take her departure. The trail ran all the way down to the road and from here she could still see Midoriya playing around with their daughter before arriving to a red colored sedan parked on a curb and opening the rear passenger door. He has his flaws, his imperfections, and every now and then show those flaws when he reaches a few low points. But in her eyes he will always be the one that she loves no matter how rainy the day can be or how dark the skies will be tainted. He will always be the one she can depend on today, tomorrow, and for the rest of their time together. And as she continues to walk forward into a life of parenthood she wonders just how many journeys the three of them will conquer together. This, little dragon family of theirs.

"In other news today Shiketsu graduate Inasa Yaorashi, also known as Gale Force has been named as the next principal for the prestigious

Japanese hero school. With a landslide vote of 42-10 the number 22 hero will soon assume the position of principal within the next coming weeks-"

"*-while a new brand of heroes make their debut into the spotlight. Former mercenary group Dogs of War have decided to shed a new layer in their service by switching from private military to public protectors and set forth a plan to utilize their skill sets for a greater purpose and are already seeking to enlist Japanese pro hero Deku into their ranks. What do the members have to say about it? Here's what former New York Police Officer Amelia Bailey, a member of the contractor unit had to offer.*"

"*HIIII! I'm Flux! But you can call me Flux cause my friends call me Flux and I like friends which means you can call me Flux did I mention you can call me Flux you can call me Flux. I think it's super exciting to be able to break the fourth wall like this and-*"

"-HAAAHAHAHA! Why thank you for the comment but really I don't think it's necessary. I think me being the Symbol of Peace has passed by now, and the next person to carry that title must be determined by the people. I've had my run, now it's time for somebody else to start theirs."

"*-after a shocking revelation made just two nights ago, pro hero Ryukyu has announced her retirement on social media saying that a new duty of being a parent is calling to her and she must answer. It was two years ago on this day that little Ayamuri Midoriya was born into this world as the baby dragon hybrid not only captured the idea of being absolutely adorable but also capturing our hearts as well. The former hero has also announced that she will be publishing a work of her own creation soon that recalls the past journey she's made with her husband Deku and will also describe how much of a life changing impact somebody can make without the other even realizing it. The book title in question?*

In The Eyes of a Dragon."

The End.